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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Readers of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW and THE FORTNIGHTLY will have learnt that it has been decided to discontinue the latter as a separate publication and as from January 1955 to incorporate it in the former magazine under the title CONTEMPORARY REVIEW incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY.

For nearly 100 years these two magazines have appeared simultaneously and have established themselves in the forefront of British journalism. The combined journal, edited by Dr. G. P. Gooch, C.H., F.B.A. will seek to maintain the acknowledged high standard to which readers of both magazines have for long been accustomed.

It has been arranged for subscribers to THE FORTNIGHTLY to receive the new journal and the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

welcomes them to its wide circle of regular readers.

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WHITE MAN'S HOUR OF FATE

REDUCING our present fears and struggles to a somewhat simplified formula, they result from Man's incapacity of assimilating his feelings to his reasoning. In politics, this means a reluctance of giving up old, nationally, racially, or even regionally tied habits of thinking, seeing and organizing one's "World", although events and momentous developments clearly indicate the necessity of conjoining in much larger, much less homogeneous communities; for the previous, smaller ones, are visibly unable to survive if jealously preserving their "sovereignties". In ethics, this means the further diminishing of a congenitally weak sense of proportion, the over-emphasizing of particular religious, moral and traditional values of the smaller community as compared with those of its equals, all alike in need of ties that could bind them together, and that would, consequently, have to be the prime consideration everywhere.

Yet, when a house burns, the neighbours do not, first, establish each other's political, religious, or regional membership, before joining hands in an effort to quench the fire. They do not insist on having, each one by himself, his own kind of bucket or hose, but automatically form a team. The attempt at doing so within a shadowy but in fact very real comity of Nations has been made again and again in the course of history, whenever a conflagration menaced it with extinction: in the 15th-century under King Podiebrad of Bohemia against Europe's invasion by the Turks, at the end of the 16th by Sully's "Grand Dessein" for preventing its domination by the Hapsburg dynasty, in the Holy Alliance after Napoleon's downfall, by the League of Nations under the impact of the First World War and, first by the United Nations and, since Soviet Russia showed its hand, by NATO, after the Second World War brought civilization to the verge of collapse. The success, in all previous cases, was frustrated only by the subsequent fading of the thread or the dulling familiarity with it, notably, when its dreaded consequences failed to materialize. That, exactly, seems our position at the moment.

But is it so? We may, if only for argument's sake, consider what used to be the German Question as solved, whether by Dr. Adenauer's wise statesmanship (including a dexterous roping in of potentially dangerous reactionary and nationalist elements), or by E.D.C. and similar arrangements for making sure of Germany's being welded into the western camp. We may feel convinced that Soviet Russia and her ideologically or forcibly conjoined associates fear a third, thermo-nuclear, World War as much as we do and will not go beyond the Cold War, with occasional hot skirmishes at their fringes which Moscow, officially unengaged, can stop with a whistle when a stalemate, or a regional success, has been reached. We may be in doubt as to whether the more drastic American policy of "containment" or a more diplomatic approach to that permanent threat is appropriate. Yet, all such premises conceded, the western perspective of the present development seems to neglect one, perhaps *the* decisive issue: the rising of the coloured races.

It started exactly half a century ago, 1905, when a white nation, Tsarist Russia, was beaten by a yellow one, Japan. It was, injudiciously, fanned by the employment of coloured troops, by white against white nations,

in World War No. 1; and ever since, the white man, the Sahib, the Master, has lost his former well-nigh godlike authority. What ought to have been and, by humanitarian, sensible and liberal authorities was meant to be, a systematic education and development aiming at responsible self-destination of the backward races, was turned into a revolution. But for the lack of material means it would, probably long ago, have turned into an all-out assault upon the white race as such, by a coloured world four times its own combined numerical strength. This assault now is prepared, fostered and subsidized by an otherwise shrewd and clever Kremlin; shortsighted and stupid in that it overlooks in its hidebound pursuit of "ideological" aims tabulated by Lenin and Stalin and rattled off by the preachers of dialectical materialism, the inevitable boomerang effect of preaching it to backward coloured people. For Russia herself, jealous precisely of that and of the consequent absolute domination of her own "minor" races, is in its bulk one of the white nations—the most exposed of all, with about 180 million of whites surrounded by 1,500 million of Asiatics, and for most of these the very prototype of the "long-nosed devils".

In theory Bolshevism proclaims the equality of all, at least all proletarian, men. It shows a few well trained Asiatics from among its Siberian tribes, in high positions; but woe to the group, or even the national unit within the allegedly federated U.S.S.R. that tries to lay claim to an equal part in her government: but recently three of them have vanished completely from the Soviet map, their populations destroyed or deported wholesale to safe parts of Siberia. The reprisal, not merely for such "ethnocide" misdeeds, but for the whole Russian past with its stamping out of Asiatic nations and their individuality, from Jermak's 1581 campaign beyond the Ural, the conquest of Bukhara and Khiva, to the annexation of Tanno-Tuva and of Chinese lands in Mongolia, the occupation of Port Arthur and transgressions in Sinkiang, Russians have to account for an Imperialism in respect of coloured races no less but more ruthless and wholesale than that of most, perhaps all of the other white nations. In an all-out settlement of such accounts—which Moscow fosters by exploitation of the fermenting nationalism in all backward countries—it might find itself easily the attacked, instead of the wire-puller of the assault.

So far that assault takes place only in unconjoined, regional revolts, colonial wars and racial contests. Its fires burn, or burned, in Malaya, Indochina, Kenya, North Africa, Central America; smoulder in South and West Africa, Arabian countries, in the Malay Archipelago and parts of South America. But worse than their immediate consequences, which still can be overcome by means of power and politics, is their effect upon the European conscience which no longer feels empowered to exercise restraint by such means, however strongly reason seems to demand it in the interest of the backward nations themselves as well as of the "civilized" world. The different graduations of such feelings account for a good deal of the misapprehension that recently prevailed between the U.S.A. and their European allies, and of the difficulties in dealing with topical conflicts, such as between Britain and Persia, Britain and Egypt, France and her colonies. It is a commonplace that nothing but an

acute danger in common can bridge a difference of approach or of hereditary principle between nations; and as yet the revolt of the coloured races is not, or does not seem, such a danger for our whole white, originally European, Greco-Roman and Christian civilization. Thus, only people living under a permanent, palpable danger themselves, may sense its approach, may feel it with an awareness stimulated by their own sword of Damocles.

The author some weeks ago dealt with this subject before a German audience of over 1,500, in one of the famous "Mittwochsgespraeche" in Cologne's main station; an audience embracing all sectors of the population, from the highest civil servants, politicians, scientists, journalists, and former soldiers to the charwoman and the messenger boy, and some foreign and coloured students too. Their reaction was remarkably positive, and their questions as to the ways and means of averting that world catastrophe most pertinent. The answer can, at present, be but a somewhat superficial one: Close the ranks, and open the doors and the hearts, for there is no "inferior" race. There are only backward ones, and it may be our fault that, exploited, enslaved, decimated at first, then, forcibly or by persuasion and bribery, estranged from their own beliefs and ways of life, they now do not see the benefits they derived, even so, from the white man's intrusion, but mainly the gaps left, the wealth reaped by the intruder.

Yet those benefits were, if not always equal, at least reciprocal. The leaders of the coloured world in their struggle for independence themselves are proof of that. Men like Nehru, Chou En-lai and Ho Chi-minh, Colonel Nasser, Nkrumah and Jagan are products of European or American civilization, and no kaddah or loin-cloth conceals it. The shaman and the medicine-man mark, to-day, the pace of the coloured world no more than does the conquistador or the financial tycoon that of the white world; it is the Booker Washington and the Ralph Bunche on the one, the Albert Schweitzer, Frithjof Nansen, Sir Alexander Fleming and the like on the other side who do so, precisely because they are unaware of such a role. Professors are valiantly striving after the formula which might catalyze the fundamental streams of life in worlds developed from totally different pre-conditions and necessities into a harmonious one. But neither Toynbee's grafting of Buddhism upon Christianity, nor Jakob Burckhardt's condemnation of power as the evil itself (accepted e.g. by Germany's great historian Friedrich Meinecke under the impact of the recent war, shortly before his death) and thus placing civilization high above the State, liberty of expression above patriotism, let alone that queer contradiction of our times' material dynamism, the morbid, self-dissecting existentialism, are likely to reconcile poor and backward nations with the white man's claim of world leadership.

Natural and willed by Fate as it may appear: for it is in the last instance the result of Europe's geographical and climatic conditions, of her coastline deeply indented by the sea inviting exchange of men, goods and ideas, her rich and variegated lands under a benevolent sky which advance the white man's world far beyond the contemporary accomplishments in other continents. So far that Hybris now seems to present us with the bill. It is, more often than not, written by hands unable to master the

elements of spelling and which, but for our lack of foresight and wisdom, might have undergone a few more decades of training in order to conciliate their urges with their perception of their obligations towards the whole human community. It turns against what Eduard Spranger described as "Capital Colonialism" of American description as much as against the original and the modern variety: subservience as mere objects of exploitation, and mere guardianship with a view to a slow, systematic coming of age. It operates within seemingly sovereign countries, such as Persia, Egypt and Indonesia no less than in still, or previously, colonial ones on their way to complete self-reliance under the most progressive scheme so far devised by the white man, that of the British Commonwealth of an ultimately free, co-operative community of white and coloured nations.

It is overshadowed by and, systematically if foolishly, intermingled with the seemingly dominant conflict of our days, that between the individualist-capitalist and the collectivist world. That above all has blinded us to its urgency and world-wide portentousness. It needs no Spenglerian theory of rotating Imperial civilizations to acknowledge it and to visualize the ultimate consequences, for our material conditions, our safety, our very existence. It may still be time to canalize and tame the elementary forces now shaking the foundations of the white man's world, simultaneously and separately, at many points of the globe. But it needs the full realization of two essential premises for any promising attempt at that salvation:

(i) Complete unity and unanimity of all white nations under that threat as to their attitude in respect of and their way of dealing with the coloured world, and

(ii) Giving up the naively preserved, egocentric ideal characteristic of all previous stages of a European-American world domination while conceding the full equivalence of totally different civilizations evolved upon different soil, traditions and experiences, hitherto treated, at best, with a patriarchal or magisterial presumption.

It may be—to use a term coined by Lord Samuel when disclaiming optimism—a "meliorist" hope that thus can a general assault upon our common concepts, our ways of life, our "white" civilization stretching, perhaps, over decades, still be averted. But there seems hardly any doubt that, otherwise, its hour of Fate has struck.

EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH.

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

THE first man to declare and maintain, not as a vague theoretical aspiration but as a definite political programme, the idea of a unitary federation of the States of Europe was a thinker who is fairly well known to Italian scholars but almost unknown in other countries, namely, Carlo Cattaneo (1801—1869). Cattaneo was a disciple of another great thinker, Giandomenico Romagnosi, who was probably the first to assert, under the name of "ethnarchy", the principle of nationality. Cattaneo accepted this principle but he conceived it as a foundation for a still higher

ideal, that of a federation of free nations. More than a century ago, in 1848, he wrote: "The principle of nationality, begotten and increased by that very same military oppression which is panting to destroy it, will dissolve the haphazard empires of eastern Europe and will transmute them into federations of free peoples. We shall have true peace when we have the *United States of Europe*".* Shortly afterwards, in 1850, he repeated this formula in words which might have been written today: "The ocean is troubled and in turmoil; the currents flow in two directions — either the *Autocrat of Europe* or the *United States of Europe*".† But although the formula is Cattaneo's, the fundamental idea had already appeared in the noble mind of Mazzini, the greatest apostle of national freedom, who indefatigably advocated this ideal to the end of his life. Mazzini's ardent love for his own country was in his mind one and the same thing as a love of freedom for all countries; and he therefore proclaimed the necessity of union and fraternal collaboration among all peoples, free and equal, for their common progress. Accordingly, after founding in 1831 his "Young Italy", he founded, in 1834, "Young Europe", an agreement of international brotherhood and a plan for a "federal organization of European democracy under a single direction".‡ The plan, as Mazzini himself recognized, was too wide to be accomplished in that age, but it was supremely valuable and fertile as a source of later thought.

The differences between Mazzini's conception and that of Cattaneo are of relatively secondary importance, in that they do not affect the supreme ideal, common to both, of a juridical co-ordination of the various separate States. Their disagreement, in effect, comes down to this, that Cattaneo desired to apply the federative principle internally as well (he came even to dream of the *United States of Italy*), while Mazzini, as is well known, held inflexibly to the principle of the political unity of each nation. This latter principle rightly prevailed. That it is the more rational is shown *inter alia* by the fact that the unity of the nation organized as a State does not exclude the possibility of the widest administrative decentralization. Nor need we waste time in demonstrating what progress has been made during the last century by the fundamental idea of these precursors. Everyone knows that the postulate of European federation has by now entered into the public consciousness of every country and that it every day determines the practical actions of parties, of parliaments and of governments. It is more useful to touch, even briefly, on the by no means inconsiderable difficulties which at the moment stand in the way of a complete and effective realization of European federation.

These difficulties can be mainly reduced to three. The first difficulty, or the first problem, is the reconciliation of *nationalism* and *internationalism*. These concepts must of course be understood in a relative sense, otherwise they would be absolutely antithetical and irreconcilable. It is obvious that an intransigent and so to speak self-contained nationalism would prevent the creation of a true federative organism, for the very purpose of such an organism is to bring together the diverse national

*CATTANEO, *Dell' insurrezione di Milano nel 1848 e della successiva guerra* (Luga 1849), p. 306.

†Id., *Archivio triennale delle cose d'Italia*, vol. I (Capolago, 1850), p. 532.

‡MAZZINI, *Scritti editi e inediti* (ed. Daelli), vol. V, p. 37.

unities and transcend them in a higher synthesis. Those who see in every foreigner a probable adversary, who seek their own safety only in an alternating series of enmities (according to the maxim: "My neighbour is my foe but my neighbour's neighbour is my friend"), who deem that their own greatness is to be reached not by elevation through their own merit but by the abasement of others, are in a state of mind like that of primitive barbarians, and this state of mind, were it to prevail, would indubitably lead to new wars and new catastrophies. The truth is that, just as love for one's family does not exclude love for one's native town, and love for one's native town is no whit opposed to love for one's country, so even the most ardent and alert national sentiment can and must be tempered with calm and benevolent regard to other peoples. Nationalism can and must be sublimated in a sincere and fervid love for all humanity. This natural scale of affections is the criterion and the condition of all progress moral and civil. Hatred, rancour and the lust for revenge in memory of past wars are a poison which corrupts and imperils the life of any international organization. On the other hand, an empty and foolish internationalism presuming to cut through the roots of feelings which are inborn in the human mind and, in particular, to abolish the love of country, is something which is not only theoretically wrong but must be practically unattainable, because of the continual and necessary resurgence of a healthy and legitimate national sentiment. Duties to one's fatherland are as sacred as duties to humanity. Only a lofty spirit of charity and justice can reconcile these various duties and afford guidance for the solution of the particular problems which in the perpetual flux of historical events present and frequently re-present themselves, but often assuming new and unforeseen forms.

The second difficulty, or the second problem, is to reconcile the juridical equality of the various States with the real and sometimes enormous disparity of their extent and their power. It is obvious that, as long as sovereign States exist, every one of them, whatever be the number of individuals composing it, has the right to be recognized on a footing of equality with the others in inter-State organization. In Bentham's formula, each State can rightly claim to "count for one". But it is just as obvious that, inasmuch as the personality of each individual is juridically equal to that of every other, a population of several hundred millions of men should in common deliberations weigh much more than one which is a thousand times smaller. The necessity of combining these opposite criteria leads in practice to a series of compromises, of which recent diplomatic history offers us some notorious examples. There can be no doubt that if the one, or the other, criterion were rigidly applied the practical result would be that the largest, or the smallest, States would refuse to join the federal body. The problem, though difficult, is not, however, insoluble. At least, it is possible to indicate some fundamental concepts which may help to lessen the difficulty of solution. In the first place we should get rid of that false policy which considers alliances as disguised means of domination, the policy which was wittily expressed in the saying: "*Rien n'est plus utile que l'alliance entre l'homme et le cheval mais il faut être l'homme et pas le cheval.*" Speaking seriously, we must hold fast to the principle that a true alliance cannot exist save between

equals, since, as Mazzini wrote, "every inequality comprises a violation of independence and every violation of independence nullifies freedom of consent".* But this does not mean that every question can be decided by a simple counting of votes. There are rational principles of justice which set limits to the power of majorities and which cannot be annulled even by unanimous contrary opinion. These are substantially the principles of the classical school of natural law, critically re-examined, amended and developed by modern legal philosophy. First among them is that of absolute respect for human personality in all its aspects. The system of essential rights and duties constitutes a guarantee for everyone and especially for minorities, which can always refuse to recognize the validity of decisions taken in disregard of these principles. At any rate, within these limits, a sound international organization should give scope for the recognition of the rights of majorities, by attributing powers proportional to the population of the various States, saving the distinctions which may result from competence and interests relating to particular matters. A general clause requiring unanimity of consent and thus enabling a single member of the organization to frustrate its function at his mere pleasure is, properly considered, fundamentally anti-juridical and is a negation of the spirit and the pre-suppositions on which the organization is based.

The third difficulty consists in harmonizing as far as possible, harmonizing at least up to a certain point, the internal order of the single States with that which is to result from their union. It is clear that some autonomy, we may even say some sovereignty, must be reserved to the single members of the federation, otherwise they would cease to be States. But it is equally clear that their sovereignty cannot be unlimited, if the federal link is to constitute a true common entity and is not to be reduced to an empty name. This entity too must, in short, be equipped with a certain sovereignty, not absolute but such as to limit the sovereignty of its constituent elements. Adherence to a super-State unity—or, if this expression is not accepted, to an inter-State organization—implies acceptance of specific principles which represent the essential and inherent reason and motive of the organization and of its activity. Is it possible for a State which has signified or intends to signify such adherence to deny and to trample on these principles in its own internal order? Only those who are unable to free themselves from the obsolete prejudice which attributed to every State an absolutely arbitrary power can answer the question in the affirmative. But the logical consequence of their opinion would be that the pretended adherence would be nothing but a fiction, or a cheat. There is therefore reason for holding that an organization whose purpose is the protection of human liberty can and ought to exclude from its membership those States which do not show willingness to recognize and guarantee the same liberty in their own legal system. This of course does not mean that the legal systems of the various States which compose an international union must be perfectly uniform. The diversity of historical traditions and of the conditions of life of the various peoples necessarily translates itself into differences of customs and of laws. These differences should be respected even within the framework of the

*MAZZINI, *l. cit.*, p. 30.

wider organization, so long as the fundamental principles which arise from human consciousness in every age and every clime are maintained.

Historical development, aided by international intercourse, tends to bring about a mutual approximation and assimilation of customs and even of laws, without thereby destroying the natural characteristics of each people. There is a spontaneous convergence caused by the progressive self-elevation of reason towards the universality which is proper to it, and this convergence gradually overcomes dissimilarities and disagreement. This natural process brings about the gradual formation of a unitary and almost cosmopolitical organization, which, once it begins really to establish itself, becomes in turn a powerful means to stimulate the process. Such an organization in fact aims not only at eliminating conflicts and wars among its own members, but at promoting the rational co-ordination of all their activities and energies. But in order that such an organization should be really alive and effective and not a mere academic exercise, it must not confine itself to consolidating the existing state of things; it must be able to modify it, having proper regard to the conditions of life of its member-nations, to their capacity for work and to their resultant legitimate aspirations. We must not repeat the mistakes found in empirico-political conceptions, like the scheme for perpetual peace of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, which sought to stop the course of history and render eternal the existing thrones and frontiers. If injustices have been committed, as has occurred in recent history, such as depriving whole peoples of the fruits of their long toil or tearing away strips of their native land for alleged strategic motives or through a spirit of revenge, such injustices must be put right, by peaceful means, if we desire to establish a new order which shall not carry in itself the seeds of past dispute and hence the danger of dispute to come. Only he who desires justice really desires peace. It is clear that these considerations, if they are sound, hold not only for the already heralded United States of Europe, but also for a future, even if far distant, juridical organization of the entire mankind. Much, as we have said, has been done towards this end, but very much still remains to do. However strong our faith that one day the sublime goal of complete unification will be attained, it is not our intention here to trace, even in outline, plans which may seem utopian. What matters is that we should work and effectively advance, step by step, in that direction. Therefore we should encourage all efforts at establishing a union which shall include at least a certain number of European States, even if it is not at the moment possible to include them all. It would already be a great achievement if such a union should produce tangible fruits, even if only in certain fields, as, for instance, by introducing a common European currency. Let it not be said that this would be of small importance; there is always truth in the old maxim, "*Concordia parvae res crescunt, discordia maximae dilabuntur*".* The tragic experiences of recent wars should surely have taught men something. If not, we must conclude that history is a teacher without students.

(Transl. by Dr. G. Negri.)

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University of Rome.)

*SALLUST, *Bellum Jugurth*, X, 6.

SPAIN IN 1954

I SAW Spain this year for the fourth time. Geographically speaking I saw more of it than ever before, as I crossed it from the Pyrenees to the Bay of Vigo and on my way back from the extreme west to the north-east frontier. I avoided the two chief cities Madrid and Barcelona this time; but I saw a part of the population of Madrid, including some of the government men, on holiday in the Basque seaside resorts. I also saw Spaniards from all over the country at their national pilgrimage to Santiago, which was more solemn this year than usual, for 1954 happened to be a Marian year, coinciding with the Holy Year in Spain, since it was one of those years when the Feast of St. James fell on a Sunday, July 25th. Without any particular intention of avoiding foreign tourists and seeing Spaniards only, I travelled in slow trains which usually frighten away the foreigner and lived in places where no language was spoken except Castilian and the Galiego dialect.

I remember one sight above all from this fourth journey, perhaps the most concentrated vision of present-day Spain fortuitously offered to a traveller. Crossing the bridge over the River Tormes at Salamanca at sunset, I saw an incredibly large herd of cattle drinking such water as could be found in the dry season. The herdsmen were playing those dear old monotonous semi-Oriental melodies on their flutes, which newer and less devoted friends of this fascinating country know only from the radio in the hotel lounges of Madrid or Barcelona. Just behind the men and their cattle were the huge modern buildings in American style, research institutes and laboratories built with Marshall aid, a coach station with the latest types of cars looking somewhat like aircraft, with accommodation for 60 to 70 persons, and arrows pointing the way to the nearest airport, and signposts indicating the number of kilometers from Salamanca to the principal towns of Spain. Opposite, on the other side of the river, was the tower of the New Cathedral (that is, the baroque one) and the Old Cathedral, the University with its early XVIth century façade, the Basilica of St. Isidor, the Holy Ghost College, the Fonseca Palace and all the innumerable artistic beauties of Salamanca, towers of colleges, libraries, monasteries, palaces. All could be seen from a single spot, the Spain of the present, the Spain of a glorious past and the Spain of the centuries past and to come.

The basilicas and the palaces have already had many adventures, the laboratories and industrial plants will have theirs too, and they too may know a time when they will have to be put to some new "up to date" use, like the old palaces of the Castilian nobility today. Yet the herdsmen will bring their cattle along to drink every day at sunset for centuries to come. They did so when the Roman pro-consuls resided here; they did so when the Moorish horsemen were nearly at the old city gate, still half-preserved; they did so when patriotic guerillas made their nightly surprise attacks on the French garrisons within the walls, and while anarchists were killing revolutionaries and while insurgents were exterminating rebels in every corner of this wonderful Spanish land. Spain survived all this; she was saved by her patient people, by her soil and by her herds of cattle. Golden, blood-red, multicoloured sunsets have passed over

this earth. The poorest of the land still remained faithful to the earth which was their heritage.

I had come from the west coast, I had stood on the very spot whence Vasco de Gama and Magellan had sailed. I recalled what is so often forgotten, that the great geographical adventures of the past all ended by proving that the earth was round. The human adventure into space has ended. There remains the human adventure to wait until the end of time, and I find no better formula for the Spanish attitude to life and the haste of the century; it is a patient waiting. I recall Chesterton's words written some twenty-five years ago: "Spain is far more vigorous and hopeful at this moment than many parts of the vast industrial field of what are considered successful societies. Spain made a great effort in the sixteenth century, and opened a new world of wealth and discovery; then it began to sink slowly out of sight. But Spaniards were not stupid and stunted savages in the time of Goya any more than they were in the time of Velasquez. Very likely the time will soon come when the Spaniards will make another effort; and for this purpose it is likely enough that their repose or retirement will have left them healthier and happier than most other people. In fact we need a new theory or conception in history; the conception of the historical holiday. Perhaps the Dark Ages were a holiday, if they were a little like a dull and rainy holiday. But there is something to be said for a vacation, even in the literal sense of a vacuum. Anyhow I think it extremely probable that the Spaniards will turn up again as fresh as paint, even the paint of Velasquez. They have not been so much exhausted and depressed by our dismal industrial materialism or our vast capitalist responsibilities. They have been refreshed and rejuvenated by a little decay, and have thoroughly enjoyed themselves for three centuries as a dying nation."

Whatever the final historical summary of this mid-century in Spain, this much is certain, that a long period of crisis is past and at present Spain astonishes the observer by the soundness, the balance and the vigour of its spirit more than any other country in Europe today. Perhaps no "rest-cure," as Chesterton called it, was harder or more exhausting than the one History imposed on this people for over a century. It was a "rest-cure" comprised of several civil wars. Spain has eventually regained her conscience and re-discovered herself, after having been, with a few years of respite, the battlefield of foreign ideologies for one hundred and thirty years.

It is however already obvious that the elimination of many, if not most, of the internal conflicts of the long and troublesome "rest-cure of decadence" does not mean that the vigorous stability of the present is a time of complete rest. As the years pass, one can observe the slow re-grouping of forces and the gradual appearance of new tendencies and ideas, although the external framework has not changed since 1939 and nobody at present urges that it should be reversed. It was at its origin a compromise solution, which reached from Conservative and Liberal Monarchism to a modern and autocratic social Radicalism. These tendencies were united in a common struggle against anarchy and revolution in the first phase of the 1936-39 Civil War and against Soviet Communism later on, when it became clear that International Communism

and not Spanish Radicalism of any description had taken the lead on the Republican side. Half a generation has passed since then and a new one has grown up. The younger Spaniards no longer feel that the roots of the present era lie in a civil war which they hardly remember; they are even perhaps tired of being reminded of it in official speeches and publications. The tendency is growing amongst them to consider the Spanish pattern a good one.

In the past, whenever a Spaniard looked out on the world, he saw apparent success and had to contrast foreign progress and expansion unfavourably with Spanish failure and stagnation. No European country can now serve as a term of such comparison for Spaniards. Spanish authors and thinkers of the present generation such as the poet and critic José María Peman, the philosopher Rafael Calvo Serer, the sociologist Elías Tejada, are unanimous in pointing out that Spain kept much nearer to the future pattern of Europe, because she kept her religious and cultural unity and never knew Nationalism as a basic theory of politics. National unity came to the Spanish Realm before unity came to Germany, Italy and even the French Bourbon Monarchy. For this reason the German and Italian models of the 1930s found little real echo in Spain. The nationalist revolution of the nineteenth century, the ideas of 1848, Cavour and Bismarck and their belated Slav and East European disciples who had their short-lived triumph in 1918, are almost as difficult subjects to explain to Spaniards as they are to Britons; and without these things neither Fascism nor Nazism could have been born.

For years many Spanish authors besides those mentioned above stressed the fundamental difference between Spanish autocracy and every national or international pattern of totalitarianism in Europe and Asia. Since the former political parties have been banned, Spain has had in reality more of a coalition government than many other countries. General Franco's Foreign Minister, Senior Artujo, and his Minister of Education, Don Joaquín Ruiz Giménez, are Christian Democrats who could just as well have figured in an Italian government under de Gasperi or a German one under Dr Adenauer. The government has been reconstructed several times since 1939, and between this date and the present, Spain has had Monarchist, Syndicalist and Christian Democrat Cabinet Ministers and many "unpolitical" technicians—with a military "dictator" at the helm, whose position is that of a co-ordinating and very often a mitigating influence. General Franco keeps the leadership in his hands more by the elasticity of his mind and his capacity for evolution and moderation and by restricting his personal intervention to the minimum, than by any dynamic energy which one usually associates with the idea of "dictatorship."

The recent attempts to revive the old style of the Falange by agitation over Gibraltar and mass meetings in "totalitarian" style found no real echo; they almost proved that even within the Falange itself there are obvious divisions. Among the old neo-Conservative and independent or Christian Democrat elements (who only became formal members of the Falange during the civil war, when this organisation represented the only possible form of a national coalition) the view is expressed—partly through a controlled but by no means a silenced or "orchestrated" press—that a

co-ordinated and open grouping of the existing tendencies would be more advantageous than a fictitious or at least theoretical unity. There are roughly speaking the National Syndicates, somewhat autocratic in tendency with a far-reaching Radical programme of social reform. There is a Liberal-Conservative, or neo-Conservative Intelligentsia, strong in the bigger towns and the universities. There is Catholic Action and regionally—especially in the Basque country—there is a peculiar traditionalist variety of Catholic Action. It may sound paradoxical, but under this autocratic façade, "totalitarian" even in some of its aspects, there are more tendencies and parties in Spain than in other countries, and newspapers, weeklies and reviews are more linked to definite ideas, tendencies and traditions than elsewhere. There is, it may be added, a greater intensity in the Spanish intellectual search for a formula of the political future than in France or Italy.

Nobody however in Spain envisages a return to Parliamentary democracy of the old kind. Neither the French nor the Italian examples are encouraging in this respect, while in Germany, a country in which many Spanish observers have travelled during the last few years, judging by the Spanish press, the revival of the old parties has done little good, whereas the personal government of Dr. Adenauer, standing in stature above all the other parties, creates a favourable impression. General Franco has succeeded in keeping a co-ordinated government together which is in everything but name a coalition. The younger elements are organising and slowly educating a responsible, patriotic and moderate opposition, not fundamentally hostile to the state, but affirming the Catholic-spiritual basis of national life; in other words an opposition which is quite different from the one that faced the Monarchy in its day. This tendency which finds a certain expression in the Madrid "A B C" and a more definite one in such reviews as "*El Ateneo*" and "*Nuestro Tiempo*", envisages a restoration of the Monarchy, gradual, but "integral", as one of the principal writers on this school of thought, Rafael Calvo Serer puts it. In his "*Teoria de la Restauracion*", published in 1952, this author distinguished between "superficial" and "profound" revolutions, and between superficial or formal, and profound or integral Restorations. Bolshevism is the profound Revolution, differing in this from those of the nineteenth century, while the profound or fundamental Revolution in Spain was the Civil War. This must be followed by a Restoration which is more "integral", not only of the Monarchy as an external form, but of a Christian society of the true European and Spanish tradition. The peninsular Restorations of the past were superficial, as were the Revolutions which preceded them.

Universal suffrage and a Parliament such as other countries know them—and opinion is pretty unanimous on this—would have the disadvantage in Spain that the most moderate and sober elements within the government would be eliminated, and the élite of a potential opposition, which is at present able to grow and express its views, although with some amount of restriction would suffer as well. Numerically, the best elements are not the strongest. There exists a new Spain which cannot be understood in the terms of pre-Civil War politics. But the institutional framework in which the leadership and the governing élite of this new Spain would

be selected and recruited is still a secret of the future. Many if not most Spaniards agree on this one thing: they no longer envisage a European pattern which would bring progress to "backward" Spain, as did the generation of the beginning of the century. On the contrary, the Spanish pattern of the future may contain remedies which could be applied to a deeply affected Europe, which, like Spain in the past, has now lost its former spiritual strength and its dominating position and may be undergoing what Chesterton called a "rest cure of decadence".

BÉLA MENCZER.

GREECE IN 1954

THE new sense of stability in Greece can be attributed to four main factors. Foremost is the institution of monarchy which has acquired a special meaning after the turbulent years of Communist revolt. There is little doubt that the Royal Family is popular, though some maintain that King Paul is too much a political monarch; but this inclination, if not existing only in the imagination of critics, is largely compensated by the warm interest of Queen Frederika in social problems. Secondly, Marshal Papagos enjoys prestige and authority and his government is looked upon as the only way to salvation; but some critics say that his government has dropped its finest brain in the economic domain, Markezinis, often compared to Jean Monnet of France, and that there are already signs of fatigue. Some complain that it has promised more than it can fulfil. Yet such voices are rather rare; the majority back the Marshal, perceiving in him a man of integrity, a soldier able to sweep Greece clean of her chronic ailments of favouritism, nepotism and corruption. A third factor is American aid. The last is the will of the people to proceed with reconstruction and make good the grim losses of war and disruption.

Greece does not suffer from the problem of the enormous *latifundia* which are such a dangerous growth on Spain's economy and which cripple her agriculture; great estates are melting away and Greek agriculture has a much healthier structure than the Spanish. But the same drawback seems to apply to both: they lack irrigation. Experts say that it is connected with another worry, electrification, since without expanding the existing network and making use of the power of the northern rivers and lakes, electric drills cannot be used for boring new wells and conducting water to irrigation canals. The total number of KW produced was about 236,000 to which 95,000 had been added by the middle of October. The long-term hydro- and thermo-electric projects envisage an increase by 300,000 KW, but even this could not satisfy the needs of industry as well as growing cities and modernized villages. An urgent problem is the construction of artificial lakes, water being an invaluable raw material in a country lacking coal and enjoying abundant sunshine. Power projects started four or five years ago. The Aliveri power plant, completed with American help as well as skill, was inaugurated in 1953. The Achelos River is to be harnessed to produce some 184,000 KW at a cost of 54 million dollars. This vast project will change the character not only

of the district through which the water flows but of all Greece according to the ambitious claims of the planners. Next to electrification and the harnessing of water power comes afforestation. From time immemorial Greece has been subjected to an irresponsible policy of devastation of woods, and erosion has done immense harm to the countryside. Efforts to halt its alarming progress are apparent, but these are still too patchy.

In October, 1953, the Papagos Government initiated "the most ambitious investment programme in the history of Greece"; over 70 million dollars were earmarked for 1953/54 alone—and out of that total the American contribution amounted to 32 million dollars. During five years Greece is expected to spend 235 million dollars, mainly on land reclamation, agricultural improvement, industrial expansion, provision of better water, housing, tourist facilities, etc., land reclamation being rightly given top priority. Food production has already increased by 93 per cent since the war, but there is still a shortage of grain and rice and 22 per cent of home requirements are imported. 80 million dollars from American aid was spent on the welfare of agricultural workers alone and 22 million on land improvement. About 110,000 acres are to be reclaimed, 170,000 protected against erosion, and irrigation provided for 70,000. Rice production in 1953 was over 45,000 tons, about 15 times pre-war level. The production of cotton is rising sharply and the price for Greek cotton compares favourably with that of Brazilian. The most expensive items are investments in industry amounting to 117 million dollars for oil refineries, development of magnesium and soda factories, nitrogen and aluminium plants, as well as for the exploitation of bauxite deposits said to be the largest in Europe. In practically every field one notices progress, from tourism, which may develop into a major Greek industry, to shipping. Return to the Greek flag was recently celebrated in Piraeus by the many Greek ships hitherto registered under foreign flags, many under that of Panama. There are plans for shipyards at Piraeus and Syra to reduce the cost of building and repairing ships in foreign shipyards.

Last but not least comes the currency reform. Greece has devalued her currency by 50 per cent in relation to the American dollar and the English pound. Old bank notes circulate alongside the new ones which have shed three noughts, a new note of 50 drachmas corresponding to an old one of 50,000, and so on. The Government felt that this monetary "dualism" would convince the population that the old notes would not lose their value. It seems that this ingenious monetary trick has succeeded, for both notes are used and there is very little confusion. Foreign businessmen admit that since the currency reform trade with Greece has increased enormously. American businessmen are to be seen everywhere and so are Germans. French firms have recently secured some big electrification contracts, and Italian firms are trying their luck. The British are more active in Greece than in Spain, but the attitude of British enterprise towards Greece still seems to be rather reserved.

Greek economy is greatly hampered by the fact that 55 per cent of the expenditure goes to the army. Greece has to maintain large armed forces for a little country. One is astonished by the smartness of its soldiers, neatly clad in a lighter version of the British battledress, by the

sight of well-kept lorries, artillery, tanks, as well as by the tidiness of the barracks. Experts say there are still deficiencies in both the navy and the air force, but that with American and Nato help Greece will soon possess a model all-round army. In contrast to the Spanish army, which seems slightly antiquated and to be equipped with old-fashioned weapons, the Greek army strikes one as being a modern unit that has gained valuable experience in Italian, German and anti-Communist campaigns. Its morale is high, and indebtedness to Britain is evident in uniforms, lorries and artillery.

The chief triumph of the Papagos Government has been action against favouritism, inflated Government expenses and nepotism. By cutting the Government cars used on all levels of the bureaucratic hierarchy they have achieved a notable economy; some say that by cutting the cars and telephones 50 per cent or even more of the budget deficit was covered. Many ministries were liquidated, a general reform of the Civil Service introduced—stopping the recruitment of new Civil Servants and dismissing the redundant ones, the battle cry being: Our State needs fewer and better-paid Civil Servants. By the end of 1952 the administration expenses of the National Bank of Greece amounted to some 30 billion drachmas, some 19 per cent of the total of its investments. Out of its 4,000 employees more than 800 were departmental chiefs, with 180 legal advisers. An amalgamation of the National Bank and the Bank of Athens was effected, and other banks were encouraged to pool their resources.

It is no good attempting to conceal the fact that Greece is fighting an uphill struggle. A country of some 8 million inhabitants has to face the concentration of nearly 2 million people in Athens and Piraeus. Too many people are leaving the countryside in hope of better wages in towns, a trend encouraged by the civil war which compelled frontier villagers to seek safety in cities. The trend has to be reversed, but this will be impossible without raising the standard of living in the countryside which, in turn, is connected with the vast projects of electrification and land reclamation. The scourge of unemployment is quite severe, and some say that before Papagos grasped the reins it amounted to some 30 per cent. It has considerably diminished owing to the opening of new factories, but no exact yardstick can be applied to a country like Greece. Many workers do not want to work more than a few hours a day; some prefer to work on rotation; some prefer to be idle.

Finally there is the problem of Cyprus, the emotional appeal of which cannot be underrated. Fanned by press and propaganda, it has practically obscured the political horizon. Greeks feel strongly about Cyprus but they are realistic enough not to push the quarrel too far. They say that arguments used by the British were unconvincing and they are probably right. Some of the not too numerous Greeks who are not influenced by emotional thinking expect the British to abandon the island after a reasonable time; after all, Britain cannot make two retreats in one year, the exodus from Suez being the first move on that unpleasant road. They say there is a discreet rivalry between the British and the Americans in the eastern basin of the Mediterranean, and the British prefer to act from a proprietorial position in Cyprus rather than as a tenant of Greek bases. British reluctance to leave seems largely a matter of prestige and

uncertainty about the future. Many Cypriots are subjected to a special brand of patriotic terror which makes it impossible for them to express frank views. But if they were able to do so they would probably confess that British rule was by no means bad; that the absence of taxation was an advantage, all the more since in Greece the Papagos Government insists on taxes being collected, a novelty in Greek life; and that Britain has done much for the welfare of the island. Yet we must reckon with emotions outweighing material motives, as happened in Mexico when American oil magnates were driven out, and in Persia in her attitude in the oil dispute. Self-determination is an explosive force that cannot be resisted for long.

AXEL HEYST.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER AT EIGHTY

ON January 14th, 1955, Dr. Albert Schweitzer will be eighty years old. Gratitude for a long life of conspicuous service in so many fields will be tempered in the minds of most of us by the hope that Schweitzer may yet have years of productive labour ahead of him. He has himself said that he will go on working "for as long as I can draw breath." No one who knows him would expect anything else. Apart from the continued administration of his mission hospital at Lambaréné in French Gaboon, the world of art and letters awaits with eagerness the completion of at least four major enterprises—the full edition of Bach's *Chorale Preludes*, the third volume of his *Philosophy of Civilisation* which (already in manuscript) "would bring my life's work to conclusion," a book on Chinese thought as a companion and contrast to his *Indian Thought and its Development*, and possibly something more definitive on Goethe than the several valuable essays and addresses he has allotted to one of the men who has most strongly influenced his own life. It is the measure of his physical and intellectual achievement that we should still expect from a man in his eighties four major works, any one of which might have comprised a lifetime's satisfaction for more ordinarily gifted men. We are still too close to it to assess that achievement in full perspective. But in two spheres his eminence is assured. As a musician—organist biographer of Bach's life and interpreter of his music (Donald Tovey once remarked that "to disagree with Schweitzer is rather like disagreeing with Bach himself"), as the editor of Bach scores and the preserver and restorer of old organs—Schweitzer's pre-eminence is not in question. Within the last year or two he has made several long-playing recordings on the organ and there is little, if any, audible evidence of diminishing powers. Here again, he may still contribute to his artistic achievement. Music has always been the refreshment of his spirit without which, perhaps, the volume of his other work might not have been possible.

As a theologian, Schweitzer's reputation is firmly based on his *Mystery of the Kingdom of God*, *Quest of the Historical Jesus* and *Mysticism of*

St. Paul the Apostle. Like any work of scholarship these books, all written between 1903 and 1911 (though *St. Paul* was not finally published till 1930), have been superseded in part or in whole by later historical research and textual criticism. But they still stand as a decisive contribution to New Testament theology with which any newcomer must reckon, even if he does not wholly accept their "thorough-going eschatology" in interpreting the life of Jesus. In one passage in the *Quest* Schweitzer admits that "progress always consists in taking one or other of two alternatives, in abandoning the attempt to combine them." Intellectual advance is the product of "one-sidedness", rejecting the law of mental inertia which, continuing to reconcile the irreconcilable, tries to do justice to all sides of the question. Schweitzer believes that the victory of one of two historical alternatives is a matter of two full theological generations. Thus, in a key passage, did he anticipate criticisms of his own work and, the wheel having come almost full circle, his basic conclusion that Jesus lived and died under the urgent compulsion of the Jewish-historical eschatology of his time is now an integral feature of New Testament scholarship.

In a recent essay Schweitzer revived earlier criticism of his orthodoxy by repeating that "Christian faith, under the influence of Greek metaphysics, was pleased to confer upon Jesus a divinity and divine inerrancy to which he made no claim." Schweitzer shares with those generally labelled "modernists" serious doubts about the historical authenticity of certain miraculous events in Jesus's life and he questions whether, in any case, they "either overthrow or attest a spiritual truth." But his particular offence, over and above the unspecific heresy of modernism, has been his re-creation of the historical Jesus as a figure sharing fully in the delusions of his age about the imminent cataclysmic ending of the world and his return, thereafter, as the Messiah riding in clouds of glory to initiate a transcendent Kingdom of God. This has been held by some to decrease the stature of Jesus by converting him into a mere deluded fanatic. Many who have carefully read Schweitzer's own books cannot accept this view. They believe, with Schweitzer, that Jesus's evident human fallibility only enhances his spiritual stature. "The fact that Jesus thinks of the realisation of the Kingdom of God in a way that is not justified by events does not call in question his authority as a unique revealer of spiritual truth; it only challenges the traditional view of his personality and authority. . . . He is so great, that the discovery that he belongs to his age can do him no harm. He remains our spiritual Lord. . . . Jesus is an authority for us, not in the sphere of knowledge, but only in the matter of the will."

Few who have read Schweitzer's description of the Son of Man throwing himself upon the wheel of the world "to bring all ordinary history to a close", or the moving final pages of the *Quest* which picture Jesus as "a mighty spiritual force flowing also through our time", can doubt that his historical Jesus challenges us even more formidably and personally than the Jesus of traditional orthodoxy. "The abiding and eternal in Jesus is absolutely independent of historical knowledge. . . . He comes to us as One unknown, without a name, as of old, by the lakeside, he came to those who knew Him not. He speaks to us the same words:

'Follow thou me!' and sets us to the tasks which He has to fulfil for our time. . . . And to those who obey Him, whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal Himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they shall pass through in His fellowship and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience who He is." All his life Schweitzer has followed; not blindly on authority, but as one "who can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth"; acknowledging the sins of early Christianity against the truth in history and emerging fortified in faith and action from that confession; surrendering his will to that greater Will which was manifested in Jesus; recognising "how much that is precious exists within ecclesiastical Christianity which has been handed down in Greek dogmas and kept alive by the piety of so many generations," holding fast to the Church with love, reverence and thankfulness, but as one who appeals to the saying of St. Paul: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," and who believes that men "serve the Church better by the strength of their devotion to Jesus's religion of love than by acquiescence in all the articles of belief. If the Church has the Spirit of Jesus, there is room in her for every form of Christian piety, even for that which claims unrestricted liberty."

The strength of Schweitzer's devotion cannot be doubted. The decision at twenty-one to devote his life until he was thirty to the arts and scholarship and, thereafter, to the direct service of mankind, his hospital mission in Equatorial Africa, his philosophy of reverence for life—all testify to a unity of thought and action on the part of "one who means to help bring about deliverance." His place in philosophy is, perhaps, the most difficult of his various achievements to assess now, both because the full impact of serious thought is often delayed and because his philosophical contribution is still incomplete. It lacks the final and probably most valuable volume, which may fill in several obvious lacunae in its two predecessors. We may, therefore, legitimately postpone a final verdict, while noting that many have derived much inspiration from even the present unfinished statement of reverence for life.

The greatest of all Schweitzer's claims to our attention comes from the living unity of his work and thought. A recent review of a book about Schweitzer expressed this admirably: "Through the life of this man even the tolerant agnostic seems to perceive something of the meaning of the incarnation without having to consider its doctrine. Schweitzer holds a strategic place between the believing world and the unbelieving, and has become—largely against his own intentions—a missionary not just to those abroad but to those at home." He has succeeded in this double function, despite the partially justified allegation that he rejects some traditional foundations of the Christian faith, because his life "so heroically demonstrates the strength of his faith in Jesus." Readers of his autobiography will remember the chapter in which he describes not only his own personal decision to dedicate his life to "the Fellowship of those who bear the mark of pain", but the general considerations he applies to missionary enterprises outside our conventional environment: "Only a person who can find a value in every sort of activity and devote himself to each one with full consciousness of duty has the inward right to take as his object some extraordinary activity instead of that which falls naturall

to his lot. Only a person who feels his preference to be a matter of course, not something out of the ordinary, and has no thought of heroism, but just recognises a duty undertaken with sober enthusiasm, is capable of becoming a spiritual adventurer such as the world needs. There are no heroes of action; only heroes of renunciation and suffering."

It is as a spiritual adventurer that Schweitzer stands head and shoulders above his contemporaries. He has spoken of his mission hospital as "primarily a moral experiment." He has demanded that we "make our lives fit our thoughts—or we shall end by making our thoughts fit our lives." This practical unity of word and deed is Schweitzer's most valuable example to his own time, as it may yet be his most enduring monument. He himself once wrote, in considering the history of philosophy: "Such thinkers as have suited their actions to their ethical way of thinking are the most powerful factors in world-history in so far as without them and their beneficial influence the moral and cultural state of mankind would be incomparably more horrible than it is at present." This might one day serve as his own epitaph. For the last forty years Schweitzer and his hospital have been a focus for the humanitarianism of the whole world, together forming (as Professor Oscar Kraus said in 1928) "an international cultural factor", a plea to mankind for a human unity transcending the divisions of ideology, race, creed and colour, "a force whose permanent beneficial effect it is the duty of civilisation to guard." Indeed, Schweitzer's missionary adventure *is* civilisation, which he has elsewhere defined as the integration of discovery, invention and the arrangement of human society so that they work together for the spiritual perfecting of individuals. At any time and in any age his example would have been invaluable. It is particularly so today when two world wars, the "total" method in which they were conducted, and their aftermath of a psychological and physical struggle for the minds and bodies of men have threatened the complete overthrow of spiritual and moral values. "We are", he wrote in 1950, "at the beginning of the end of the human race. The question before it is whether it will use for beneficial purposes or for purposes of destruction the power which science has placed in its hands. So long as its capacity for destruction was limited, it was possible to hope that reason would set a limit to disaster. Such an illusion is impossible today, when its power is illimitable. Our only hope is that the Spirit of God will strive with the spirit of the world and will prevail. . . . This it will only do when it has won its victory over that spirit in our hearts. Nothing can be achieved without inwardness."

There, in the jungle just south of the Equator, Schweitzer is still administering his hospital in the twilight of a long and wonderfully full life; lighting a beacon of universal compassion in a dark and divided world; preaching the sanctity of each individual personality to an age grown servile before the demands of a collective society and callous in response to national or racial rivalries; recalling an unreflecting generation to the fundamental truth that all morality depends upon the individual will; reminding us that the Kingdom of God is *now* within us, would we but still the clamour of our external lives and hearken to the Spirit; practising the pattern of "the inward man with an active ethic" which is

the ideal of his own philosophy and was epitomised in Goethe's poem:

Be true to thyself and true to others . . .

And let thy striving be in love

And thy life be an act.

Transvaal.

C. W. M. GELL.

MME DE POMPADOUR—II.

WHILE caring nothing for the chase and the card-table, the King's principal pastimes, Mme de Pompadour shared his mania for building and landscape gardening. The first purchase was Crecy, a small house quickly transformed into a large one, with a sufficient number of neighbouring properties to enable the King to hunt. Choisy, built for Mme de Vintimille and subsequently occupied by Mme de Châteauroux, was enlarged by Gabriel, the King's favourite architect, and newly decorated. Even more exquisite was Bellevue, the only large house built for Mme de Pompadour, beautifully situated on the Seine near Saint Cloud, which she sold to the King in 1757 as a country residence for his unmarried daughters. While building and landscape gardening fascinated them both, the interior decoration was mainly her sphere, since the King cared more for his houses than for their contents. She became the most generous and discriminating patroness of the arts that France has ever possessed, and not even her harshest critic has denied her exquisite taste. Small residences were constructed for her close to the vast palaces at Fontainebleau and Compiègne. In the capital she bought and enlarged the Hôtel d'Evreux, now the Élysée Palace, but rarely used it and bequeathed it to the King. At Versailles she possessed a house—now the Hôtel des Réservoirs—connected by a corridor with the palace. To a fine mansion on the Loire she only made two visits and bequeathed it to her brother.

A second unfailing delight was the theatre. While performances by professionals had long been a pastime of the Court, Mme de Pompadour introduced amateur theatricals. A special administrative department under the control of Richelieu, entitled *Les Menus Plaisirs*, commanded ample funds and provided weekly performances, while births and weddings in the Royal Family were celebrated by balls and fireworks; but there was room for something more intimate. The initiative was warmly welcomed at Court, where sufficient dramatic and musical talent existed to provide first-rate performances after repeated rehearsals. A miniature *Théâtre des Petits Cabinets*, with seats for fourteen spectators, was constructed in the palace with decorations by Boucher. Rules drawn up by the Favourite explained that it was not a school and that beginners should not apply. The first season, lasting from January to April 1747, included *Tartuffe*, and invitations to the performances were eagerly sought. A cherished ambition was realised when, through the friendly medium of the Duchesse de Luynes, the Queen was induced to witness the performance of a light comedy chosen by the King. The popularity of the new venture led to the demand for a larger theatre in the palace, with forty seats. The enterprise lasted for five years, during which 122 performances were given of 61 plays, operas and ballets. When operas

were staged, the amateur orchestra was reinforced from the ranks of the King's musicians. Life at Versailles during the early years of the Pompadour régime was a perpetual carnival. Enraptured by her manifold accomplishments the King exclaimed "You are the most charming woman in France."

France was at her feet, but was it not too good to last? Having climbed to a giddy height she saw yawning precipices on either side of the path. Her fate depended on two uncertain factors—the continued fidelity and the physical survival of the King. He had evicted his first mistress and at Metz he had gazed with terror into the jaws of death. At any moment a thunderbolt might fall from a cloudless sky and strike her down. The first great alarm is vividly described in the *Memoirs of Mme du Hausset*, her confidential maid who knew all her secrets. One night the King was taken ill in her bed and the faithful attendant was hastily called. "Come here, the King is dying." Happily the royal sufferer was able to give orders. "Fetch Quesnay and say your mistress is ill." Quesnay, the King's doctor, also doctor and friend of the Favourite, thoroughly understood the strength and weakness of his master's constitution. By the time he arrived the crisis, probably due to overeating and indigestion, was over. He fetched a drug, remarking, "At sixty this would be serious." After three cups of tea the King was able to return to his room leaning on Quesnay's arm. As it occurred at night and the doctor was too loyal to give his master away, no one knew of the incident. In the morning he sent a note to Mme de Pompadour by Quesnay himself. "My dear friend must have had a great fright, but I am very well as the doctor will confirm." Mme du Hausset was equally incapable of betraying her mistress. "The King and I have such confidence in you," remarked the Favourite, "that we regard you as a cat or a dog and talk as if you were not there." She sat in a little ante-room where she heard everything unless the conversation was in low tones. After this alarming experience the King gave her 4,000 francs and made her a present every New Year's day, while her mistress presented her with a clock and a portrait of the King on a snuff-box.

Louis XV, perhaps with a sub-conscious memory of the wholesale casualties in the Royal Family in his childhood, was morbidly attracted by the topic of death, despite his brooding fears for his own soul. Mme du Hausset reports that he frequently talked of it, rarely laughed, and was often in low spirits. One day he proposed to read a sermon by Bourdaloue to Mme de Pompadour, and when she tried to turn the subject he remarked: "Then I will go on with it in my own room." Nothing could be more terrifying to a royal mistress than an attack of royal piety, however brief it might be: self-indulgence might easily lead to satiety, and satiety to contrition. The transition from Mme de Montespan to Mme de Maintenon remained a vivid memory for the older members of the Court. Temperamentally inclined to pessimism, Louis XV had little expectation of improvement in the health of the state, and he never expected a new broom to sweep clean. "Like the rest of them," he would say, "he promised grand things, none of which will ever come off. He does not know this country. He will see." He had equally little belief in his courtiers and his Generals with the

shining exception of Marshal Saxe. Aware of his own unworthiness he demanded little from his subjects. Such a ruler, lacking faith, ideas and ideals, could do little for France.

The gnawing uncertainty about her future was the price which every Favourite had to pay for her spectacular ascent, and Mme de Pompadour never felt wholly at peace with herself. Four years after her promotion she confided her troubles to a friend. "The life I lead is terrible: scarcely a minute to myself, constant journeyings, inescapable duties. It is impossible to breathe. Pity me, do not blame me." Such moods of depression arose partly from physical causes, for her health had never been good. She was a bad sleeper, and she suffered from chronic fatigue which she strove to conceal from the King. She had to be *toujours en vedette*, for her lover had to be conquered anew from day to day. Like Louis XIV he would have resented any interference with his pleasures and his plans, such as moving from place to place on a particular day or her inability to appear at a festivity to which he was looking forward. Without being entirely heartless he was as inconsiderate as most pampered autocrats. As her power grew from year to year the daily round became ever more exacting, particularly after her miscarriages, and the strain almost too grievous to be borne. The combination of physical exhaustion with mental anxiety continued to wear her out. She knew that she had to fight to keep her footing, for there was no halting place between the Capitol and the Tarpeian rock. When she told her father that a good conscience rendered her immune against the shafts of her enemies she was deceiving herself, for no human being—let alone such a bundle of nerves—could remain indifferent to the storm of abuse, including threats of assassination, which beat upon her head. "I pity you sincerely, Madame," remarked Mme du Hausset, "though everyone else envies you." "My life," was the reply, "is a perpetual conflict."

Mme de Pompadour was *persona gratissima* with the artists and the *Philosophes*: with the former in gratitude for her lavish patronage and prompt payment of their bills, with the latter because, in the words of d'Alembert after her death, "at the bottom of her heart she was one of us." In Boucher's celebrated portrait of 1758 she holds an open book in her hand. While the King performed his religious duties with mechanical regularity, she had no taste for piety. She was denounced as the patron of the *libres penseurs* by Christophe de Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris, and indeed her friendship with the leaders of the Enlightenment was notorious. Voltaire was at her feet and dedicated *Tancrède* to her. Montesquieu persuaded her to suppress a reply to his *Esprit des Lois*. Marmontel appeared at her Sunday toilette, and she aided his candidature for the Académie Française. Crébillon, old and poor, received a pension and a lodging in the Louvre, and was honoured by an *édition de luxe* of his tragedies. She secured a pension for d'Alembert and the withdrawal of the veto on the *Encyclopédie*. When the conversation at supper one night turned on gunpowder and other inventions, she remarked that the *Encyclopédie*, which would provide the answer to such questions, was forbidden. The King ordered a copy to be brought from his library and the desired information was supplied. That he had no use for the

brilliant writers who adorned the salons of Paris was an abiding regret to the child of the Enlightenment. The catalogue of her library, sold after her death, listed over three thousand items, mainly concerned with French literature and history.

While the *Philosophes* never possessed the slightest political influence, the enemies of the Favourite within and without the palace were legion. The *Poissonades* found a ready sale in the capital and specimens penetrated the walls of Versailles. Convinced that Maurepas was the master strategist behind the campaign and himself the author of some of the most malicious satires, the Favourite resolved to destroy the offender who mimicked her talk and her bourgeois ways. Since he could neither be won by flattery nor silenced by threats, her only resource was a direct appeal to the King. She tested her influence one day when he was working with the King by requesting the cancellation of a *lettre de cachet*. All orders, rejoined Maurepas, must be in the name of the King. "Faites ce que demande Madame," ordained the ruler. She denounced him to the King as "fripon et menteur, le président de la fabrique," and even pretended to believe that he planned to poison her. Though the King liked him and enjoyed his witty talk, her importunity prevailed. "I no longer require your services. Retire to Bourges and do not reply." "Honnête homme," comments the Duc de Croy, who adds that his fall was widely deplored. The Minister took his sentence calmly and had to wait twenty-five years till a new King recalled him to office.

Henceforth the Favourite reigned without a rival. She spoke of *Nous*, and the only chair in her boudoir was her own. When Richelieu returned after the war of the Austrian Succession with the title of Marshal and began his term as First Gentleman of the Chamber, he was expected in some quarters to attack her, but he found her too strongly entrenched. The King's reply to attacks on the lady of his choice was to bestow on her the title of Duchess, the highest at his disposal. Her only ally in the Ministry was Machault, the Finance Minister, who controlled her income and paid her debts till his ambiguous attitude during the Damiens crisis led to a break. Only a woman of unquestionable ability and infinite resource could have held her own against the fickleness of the King, the frowns of his children, and the ceaseless machinations of her enemies. The fall of Maurepas brought no cessation to the stream of *Poissonades* against "Daughter of a leech, yourself a leech." The crescendo of denunciation rose to a roar when food was scarce in Paris and bread was dear. The Court was her world and she never seriously concerned herself with the reaction of the people to the lavish expenditure associated with her name.

G. P. GOOCH.

(To be continued.)

GREAT BRITAIN, U.S.A., AND CANADA

ONE of the most interesting phenomena of the past ten years has been the rise of the Dominion of Canada to a position of great power and influence in the world of international relations. Her diplomatic service, which has only been built up since the end of the Second World War, has already acquired high praise in many quarters

abroad because of the skill and the unobtrusive competence of its members. She played a leading role in the setting up and the operation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the influence of her representatives has been important in the deliberations of the UNO during recent years, especially at the time of certain crises such as those created by the Palestine issue in 1949 and 1950. Due to its blend of English, French and American culture, she is particularly well fitted to act as an intermediary between the United States and Great Britain and the Western Democracies of the continent of Europe. Conversely, the satisfactory conduct of Canadian external policies depends basically upon a close harmony between the Western European Bloc and the United States. Therefore, it is quite natural and inevitable that the present tension and misunderstanding between the Governments at London and at Washington is creating many problems and headaches for the men who direct Canada's external policies in the Canadian Capital in Ottawa. Today there is no doubt that relations between the United Kingdom and the United States are more strained than at any period since the beginning of the present century and that they are progressively becoming worse rather than better. The activities of Senator McCarthy on one side of the Atlantic and the predilections of certain groups in the British Labour Party for the Communist Regime in China seem to have done irreparable harm. In this situation, the position of the Canadian Government is particularly difficult, partly because it tends itself to be very critical of certain aspects of present day American foreign policy. This is especially true in connection with the present crisis in the Far East.

Although Canada was a loyal and staunch supporter of the cause of the United Nations and of the United States in Korea and gave a military contribution there which was much more considerable than that furnished by some other nations of her size and population, she has never been sympathetic to the views of the China Lobby group in the United States whose propaganda and influence have had such a malign effect upon American domestic politics. Such figures as Chang Kei Shek and Syngman Rhee have few friends either in official or private circles in Canada. They are looked upon as trigger happy military adventurers, whose trouble making propensities are in danger of creating a major political and military explosion in the Far East. The whole Canadian attitude towards the developments in the Far East differs from that in the United States. This is partly because Canada in the past has never thought of herself as a Pacific power. Her interests have always been focussed towards Great Britain and Western Europe. Her role in the Pacific War and in the occupation of Japan after 1945 was a very minor one. It is significant of the difference of sentiment in the two North American countries. The Canadian Government was ready to follow the example of Great Britain in giving diplomatic recognition to the Communist Regime in Peking as long ago as the winter of 1949—50 when the invasion of Korea put an end to such a move. The Liberal Administration in Ottawa feels, however undesirable and unpleasant some features of the present Communist rule in China may be from the Western democratic standpoint, that it is pretty solidly based and likely to endure for some time to come and that the United States will have to recognize the political facts of life

in the Far East and both give Communist China diplomatic recognition and stop blocking her entry into the UNO. The course of events in Indo-China culminating in the Geneva Conference, at which the Communists seem to have scored such a signal victory over the United States, has strengthened the Canadian statesmen in these convictions. Therefore, the fire-eating pronouncements on Far Eastern affairs by such American political and military figures as Senator Knowland, General Mark Clark and the former American Ambassador to France and the Soviet Union, William Bullitt, have created alarm and apprehension in Canadian official circles. Canada is certainly not ready to back the United States in any military adventure which entails the support of an invasion by the armies of Chang Kei Shek of the Chinese mainland from Formosa. But, of course, they realize that their own country must inevitably become involved in any major military conflict in the Pacific between the United States and the regime of Mao-Tse-Tung.

Also the officials in Ottawa seem to have a much better understanding of the general political and diplomatic outlook of the new nations in the Middle East than does the State Department in Washington. They realize that the American policy of trying to snub a nation with the vast population and resources of India is a dangerous one and that it can lead to very serious international complications and difficulties. This is one of the reasons the Canadian delegates to the UNO parted company with those from the United States last year in voting for the inclusion of representatives of India in the International Commission which has supervised the armistice negotiations in Korea. Already it can be seen that the Canadian Government to some extent has tried to make itself the interpreter of certain American view points to the Asiatic nations in order to relieve the tension between such nations as India and the United States. It is significant, in this connection, that when Louis Saint Laurent—the present Prime Minister of Canada—was on his world tour, the first to be undertaken by any Canadian Chief Executive, in the spring of 1954, he took pains to try to impress upon the journalists and politicians in India the fact that the United States was not the greedy, aggressive, militarist power that the Russian and Communist propagandists have portrayed her to be. The difference in general points of view on the international situation between the two North American countries is to some degree to be explained by the fact that the hunting and anti-Communist hysteria, which have swept the United States since the end of the War, have thus far left Canada almost untouched. The Canadian Administration has not followed the example of Washington in outlawing her Communist Party. There has been no organized drive against subversives in Government and/or against progressive and liberal ideas in the Canadian universities and educational institutions. Senator McCarthy's activities and campaigns have had few admirers in Canada, save perhaps among some of the rabid anti-Communists in the French speaking Province of Quebec. The attempts of the Red hunting American Congressional inquisitors to extend their activities northwards across the international boundary in the last months of 1953, in their efforts to interrogate the Russian ex-cipher clerk and informer, Igor Gouzenko, created a widespread wave of protest and revulsion from one end of

Canada to the other and stimulated a new wave of anti-American feeling. Relations between Canada and her giant neighbour became more strained than at any period since the beginning of the century.

Canada is placed in a particularly embarrassing and difficult position because she is so closely linked by military ties to the United States. Her Northern and Arctic areas would be the natural avenue for any large scale Russian invasion of the central part of the North American continent by way of Eastern Siberia and Alaska. The defence systems of the two nations are closely co-ordinated today. The United States has several military and air bases in Newfoundland and in the Canadian Northwest Territories. The two countries are in the process of conducting a line of radar stations as a protection against aerial attack from Asia, which will extend right across the Canadian North from the shores of Hudson Bay to the Pacific. Canadians are very well aware of the fact that their country would be a battleground in the event of an all out military conflict between the United States and Communist China or Russia. Canadian statesmen show today a much greater perception of the current dilemmas of the governments in London and Paris than do their opposite numbers in the State Department in Washington. They well realize the intense war weariness of the British and the French peoples and their wish to avoid another large scale military conflict whose effects upon their region of the globe would be truly catastrophic. Since over one-third of the population of Canada is of French origin, it is quite natural that Canadians should understand the chronic French fears of German rearmament, and of the revival of aggressive Fascist militarism on the other side of the Rhine. There is no doubt that some Canadian diplomats and Government officials would like to see the rise of some strong Western European bloc with the backing of Great Britain, France, West Germany and Italy which, without being "neutralist" in any sense of the term, could act as a check and curb upon those bellicose and war-like groups in the United States who are so obsessed by their fear of Communism that they are willing to bring the whole of the Western world down in ruins around them by forcing a military show down with the Soviet Union. But Canada is too closely tied to the United States by political, military and economic bonds to take an independent stand of this type at the present time. The most that they can do is to try to put over the British and European point of view to the officials and politicians in Washington. And this in itself is quite a useful role for any country. In the meantime, Canadians devoutly hope that the present cleavage between the United States and Europe will not grow wider during the next few years and that some real unity of view and purpose can again be achieved between the Governments in power in Washington, London, Paris and Berlin.

Montreal.

W. E. GREENING.

SEVEN YEARS OF INDIA'S INDEPENDENCE

INDIA celebrated on a nation-wide scale the seventh year of her political freedom and the sixth birthday of her Sovereign Republic on 15th August. The passing away of the Empire, after fulfilling its purpose and helping the country realise its destiny, has fortunately not led to her

secession from the Commonwealth. This stage in her process of development must have driven home to those in authority that, if freedom brings prerogatives in its train, it brings duties and obligations of a strenuous nature too. Seven years are a very short span in the life of a nation, but no dispassionate survey of this period could exclude the recognition that what she won with the sweat of her brow on the basis of an honourable settlement she has striven in large measure to justify through her devotion to the public weal. Her entry into the comity of free nations is a notable landmark in international relations. Whereas in neighbouring lands insurrections and upheavals reared their ugly heads, kingdoms have crumbled and one regime has supplanted another, India has so far stood solid like a rock, her armed forces loyal, with the structure and functions of her system intact. The credit is largely due to the cohesion of the politically conscious elements cemented by the life-work of Mahatma Gandhi, even though we dare not ignore the fact that free India has inherited a bureaucracy trained on the British model and an army whose war-battered veterans have sealed their disciplined heroism on theatres of war as far flung as Cairo to Calais and Alamein to Normandy.

Space forbids exhaustive treatment of the economic measures for the uplift of the rural population or the raising of the average standard of living. In all countries with newly-won freedom there arise idealists who prefer to follow the path of least resistance and believe that confiscation of other peoples' lands without adequate compensation is a panacea for making the poor rich, and it would have been surprising if such visionary experiments were not tried in India. But they failed as they were bound to fail, making the Government of Sheikh Abdulla in Kashmir unpopular if not endangering its continuance. Nor were the efforts more successful in the Indian Union. The Bombay Government Tenancy Act provides that lands lying fallow could be given to landless peasants to cultivate; but the moment an effort was made by the passive resisters to enter, the landlords, fully equipped with legal arguments, threatened to proceed to the highest legal tribunal to vindicate their claims, as the lands supposed to be lying fallow were designed to raise pasture for the cattle. The magistrates had no alternative save to clap the passive resisters insisting on possession into prison in their thousands.

On the other hand it is gratifying to remind ourselves of India's brilliant achievement in the sphere of social legislation. For the first time in the course of her chequered history one million and a half industrial workers have acquired the benefit of insurance against unemployment, sickness and old age, a phenomenon without parallel in the social history of the East. The ambitious schemes of canal construction taken in hand would be a useful factor in increasing agricultural production, and the Bhakra canal now completed figures as a valuable substitute for those handed over to Pakistan as part of the political settlement. The abundance of water supply is only one though valuable element among several essential to improvement in the peasants' lot and, of course, a great deal remains to be done. There is no lack of benevolent intentions to help raise the standard of living gradually and to rescue millions from the clutches of a poverty which staggers western observers. The second 5-year plan has started on its promising career, but those who have

tried to study the economic structure of our society and its age-long inhibitions suggest caution in forecasting speedy results.

Meanwhile a great deal can be done through the Village Industries and Welfare Associations. The Union Minister of Health has been making strenuous efforts for the preservation of public health. In India misfortunes seldom come alone: the havoc wrought by drought and earthquake has now been aggravated by floods which have affected 300,000 square miles and perhaps 10,000,000 persons have been made homeless for the time.

It is pre-eminently in her foreign policy that India has attracted a world-wide publicity, serving as a beacon of light to some and as a rock of offence to others. From the start she has repudiated war, even when Hyderabad was an apple of discord and Kashmir an acid test of India's pledged word on a fair and open plebiscite. In certain quarters her ceaseless peace efforts have, no doubt, been acclaimed as a genuine contribution to the work of reconciliation in a world heading for disaster. Others again, accustomed to the orthodox and the internationally recognised functions of an orderly sovereign state, have been disquieted and unsettled. They have asked how this conciliatory and peace-loving Indian attitude is to harmonise with her insistent efforts to stir up strife and force the pace of freedom for "oppressed" peoples in Asia and Africa. Constitutional experts of international reputation maintain that a *de facto* Government as such does not possess the right to set itself up as a Ministry of Enlightenment and Propaganda for the liberation of "backward" peoples, living outside its territorial jurisdiction, even though the motives be praiseworthy. Individual governments are not expected to tackle the issues of the whole world. They must keep their own doorsteps clean.

Are the peoples directly concerned with colonial imperialism to be left no judgment or initiative to negotiate with the authorities concerned, on the basis of their stage of development, political maturity and approved capacity for self-government? Why should New Delhi interfere on the slightest provocation? Nor should we forget the salutary advice given by Mrs. Pandit, President of the General Assembly of the United Nations, before several important gatherings that the less we interfere with other peoples' affairs, and the more we attend whole-heartedly to the solution of our own domestic problems, the more effective would be our voice in the councils of the nations.

What is the essence of "Neutrality" in India's foreign policy? A sovereign state is within its rights to renounce war as an instrument for settling international controversies and avoid every occasion of friction. It is similarly on safe ground in rejecting group-alignments which might drag it into the vortex of an armed conflict. The assumption of being above the battle gives it, moreover, a point of vantage in arbitration between contending parties. But behind neutrality as a form of non-belligerent impartiality there should be an inner core of positive convictions, a sense of right and wrong. Does India accept or reject political systems close to her borders which stand for collective slavery, the lowering of individual dignity, the conscription of conscience and the moral impoverishment of life? It is just these moral elements which

tend to be overshadowed by the emphasis on peace as an end in itself. We are, no doubt, reminded by our Prime Minister Pandit Nehru that "India judges every world-issue on its own merits", and this attitude is perfectly correct. The member states of the United Nations reply that to the best of their knowledge every independent country does the same. They ask why the Government of India should overweight the scales in favour of her own superiority in discrimination, without providing adequate evidence in support of her claims. It would be a source of gratification to the United Nations and the civilised world if she were not only to judge independently, but also believed in that give-and-take which is the soul of every honourable settlement.

It is exceedingly difficult to come to close grips with this policy of "Neutrality", and the task is not made easier by a recent speech of the former Indian Ambassador to Peking and Cairo. "Every big power in the world", said Sardar Panikkar, "has her own area of strategic importance, intrusion into which by a foreign power would be considered a menace to her own security. For the United States it is the western hemisphere, for India it is Korea, for Russia Eastern Europe." The question might be asked: "What has Indian neutrality to seek in this witches' cauldron, and why should the United States and the United Nations be excluded from this region, in spite of their having poured out blood and treasure in an attempt to evolve some sort of order out of the prevailing chaos? As for "peaceful co-existence" the experiment should certainly be tried, for it appears that Communist China has come to stay and her recognition is only a question of time, dependent mainly on her renunciation of further aggression. Communist China could make a valuable contribution to world peace by freely applying the principle of a "peaceful co-existence" to Formosa; for the Nationalist Chinese have the fullest right to live, too, and the corner where they have taken asylum is now their national home.

The phrase "Asia for the Asiatics" became current shortly after the victory at Port Arthur. It is now a fiery cross through the homes and bazaars of the East. It is obvious that when one Asiatic country after another obtains complete freedom it would be the arbiter of its own destiny. Non-Asiatics are not likely to found large settlements for their nationals in view of the climatic and other obstacles. Asia and Europe cannot afford to ignore each other. Political independence only accentuates the need to take in hand certain urgent questions for the solution of which the technical, financial and moral assistance of the West is all but indispensable.

But there is another aspect of the question which is still more important. Matthew Arnold was thinking of comparatively recent times when he indited his famous lines:

The East bowed low before the blast,
In silent, deep disdain;
She heard the Legions thunder past,
Then plunged in thought again.

Three centuries before Marlowe gave us a more faithful picture of the military prowess of the East in *Tamburlaine the Great*. These empires in the East were won by the sword and perished by the sword. The

East of today, with the collective experience of the past behind it, is expected and determined to replace the conventions of the jungle by the Reign of Law. In this respect India, having the heritage of a scientific view of life and legal institutions and ideals to enrich her culture from her former rulers and present friends, could be of immense value to the political and spiritual life of an emancipated East. She could and must teach the people of Asia to live and behave like good Asiatics, just as Nietzsche admonished the people of Europe, with their diverse outlook and conflicting interests, to act and think as good Europeans. And in proportion as the free peoples of Asia begin to think and act as good Asiatics would they re-discover the bonds of an organic unity with the West in the domain of freedom and progress. This fruitful co-operation will be not with the colonial rulers of yesterday but with the helpful colleagues and equals of today.

Till East and West, without a breath
Mixed their dim lights, like Life and Death
To broaden into boundless day.

D. N. BANNERJEA.

AN AUSTRIAN DIARY

IN my relations with the late former Austrian Minister of Finance, honorary professor at Harvard, Joseph Redlich, one little episode in particular has remained in my memory. He was my guest, together with a prominent English scientist, now a Professor at Oxford. To the amazement of everybody else he described all the colleges of Oxford. He displayed such a wealth of details, using his unfailing memory and his full mastery of historical facts, that almost two hours elapsed before we realized that we had with us a phenomenon of the rarest kind. With the same ease he could dilate on the practice of American law courts, on the standing orders of the House of Commons, on British local government. National economy was within his scope as well as philosophy, Austro-Hungarian history as well as poetry. As late as in 1920 he could have been of value to his countrymen as an unofficial ambassador to Great Britain and the United States. His intimate friendship with President Masaryk led him even to believe that he might find a place in the Czech government. Never was a statesman with such extraordinary gifts less appreciated. Only after the ruin of the Credit Anstalt bank did Redlich occupy for a short time the palace of Prince Eugene in the Himmelfortgasse (the Ministry of Finance in Vienna), where he tried everything within his power to decrease the impact of this disaster.

The second volume of Joseph Redlich's diary has now appeared, covering the years 1915—1919. Its value is even greater than the first part. There are fewer outbreaks of an undisciplined temper. There is nothing which could estrange the reader like the enthusiasm with which Redlich—the pacifist of later days—had sponsored the aggressive policy of the Ballplatz. On the contrary: he emerges clearer and clearer, the man of science among the ignorant, the brilliant wit among the dunces,

the pharisee prophet among the "arch-mediocrities" of his party and of the government which "ruled" the decaying Monarchy. Pessimism is now the note. The diary often notes rumours and apprehensions. But two main facts emerge from this chaos. These facts are milestones not only in the personal life of Joseph Redlich, but also in the fate of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. The first of these facts is the audience which Redlich has with Emperor Charles at Baden and in the gardens of Laxenburg, close to Vienna, in July, 1917. At the end of the second interview, when Redlich already thought that he was being dismissed, the Emperor said to him: "Now, my dear friend, would you not like to try to form a government in accordance with your ideas?" Redlich answered that he regarded this offer as the greatest honour ever bestowed upon him, but also, considering the prevailing circumstances, as a terrible burden of responsibility. He added that he hoped to be successful provided that he enjoyed the full confidence of his Emperor.

At that moment Redlich felt at the summit of his career. He describes most vividly the informal manner in which the "junge Herr" takes him for a walk of two hours and a half beneath the wonderful trees of the ancient park. Redlich developed his ideas on national autonomy for all races in Austria, and he found Emperor Charles well-informed about the controversies between the different groups of the German party in the Reichsrat. With the generosity which led to many difficulties he had just given full amnesty to Kramarz, the leader of the pan-Slav movement in Austria, who had been condemned to death for conspiracy against the security of the Empire. Redlich approved this action. He was also fully supported by the Emperor when he, the unrivalled expert on state administration, described the unnecessary "red tape" in Austria. The monarch gave him most solemn assurances of his will to peace. He contended that Germany had practically forced the Monarchy into war with the threat of a totally new orientation of her policy should Austria show "weakness". Tschirschky was said to have walked about with blood-shot eyes. Redlich also spoke to the monarch of his coronation as king of Bohemia and reminded him that all Emperors of Austria except Francis Joseph had been crowned in Prague.

It seems that Redlich, after such declarations, should have had all opportunity to prove that he really had the gifts of a practical statesman. But, alas, soon came deception. Charles's private secretary, Count Polzer-Hoditz, telephoned the proposal to Redlich that a sort of "State Council" should be constituted out of men of all parties to help frame a new constitution. Redlich, perhaps undiplomatically, perhaps rashly, refused point blank to consider this proposal. He relied too much on his Emperor's loyalty, because quite suddenly there is a kind of void in the diary: nothing more is mentioned of his mission which he had been authorized to communicate to the feudal clique which surrounded Charles. Much later, at the last moment of the reign, he heard from the monarch the deeper reason for his failure, namely, the opposition of the Germans who knew that Redlich could never have condoned a policy of "War to the Bitter End". The sudden change of the military situation—the victory against the Italians and the German offensive—had for the last time given a spark of hope to the Central Powers. In November 1918

Redlich was made Minister of Finance in the pacifist government of Professor Lammasch, but this ministry was only to liquidate the last remnants of the Empire. It was condemned to death from the very start. Like Körber, Redlich had been the sharpest critic of the unpardonable financial policy of spendthrifts and amateurs. Now he could only save the newly constituted German-Austria from early financial ruin by procuring from the old National Bank two milliards of paper money—something like a dowry for the beginning of the new Austrian state.

He stood there in the light of a beautiful morning and in one of the most magnificent rooms of the Schoenbrunn Palace, to take his leave of Emperor Charles, of the old monarchy and of the most important part of his own career. As I mentioned before, Charles told him the true reasons of his failure. He said that the Germans had first to learn that they are not invincible. Once more he protested his yearning for peace and added with a sigh: "And how I have strived to achieve it!" Redlich tried to comfort him by pointing out that all now depended on his attitude. He reminded him of the exile of James II, and of the fact that sympathy for the deposed dynasty had continued for a very long time in wide circles in England. Charles seemed tired and nervous but resigned to his fate. "All the same", writes Redlich, "I had the feeling that whatever happened did not really and profoundly affect the Emperor." Already he had noticed a rather uncanny trait of levity in him. Now he appeared to have no real and deeper knowledge of the problems at stake. Everything resolved itself into personal questions. "He is not only good," said one of his adjutants, "he is goodness himself". But in his youthful self-reliance he had thought it possible to follow the maxims of his uncle Franz Ferdinand and to govern arbitrarily, although surrounded by too many amateur politicians. His evil spirit Count Czernin was, according to Redlich, lacking in education and in the sense of responsibility. At the most critical moment, when the life and death of the Monarchy depended on a government with the capacity to influence Western opinion, a political nonentity like Herr von Seidler was permitted to rule. No serious proposal was put forth to apply Wilson's ideas of democracy and self-determination to Hungary where, as Redlich rather rudely and unjustly wrote, "eine Schwefelbande"—a gang of people who never acted but merely talked—danced on the political stage. Redlich would never seriously believe that national autonomy could satisfy the aspirations of the Czechs, who wanted a "Staatsrecht" equal to the Hungarian. But Hungary was ready to separate from the Empire if feudalism should prevail in Austria, and that would have meant starvation. I believe that it would have been too much even for a man of Redlich's outstanding faculties to master circumstances for which he had not been responsible. Perhaps it was a fortunate turn of events that spared him defeat on the battlefield of practical policy. Already the daily, almost hourly flow of more or less exciting news and the accumulation of mistakes everywhere proved too much for his nerves, which were those of an artist. Accesses of giddiness and depression were evil symptoms. When even Rumania joined the enemies which the war policy had united he burst into tears. And tears were in the eyes of all the ministers when they assembled for the last time at the end of the tragedy. If Charles's fate could be likened to

that of Richard II, Redlich had the role of something like a political Hamlet.

He never lost contact with men like Hofmannsthal, who praised his lack of vanity and sense of justice, or with Hermann Bahr, who had much in common with him, being, he too, many-sided and having a certain lack of stamina. Yet he felt lonely, in spite of the renewal of old friendships also in Great Britain, France and America, where also his historical works were very much appreciated. He found his happiness in his garden, with his trees and flowers, which he treated almost like human beings. Here I often had the opportunity to admire his almost Socratic tranquillity and the sense of humour which helped him to carry on, in spite of everything. The last annotation in his last diary (1936) was about an interview I had with him. The kind words of appreciation which he uttered in this connection awake in me the full regret for a man who was, with all his weakness, essentially loving and lovable. The two volumes of Redlich's diary provide an inside description of the atmosphere of a great Decline and Fall, the most fateful after the fall of the Byzantine Empire, and as such they are invaluable.

ERNST BENEDIKT.

CONFUCIUS

MOST Western scholars' knowledge of Confucius is derived from the Analects, which, however invaluable as a guide to self-culture, tend to give an imperfect and even distorted conception of the Master, since they are mostly brief answers made by Confucius on various occasions to his pupils, who took them down in their notes and finally put them together in book form many years after the death of the sage. Confucius wrote commentaries for the Book on Change, edited the Poetry and Chronicles, but he was author of only one book, which is Chun Chiu, or The Spring and Autumn. In a discourse upon the ancient revolutions Mencius compared this work with the great achievements of the three illustrious kings by saying, "Confucius struck terror into the heart of treasonous ministers and felonious sons by writing The Spring and Autumn." Confucius himself says, "He who understands me will understand me through the Spring and Autumn; and he who condemns me will condemn me through the Spring and Autumn."

The name of The Spring and Autumn is familiar enough even among the illiterate Chinese, but few people know what it is about. Many even mistake the Tso Chuan, a classic commentary on this great book, for The Spring and Autumn itself, just as many young people in the East mistake the *Tales from Shakespeare* for Shakespeare's plays. The material is taken from the history of Lu, Confucious' native country, covering a period of 242 years (722 B.C.—480 B.C.); but each event is reduced into a short sentence, very much like the headlines in modern newspapers without adjective or adverb; and it is so worded that his judgment for each event is contained in the assertion itself either directly or indirectly. The whole value of this work lies in the judgment, but the judgment is often more hidden than expressed: and it is said by one classic commentator

that it was intended by Confucius that should the man criticised therein read it, he would hardly realise that he himself is the object of criticism. This is probably partly due to the deep reverence for the ruling house in feudal society, and partly to the fact that the powerful men in those days were so intolerant and violent that even Confucius had to use discretion.

Moreover, as the subject matter is historical, it would have been difficult to understand why a certain action should be justified or condemned without knowing the historical facts. This deficiency, however, was happily overcome by the Tso Chuan (a commentary generally believed to have been written by Tso Chiu Ming, a contemporary of Confucius) which gives us the principal events in great detail. There are also two other classic commentators, Kung Yang and Ku Yang, who help us to discover the hidden meaning. They derived their opinions partly from their own masters, and partly from the conclusions which they themselves arrived at by the method of comparison and deductions. However, on many minor points these three commentators are so contradictory as to render any attempt to reconcile them impossible; and this has given rise to three distinct schools of thought about this unique book. Nevertheless, the main principles are clear. To understand this work it is important to grasp the technique of its author. The book was written in the most simple language; but to show his judgment, the Master depends chiefly upon the choice of names for subjects and objects. For instance, to designate the prince of a state the name of Chow (a geographical area) is less honourable than the name of the state, the name of the state is less honourable than the title of nobility, while the title of nobility accompanied by the personal name is the least honourable. He who understands the appropriate use of the names in *The Spring and Autumn* understands the book itself. The differentiation is also extremely strict with regard to verbs. For a refugee prince to return to his country, the Master uses "return" or "return again", "enter" or "enter again" to express his approval or disapproval.

The Master did not limit himself to the use of direct methods, and in many cases his judgment can only be determined when a recorded event is read in relation to another, or in the light of the basic law, of the season, or of the general rules he laid down for himself regarding the recording of events. Thus, when the death of a prince is closely followed by the betrothal of his successor (the latter event being usually not chronicled), the impropriety appears readily by itself; or when we know that the natural order of succession is the established rule, it is easy to see that the mention of choosing and proclaiming an heir does not receive the approval of the Master; or, knowing that the summer is the busiest season for the peasants, then we understand that the mentioning of forced labour for public works during that period does not indicate his approval; or again, knowing that the death and burial of every prince are duly chronicled, we may conclude that the mentioning of the death of a prince without mentioning the burial shows his strong condemnation of the prince.

To understand this great work we further need a general picture of the social background of the period covered by the book. It was in the latter part of the Chow Dynasty when the Emperor was already reduced to a

figurehead. That dynasty was founded in 1134 B.C. by King Wu, who built upon the great achievements of his illustrious father, subsequently known as King Weng, with the assistance of Chow Kung, a great statesman of virtue and wisdom. He seized the empire from the ruling house of Shang, divided it into many states, and gave them to his kinsmen and followers who had helped him in making the conquest, keeping the largest portion for the imperial house. The feudal princes were semi-sovereigns themselves, who paid yearly tribute to the imperial house in the form of native products each of a specified amount and also contributed soldiers in time of war. They received decrees and statutes from the Court, and carried them out with the assistance of their own ministers of state of whom one or more were usually appointed by the Emperor. The princes of the four quarters went at regular intervals to the Court to pay homage, and the Emperor also toured the Empire at four-yearly intervals, thus securing peace and unity among the princes. Indeed, during the early period of the Chow Dynasty feudalism in China reached its perfection. It worked well for roughly two hundred years; and then some states grew bigger at the expense of their neighbours while others were reduced to insignificance. By the time of The Spring and Autumn the authority and prestige of the imperial house had fallen very low. This brought in a period of chaos and confusion, in which war perpetually alternated with short truces, and grouping and re-grouping among the states went on without an end. This is the state of affairs prevailing in the period of The Spring and Autumn, on the main events of which Confucius delivered his judgment, condemning or justifying.

Some scholars in the West, as well as in China, seem to be under the impression that Confucius was an absolute monarchist, even an adulating courtier, but nothing is further from the truth. If it be so, how are we to account for the apparent contradiction that Mencius, who was his recognised successor, should be so democratic? But this contradiction disappears when we study the book written by the Master himself. For to Confucius and the Confucian School the objective of Government is to create such conditions as to make it possible for the people to live a natural yet rational life in peace and happiness; the king or emperor is but a part (an honourable part, it is true) in the machinery for that great purpose. He is to be the representative of the supreme authority and the symbol of unification of the empire—two things essential for peace and order in any country. He is to be revered and obeyed by his subjects but only when he discharges his high duties properly. In a word he lives for the people. Confucius was a monarchist but by no means a blind worshipper of autocracy.

The Spring and Autumn may be compared to international law today, which deals chiefly with wars and peaceful intercourse between states. As a result of the long and unceasing struggle in this period for power and land, several big states emerged as the "covenant leader" in turn. They were Chi, Tsin, Chin, Chu, Wu and Yueh. As the central authority collapsed, war became the sole means of settling differences. But, as Mencius remarked, "Of all the wars recorded in The Spring and Autumn not a single one was righteous, though some were better than others." Technically speaking, no prince had the right to make war upon another.

In the judgment of the Master the most heinous are those for the destruction of another state, the next being wars for the acquisition of territory. There are two kinds of wars, however, which are justified by the Master, wars against the barbarians on the borders and defensive wars. Even these are only justifiable so far as it is necessary to reduce them to terms or to drive them out. As to military intervention in another state it is permissible when a state falls into great confusion and anarchy, but no advantage should be taken out of the chaos in the name of righteousness, nor is a wicked prince deemed worthy to punish another wicked one. Thus, we find in some cases the invasion is justified but the subsequent treaty with the defeated state is condemned. The book also takes notice of the various features of war, as border raiding, invasion, battle, siege and occupation. As soon as an invaded state is reduced to terms, war should stop and peace be restored. But in discussing the fall of states Confucius also makes a distinction between conquest, "self-dying" and collapse. While state-destroyers are invariably condemned, those states which perish either through sheer corruption or lack of unity have only themselves to blame. On the other hand, to rescue an invaded neighbour state or garrison it against the menace of aggression is always mentioned with approval.

If the impotence of the imperial house is responsible for incessant wars it also gives rise to various methods of patching up peace among the numerous principalities. This is chiefly done by conference, covenant and military alliance. By these they either guarantee non-aggression or bind themselves against a common enemy. The Master generally notes these with satisfaction, for they are the chief means of maintaining peace under the prevailing conditions. Many of the interstate pacts were indeed broken as soon as they were made, but some gave the empire 27 years of peace. It was an unfortunate age for most of the princes, for the frequent conferences and wars apparently left them little rest and little time for pleasure. It was particularly hard for the princes of the small states. As often as the balance of power changed they had to shift their allegiance, and this seldom failed to bring retaliation from their former protector. Contrary to the conception of modern law between nations Confucius recognised, though reluctantly, the law that the small must serve the big states. But he did not favour forcible restoration of a feeble ruling house to its former power and grandeur, which would rather hasten it to destruction. Of this we find a very ridiculous figure in the Duke Hsiang of Sung, whom Confucius condemns by denying him a burial. This fanatic prince, presuming to make himself the covenant leader, provoked several wars, until he was finally defeated and died of wounds received in the last battle.

Besides interstate wars and conferences this book takes regular notice of official visits paid either by the sovereigns or ambassadors of other states to Lu, or by the prince or ambassador of Lu to other states. On the occasion of accession and burial of the princes of friendly states envoys are also usually sent and received. On one occasion the princes met to decide upon the share each was to contribute to replenish the loss caused by a big fire in a neighbouring country. It is also worthy of note that a usurper is always eager to join an interstate conference or a multipartite

pact in order to obtain the recognition of "the family of nations," for which he has often to resort to bribery. But one of the most striking facts about this book is that, while the ancient history of most nations chiefly concerns itself with tribal wars and court intrigues, *The Spring and Autumn* well deserves the name of the "History of the People," making the interests of the people its central concern. Thus, famines, droughts, floods, bumper years, indeed anything that is serious enough to affect the general welfare of the people, are all duly recorded. Even grand reviews of troops, grand huntings, and the launching of important public works are recorded approvingly or disapprovingly according to whether they are in the interest of the people. On the other hand, only a few things concerning the ruling house are recorded, being limited to the prince's consort, marriage of the prince's daughter to another prince, the death and burial of the prince and his consort.

Being conscious that this unique book requires life-long study, the writer has been careful not to let his own opinion slip into the interpretation. Therefore, what is set forth above is all generally recognised as the Master's main principles of righteousness, the controversial and minor points being left out. As to how much the great ideal of Confucius is still worth striving for we must leave it to the judgment of the reader. Truth may appear in constant change when we take it in its external form; but having grasped the thing itself, we shall perceive that it is indeed eternal. For instance, it is said in the *Book of Change*, "He who can make the many go the right way will become the king." The word "king" sounds somewhat obsolete today; but more careful thinking will make us ask: "Who has ever become a true national leader that cannot lead the many to go the right way?" This work, once revered as the greatest book of China, is now generally branded as one of the products of the feudal ages; and out of that small number of elderly gentlemen who can recite every word of it from memory, few it seems, can think of it in terms of eternal truth or apply it to the modern world. But with patient and careful study we might still find it a source of treasures; and it is not improbable that the main principles of righteousness here set forth might shine again for many generations to come, if we can but interpret and understand it rightly.

LEWIS GEN.

Hong Kong.

PARSONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

EVER since the novel became a favourite form of literature clergy have been portrayed in it. These portraits supply the reader with a picture of the part clergy have played in English life. One of the earliest portraits is that of Parson Adams in Fielding's "Joseph Andrews". Like so many clergymen, Parson Adams was not granted an abundance of this world's goods. Fielding observes: "His virtue and other qualifications as they made him equal to his office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable companion; and had so endeared and well recommended him to the bishop that at the age of fifty he was provided

with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year; which, however, he could not make any great figure with, because he lived in a dear country and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children." Like Dr. Primrose, the country parson in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield", Parson Adams was far from being worldly wise, though he flattered himself to the contrary. In recording what appertains to his own life, Dr. Primrose reveals himself to be a good man in spite of many misfortunes. One of his great characteristics is cautiousness, as revealed in his comment on the possibility of his daughters becoming companions to ladies of fashion. He declares: "Heaven grant that they may be both the better for it this day three months. . . . This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity, for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled, but if anything unfortunate ensued then it might be looked upon as a prophecy."

Although Dr. Primrose and Parson Adams were portrayed in the early 18th century and in consequence were nearer in time to Jane Austen's clergy, their characters and contacts with their parishioners make them more akin to clergy of our own day. The late 18th-century clergymen of whom Jane Austen wrote were often the younger sons of landowners and consequently, in many cases, they viewed their religious duties lightly. They might officiate at a service every Sunday or administer Holy Communion occasionally, but more often than not the bulk of the routine duties was performed by their poorly paid curates. The reader of "Mansfield Park" and "Northanger Abbey" can hardly imagine Edmund Bertram or Henry Tilney conducting a funeral service or giving spiritual consolation to a poor, sick parishioner, though they would probably supply him with material comforts. Nor is this any more conceivable with Mr. Elton, though Mr. Collins may have attempted it in a pompous and condescending manner. To the present generation Jane Austen's parsons seem rather divorced from reality, yet she provided a true and faithful account of the clergy of her time.

In some ways Mr. Elton of "Emma", whom Mr. Knightly described: "as a very good sort of man, and a very respectable vicar", bears a resemblance to the Rector in Anne Brontë's novel "Agnes Gray". Both were handsome men and proud, eager to be on good terms with their well-to-do parishioners and perhaps lax in their ministerial duties. Anne Brontë was writing of a later period, yet she comments: "The rector Mr. Hatfield had certainly little patience with his poor parishioners and made no attempt to understand them, not giving them spiritual comfort beyond exhorting them to regular church attendance". She has a more favourable opinion of Mr. Weston, the new curate, and after church comments: "But the only thing I particularly noticed about him was his style of reading, which appeared to me good—ininitely better, at least, than Mr. Hatfield's. He read the lessons as if he were bent on giving full effect to every passage. It seemed as if the most careless person could not have helped attending, nor the most ignorant failed to understand; and the prayers he read as if he was not reading at all, but praying earnestly and sincerely from his own heart."

Anne Brontë is reputed to have based the portrait of Mr. Weston on the Rev. William Weightman, a curate of her father's, though in her novel she

presents an ideal picture of him. Like Jane Austen, the Bronte sisters based their clergy on personal knowledge; they had direct contact with a clergyman's life in the 19th-century. Charlotte Bronte's Yorkshire novel "*Shirley*" is particularly rich in clergy. In the first chapter alone the reader is introduced to three curates and a Rector, the Rev. Matthewson Helstone. His was a complete picture of an old Tory parson, convinced of his own authority and willing to assist in the carrying out of law and order. Charlotte based Mr. Helstone on the Rev. Hammond Roberson, a great church builder and leader of his fellow clergy in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Like Helstone, Roberson assisted a millowner to defend his property against the Luddites, and was renowned in the neighbourhood for his stern and eccentric ways. In "*Shirley*", however, Charlotte Bronte created rather an unfair picture of Roberson, darkening the stern side of his character and overlooking many of his finer attributes.

Commenting on "*Scenes from Clerical Life*" by George Eliot, George Lewes wrote: "that the series of stories would do what had not been attempted since the "*Vicar of Wakefield*" and Jane Austen—they would represent the clergy like every other class with the humours, sorrows, and troubles of other men". The first story "*Amos Barton*" certainly bears out this claim. In some ways Trollope's Mr. Crawley resembles Barton, certainly in his large family and small income. Amos Barton was described by his creator as "commonplace", and she observes: "It was not in his nature to be superlative in anything, unless, indeed, he was superlatively middling, the quintessential extract of mediocrity. If there was any one point on which he showed an inclination to be excessive, it was confidence in his own shrewdness and ability in practical matters, so that he was very full of plans which were sometimes like his moves in chess—admirably well calculated, supposing the state of the case was otherwise...". The Rev. Maynard Gilfil of "*Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*" is a portrait of one of the slightly eccentric, well-beloved clergymen typical of so many country villages. He was popular with children and it was his personality rather than his sermons which endeared him to his flock. Mr. Gilfil represents the best type of "hunting" clergy, just as the Rev. Bute Crawley, portrayed by Thackeray in "*Vanity Fair*", represents the worst.

In the third story, "*Janet's Repentance*", George Eliot gives a portrait of the kind of clergyman who did so much to help re-establish the church in the affections of ordinary people. Mr. Tryan, the new curate of Milby, quickly establishes himself as a favourite. One of the characters observes: "There's the new clergyman that's just come to Shepperton—Mr. Parry, I saw him the other day at Mrs. Bond's. He may be a very good man, and a fine preacher; they say he is; but I thought to myself, what a difference between him and Mr. Tryan. He's a sharp-sort-of-looking man, and hasn't that feeling way with him that Mr. Tryan has. What is wonderful to me in Mr. Tryan is the way he puts himself on a level with one, and talks to one like a brother. I'm never afraid of telling him anything. He never seems to look down on anybody. He knows how to lift up those that are cast down, if ever man did...". In this respect Milby's curate was far different from the Rev. Theobald Pontifex in Samuel Butler's "*The Way of all Flesh*." Mr. Pontifex was a stern, upright clergyman, intent on performing his duty. Try as he might he

often found it difficult to comfort his poor parishioners except with material things; though he believed his wife when she assured him that "never yet was a clergyman so devoted to the welfare of his flock."

Probably the best known portraits of Victorian clergymen are those given by Anthony Trollope. His Cathedral dignitaries, his rectors and poor curates are all realistic, not because he drew them from life, but because he attributed to them human failings; they were not invulnerable. The pompous, worldly yet generous Dr. Grantly was described by Trollope as: "a man somewhat too fond of his own way, and not sufficiently scrupulous in his manner of achieving it That he is bigoted in favour not so much of his doctrines as of his cloth is also true; and it is true that the possession of a large income is a desire that sits near his heart. Nevertheless, the archdeacon is a gentleman and a man of conscience; he spends his money liberally, and does the work he has to do with the best of his ability; he improves the tone of society of those among whom he lives Though never an austere man, he upholds propriety of conduct both by example and precept. He is generous to the poor, and hospitable to the rich; in matters of religion he is sincere, and yet no Pharisee; he is in earnest and yet no fanatic. On the whole, the Archdeacon of Barchester is a man doing more good than harm' The lovable old Bishop, the archdeacon's father and the timid Bishop Proudie; the ambitious Rev. Obadiah Slope; Dr. Arabin his antagonist, and the saintly Rev. Septimus Harding are all characters in whom the reader can believe; they create a convincing picture of life in a Cathedral city. Trollope's country clergy, such as the Rev. Mark Robarts with his determination not to be dominated by Lady Lufton, are equally credible.

Hugh Walpole also created the picture of life in a cathedral town, though his novels did not end so happily as Trollope's for many of his characters. In "The Cathedral" the reader becomes acquainted with the various types of clergy that make up a chapter. Archdeacon Brandon who for so long has ruled Polchester Cathedral, even as Trollope's Archdeacon Grantly ruled Barchester, finds his position challenged by the arrival of Canon Ronder. Brandon's downfall was brought about by his desire for power and the opposition of the new Canon; he was like an autocratic child used to having his own way and completely bewildered when it was denied him. "The Cathedral" leaves the reader wondering about Ronder's motives. Was he really lusting for power? Or has he acted according to his own lights? Was his main motive detachment and the desire to see what would happen if all Brandon's schemes were thwarted? He seems inclined to treat life as if it was a game of chess with real people as pawns. Walpole's sequel "The Inquisitor" reveals Ronder in advanced years, his character deteriorated until he is essentially a thoroughly worldly clergyman. The author shows how the young curate Gaslee will perhaps be corrupted in a similar way, and allows the still clear sighted Ronder to warn him of his folly in letting the real life slip by as he reaches out for bubbles. Ronder remembers how "he had taken orders because that career would give him, he thought, great power over men. He remembered how Aunt Alice had said to him that men thought clergymen fools and that this gave a man who was not a fool a great advantage as a clergy-

man." He realised his mistake, and also his folly in opposing Brandon who had believed. Walpole comments: "Ronder believed in nothing except his own cleverness and now he was clever enough to perceive his cleverness was not sufficient." Yet he had the wisdom to recognise and perhaps envy the sincerity of his fellow clergymen. Fortunately there are not many parsons of Ronder's stamp, even in literature, yet he provides an unhappy example of allowing ambition to dominate life.

"The Witness of Canon Welcome" by Ernest Raymond shows how even an ambitious and rather worldly clergyman can overcome his weaknesses and be a better man at the end of the novel than he was at the beginning. Following the example set unknowingly by his subordinate at the Mission church, Canon Welcome begins to practise practical Christianity by helping members of his flock who are beset with difficulties of one sort or another. In recent years Ernest Raymond has done much to portray clergymen realistically facing up to the problems of the modern world. Another of his novels "The Chalice and the Sword" provides a portrait of a one time Army Colonel who took Holy Orders after the first world war. This son of a peer is incumbent of a poor London parish, always endeavouring to assist his people even though he is often aware of the difference between their stunted upbringing and his own. It is not easy, and the author declares that he has often to overcome: "the overwhelming desire to backslide into comfort and good living and worldly ambition."

Vera Brittain in "Born 1925" tells the story of a parson who faced up to wider conditions than those of his own parish. Robert Carbury had also served in the first world war and later became a priest—one who started a crusade against poverty, disease, injustice, oppression and war. When the second world war breaks out he sticks to his pacific principles at all costs. A lesser known novel, "Simon Peter" by Megan Glyn, a young Welsh writer, also portrays the effect of the second world war on the life of an elderly rector of a Welsh village. It provides a sincere portrait of a saintly priest who all his life believed that: "everything comes in God's good time to him, who, besides waiting, works and prays hard enough. That was Simon Peter's simple faith. For had he not proved it?" The novels mentioned are not the only ones with clergy characters. Norman Collins in "The Children of the Archbishop" provides portraits of the retiring chaplain and his successor at Archbishop Bodkin's Orphanage. Elizabeth Goudge in "A Bird in the Tree" and "Herb of Grace" gives a convincing picture of a modern country clergyman, the Rev. Hilary Eliot. Numerous other authors have also enriched literature with portraits of clergy down the ages.

MARION TROUGHTON.

WHITHER PAKISTAN?

MANY nations in the modern world—from Germany to Indonesia—have a great question-mark hanging over their future, but nowhere is that question-mark more pronounced than the one formed by the crescent moon of Pakistan. During 1954 I spent some months there,

and when I came away it was with the sense that the country was breaking up and would crumble within a decade. I saw no grounds for optimism and was even more disillusioned than many of my Pakistani friends, who deserved so much better of their country. To some extent my despair was probably the result of living in East Bengal during the momentous first months of 1954, but nothing has happened since to make me feel the impressions I got then are invalid. When I arrived at the capital city of Dacca the streets were full of election posters and processions as canvassing for the provincial elections went ahead. I sensed then that popular opinion did not augur well for the Muslim League Government. A ricksha boy told a Pakistani friend of mine that there must be an "Against Government Party": how else could corruption be suppressed? My own houseboy—a shockheaded youngster far too young to vote—used to join the United Front processions in the evenings, and I could sometimes hear his raucous, raven-like voice shouting "Death to the Muslim League!" People generally seemed to feel that a change of Government was necessary. Even if the Muslim League and Mr. Jinnah had been instrumental in creating Pakistan, there was no reason why its representatives should continue indefinitely in power. They had not brought the millennium; indeed, some said they had postponed it. I talked to one of the organising secretaries of the United Front campaign. "We're going to win," he told me. "We haven't the money of the Muslim League, but we've got the students and the people with us."

The result of that March election was shattering. The Muslim League got ten of the Muslim seats, the United Front 223. It was a landslide. People who could not be worse off than they were waited expectantly for the new régime and better living. They waited in vain. At the end of May Fazlul Huq's United Front Government was dismissed and Governor's Rule imposed on the province. Soldiers from West Pakistan appeared on the streets and hundreds of people were arrested, including a member of the new Government and 32 members of the Provincial Legislature. My houseboy no longer dared go shouting through the streets, and the cook from time to time drew his finger expressively across his throat. The cook's attitude to events was to some extent typical. He was a Bengali first and last. Though he understood a little Urdu (the language of West Pakistan) he would pretend not to understand it. He disliked the "foreigners" from West Pakistan who were to be found all over East Bengal where they occupied many of the senior posts, manned the Civil Service, and generally managed to acquire more of the world's goods than the Bengalis. It was people like our cook who played a large part in the appalling massacre at the Adamjee Jute Mills—the biggest in the world—on the 14th-15th May, when close on a thousand people are reputed to have been killed, though the official figures were a good bit lower. Nor was this tragedy the first of its kind. Six weeks previously nineteen persons were killed in riots at the Karnafuli Paper Mills near Chittagong. These too took the form of Bengalis versus non-Bengalis, and were a savage prelude to the massacre that was to follow at Adamjee.

I always regarded the atrocities committed by these frenzied Muslim mobs as the boiling over of long-simmering passions. They were not

the result—in spite of what Prime Minister Mohammed Ali immediately proclaimed—of cunning machinations by the Communists; nor did they spring from the planned perfidy of discredited Muslim Leaguers as some of the left wingers said. Backward Islamic countries are susceptible to mob excitement. Blows were struck, words were uttered, passions unleashed, and there was no corking up the bottle again until it was over. Then the politicians blamed the slaughter on their opponents. The United Front had just come to power, therefore this was due to their inability to control the situation. Besides, there were four Communist M.P.s returned in the recent elections. Mohammed Ali and other Muslim Leaguers stressed “the Communist menace”; though there were those who suspected that his overnight discovery of a scapegoat was not unconnected with the fact that the Mutual Defence Assistance Agreement between Pakistan and the U.S.A. was on the point of being signed in Karachi.

Mutual recriminations between the political parties were ended by the suspension of the democratic process. West Pakistan had the power and used it. Governor's Rule was introduced on 30th May when the Permanent Secretary at the Ministry of Defence, Major-General Iskandar Mirza, was put in charge of East Bengal. At the time of writing Governor's Rule still continues and the antipathy between Bengali and non-Bengali which led to it remains, possibly exacerbated by what has happened. Governor's Rule was not altogether a bad thing. Democracy without discipline too easily in backward countries degenerates into mob rule, and the sceptic may doubt whether the United Front Government would have been much better than Bengal's previous Government. There were too many job-hunters among the politicians. Yet I remember the strength of the initial reaction against Government by decree when good men as well as bad were herded into prisons. People condemned it because it was not clear that it was absolutely necessary. In today's world which clamours for self-government the onus of proving the necessity of suspending popular rule rests with those who suspend it, and I am not alone in thinking this was never proved in East Bengal. And because people could not say to one another “It was the only thing to do,” it is not easy to estimate how much more ground the Pakistan Government lost in East Bengal by the coup of May 30. It is true that Major-General Mirza announced reforms and Government plans to spend large sums of money relieving distress and improving conditions in the province: the Bengalis were not to be treated as poor relations any more. But the terrible floods of the summer months caused more distress than the Government could have alleviated even if its plans had been carried out. Much misery remained, inchoate and inarticulate, waiting an outlet. The new Governor must have won a lot of sympathy by his denunciation of the incompetence of Pakistan's politicians. He has said the country must learn the ways of democracy before claiming its privileges. Meanwhile he has advocated a strong man at the helm to “prevent people from destroying themselves.” In this he is probably right; corrupt and obtuse politicians have discredited democracy for the time being. Yet we are all familiar with the dangers of benevolent dictatorships, however “necessary” they are.

We in the West, looking at a map, are liable to dismiss the tiny province

of East Bengal simply as an appendage of Pakistan. That is the mistake the West Pakistani politicians themselves made for so long. For there are ten million more people in East Bengal than in the whole of West Pakistan, while the income from the Bengal jute mills provides a big percentage of the national income. Bengal may be more backward than parts of West Pakistan, which is why so many educated people from the West are to be found in Bengal's best jobs, but it is essential to the survival of the nation. While I was in Dacca I heard more than two or three Bengalis talking—after discreet peeps to see who was listening—about possibilities of secession from the West, reunion with the Indian half of Bengal and so on. They were tired of being ruled from Karachi and the continual neglect of their interests. There had been the trouble over the recognition of Bengali as an official language, the difficulties of travel between East and West Bengal, a natural economic unit, and other matters.

The Government in West Pakistan knew there must be no break-away. The thousand miles of India that lay between the western and eastern wings of the country could not be allowed to stir up such thoughts in the minds of Bengalis. West Pakistan would not be economically viable without Bengal. Yet, with incredible stupidity, the politicians in the West ignored Bengal's real grievances until the overwhelming shock of the March elections told them how badly they had misread the mind of the people. The grievances festered. Then came the riots. Mohammed Ali panicked—or acted firmly (the phrase depends on your viewpoint). Major-General Mirza went to East Bengal. The people there are inclined to be timid and there was little trouble. In July the Communist Party was declared illegal in Pakistan; it was "a danger to public peace." The trouble had been located. Pakistan was saved.

But was it? And is it? In these last weeks Mohammed Ali has been forced to do the things which earlier he refused to do. He appears merely to have postponed inevitable changes and to have lost much face in the process. Take, for example, the matter of the Constituent Assembly which for years has been seeking to frame a constitution for the country. No doubt, in the early days, the main battle was between those who wanted a secular constitution and the mullahs (Islam's religious leaders) who wanted the teaching of Mohammed written into it. But in March, when the representatives of over half the country's population were rejected at the ballot box, Mohammed Ali was clearly warned that, unless the Constituent Assembly were reconstituted to reflect the new feeling of the country—particularly about provincial autonomy and the Bengali language issue—the Constitution would be worthless. Instead of gracefully accepting the full implications of the popular vote, he tried to act as if it had never occurred. He can act in this way no longer. Even in West Pakistan the Government ceased to represent the people. There was discontent and opposition. Recent events in Karachi have been confusing. After an abortive attempt by Mohammed Ali and a group of Bengali Muslim Leaguers (who represented nobody but themselves) to curtail the powers of the Governor-General, Ghulam Mohammed struck back at the end of October. With the Army behind him, the Governor-General declared a state of emergency in West Pakistan, saying that the Constituent

Assembly had "lost the confidence of the people and could no longer function." Mohammed Ali remained nominally at the head of the Government, but had to make cabinet changes acceptable to those in the background who pulled the strings. Ghulam Mohammed and Iskandar Mirza, backed by the Army, bureaucrats, and big business interests, appear to be the foci of power.

Autocratic rule, however, cannot last for ever, though it may survive a long time behind a democratic façade. Towards the end of November Mohammed Ali, recognizing publicly that all is not well in the Land of the Pure, announced a decision to give the country a federal government. Under this plan the fifteen provinces and princely states in West Pakistan would be governed as a single unit, and East Bengal (to be known as East Pakistan) would also have its own government. Both units would be controlled by the Federal Government. In this way alone, said Mr. Ali, could the country escape disintegration. It would seem that at long last the ostrich has taken its head from the sand. True, the plan may take long to implement, but I think it has a good chance of averting the catastrophe. It gives the Bengalis the autonomy they have long wanted, and should prevent either segment dominating the other. I believe it may be the only solution and give Pakistan a future after all.

BERNARD LLEWELLYN.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

IF you consult the Dictionary of National Biography for an account of Dorothy Wordsworth* you will find this entry:

WORDSWORTH, DOROTHY (author). See Quillinan, Edward.

And sure enough, under Quillinan you will find some remarks on poor little Dora. But the greater Dorothy, maker of poets and writer of crystal prose, is allowed no separate existence. In compensation she is the subject of a classically good biography, that by Ernest de Sélincourt, with its one slip: when Dorothy, in her German journal, says, "I carried Kubla to the drinking-fountain", de Sélincourt annotates, "probably a MS copy of the poem", but Professor Margoliuth discovered that "Kubla" was their punning name for the *can* they took about with them.

It is odd that the three most celebrated brother-sister relationships in the history of English literature should all have occurred within a single generation. The relation between Charles and Mary Lamb was completely normal, that between Byron and his half-sister perhaps abnormal; the love of William and Dorothy Wordsworth for each other, though far from being normal, is not to be called "abnormal" in the usual derogatory sense of that word, and it has been left to modern psychology to see the relationship as in some way "incestuous". (This monstrous suggestion was made by Mr. Norman Nicholson in 1950, and is now repeated, more circumstantially, by Mr. Bateson.) But the element of passion is unmistakable, and while Wordsworth wrote more love-poetry to and

* Died January 25, 1855.

about his sister than most poets have devoted to their mistresses, Dorothy's intense love keeps breaking lyrically through in the *Letters* and *Journals*. She fitted the needs of William with astonishing completeness: Coleridge even noted (with approval) that she lacked a sense of humour. It was to Dorothy that William broke the news that he had irregularly begotten an infant daughter in France: we do not know what was her immediate response, but the effect upon her estimation of her erring brother seems to have been negligible: there is no break in the flow of passionate enthusiasm for her "beloved William" in her letters to Jane Pollard. The Ambleside-Rydal-Grasmere valleys are rich with memories of her devotion. There is a little-known path in Easedale which has at its highest point a bronze tablet let into a rock with the following inscription:

HOC IN SUPERCILIO SEDEBAT

DOROTHEA WORDSWORTH

DUM EX ORE FRATRIS PROPE INAMBULANTIS

CARMINA DESCRIPSIT.

I think Dorothy was in love with Coleridge, and if it had been she whom Coleridge had married instead of the first Sarah he might have become the almost unequalled poet he had it in him to be, while she might have been spared the ultimate breakdown. But Coleridge was not in love with Dorothy, and her love for William made marriage with Coleridge or anyone else impossible. Nevertheless the five years during which she and William and Coleridge were as "three bodies with one soul" formed Dorothy's "crowded hour" of happiness, of happiness so entire and unclouded that one knows not where to look for its like in history or romance. The years constituted but a fraction of her long life, but the quality of those years was such as to make that life well worth living, even if there had been nothing else of value in it. But there was much else. Her life from 1802 to 1828, when her health gave way, was pathetically lowered in tone, but full of interest, love and service. She was to William no longer "his inspiration, his beloved, his companion and his slave", but one of the three satellite women who tended him in the eyes. She loved Mary, her usurper, warmly and truly, and adored her five children as they came along, but her closest friendship was with Mary's sister Sara, as we can see from the delightful collection of Sara's letters recently published, where we find intimate pictures of the two little women (each about five feet in height) chatting over Dorothy's fire—"Dorothy and I were deep in a novel, and got many *blessings* from below for not coming to help, it being nearly 5 o'clock and the De Quinceys coming to tea".

She lived with an intensity that would have satisfied Pater. She had that secret of happiness which her brother so exactly analysed:

She welcomed what was given, and craved no more.

Whatever scene was present to her eyes,

That was the best

An aspect, if not of happiness then of a lively spirit, is her zest for the homely meals of Dove Cottage, both their preparation and their consumption. Knight's emasculated version of the *Journal* omits all this, but de Sélincourt's literal transcription is full of beefsteaks and giblets pies, hare for supper, pork for dinner, gooseberry pie for tea (not all on

one day). She says on one occasion, "I felt myself weak, and William charged me not to go to Mrs. Lloyd's, but when he was gone I thought I would get the visit over if I could, so I ate a beefsteak, thinking it would strengthen me; so it did, and I had a very pleasant walk". She could ride two horses at once, her right hand on the literary interest and her left on domestic duties. She writes to Coleridge in the kitchen while the mutton roasts; as William sits by her side late at night she repeats his sonnets to him, running the heel of a stocking the while.

It is customary to regret that there is no portrait of Dorothy in her prime, but most people object to having the appearance of the characters in a novel fixed by an artist, so it is perhaps well that each of us who love Dorothy Wordsworth is left free with his own vision. A starting point for one's imagining is provided by the composite word-picture arising out of the descriptions by Coleridge and De Quincey of "Wordsworth's exquisite sister" as she was between 25 and 35. Of her features we learn nothing except that she was gipsy brown, with wild eyes afire with intellect through which there shone an innocent soul, so that you felt "guilt was a thing impossible in her". Her glances, speech and movements were quick, her sympathies ready and warm. I hope I shall be forgiven if I suggest that her good looks are a fair deduction from her nearest representative in our own generation. Wordsworth's closest descendants today are the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, grandson of eldest son John, and Mrs. Dorothy Dickson, daughter of Reginald Wordsworth, who was the son of youngest son Willy. Since Mr. Wordsworth is quite astonishingly like the portraits of his great-grandfather it is pleasant to suppose that Dorothy was, in basic features, not unlike her very charming namesake and great-grand-niece.

When she was 58, and staying with nephew John at his parsonage in Leicestershire, she was struck down by an illness from which she never recovered. Sit-at-home relatives attributed the breakdown to the long walks she had been accustomed to do with William, at which they had always shaken their heads. But the present age, when most people without a car spend weeks roaming the countryside on foot, cannot accept this diagnosis. Moreover, though Wordsworth and Coleridge both made a practice of 40 miles a day, we do not hear of Dorothy doing more than 20. Once she and William did 17 miles in four hours, but this was with the aid of a strong following wind, and Dorothy's pride in the achievement shows it was not the kind of thing she did regularly. Her favourite word for her expeditions with William was 'a wander', which does not suggest the sort of overwalking that Stevenson so much disapproved of. William described the attack as "a violent inflammation of the bowels", and we are helped to understand why this particular affliction fell upon her by the new material given in de Sélincourt's edition of the *Grasmere Journals*. Knight's selections had suppressed the facts concerning Dorothy's health, but the full text shows that during their first few years in Grasmere she was almost constantly ill with feverish colds and bowel-trouble. All this must have set up an internal weakness, which left her defenceless against such an attack as that of 1828.

Her constitution was shattered, and after seven years of suffering her mind too collapsed: she was then 64. The sources of this final disaster

are also to be found far back. For a soul so sensitive as hers the mental and spiritual tensions connected with William's marriage and Coleridge's degeneration and defection must have been terrific. Her essential sanity and happiness enabled her to take the strain at the time, but the damage showed itself later, when the physical breakdown had weakened her resilience. It may be that the laudanum which was administered "in great quantities" to alleviate her pain was not suitable for her special type of nervous constitution. Finally the repeated shocks of Coleridge's death in July, 1834, that of Lamb in December, and of Sara Hutchinson in the following June, must have been deadly for one to whom love and friendship had meant so much. She told William that Sara's death had been "a sad shattering to her faculties", and within a month all control over the mind was gone. Generally her condition was dreadful, and her habits, Mary wrote, "too painful to describe". Yet when the mind found momentary equilibrium the instinct of the artist in prose proved to be still alive, and out of the depths could come a letter like this to her niece (one can hear Mary—"Now, come along, dear, write to Dora. Tell her the news")—

My dearest Dora,

They say I must write a letter—and what shall it be? news—news—I must seek for news. My own thoughts are a wilderness "not pierceable by power of any star"—News then is my resting place—news! news! Poor Peggy Benson lies in Grasmere Churchyard beside her once beautiful mother. Fanny Haigh is gone to a better world. My friend Mrs. Rawson has ended her ninety and two years pilgrimage—and I have fought and fretted and striven and am here beside the fire. The Doves behind me at the small window—the laburnum with its naked seedpods shivers before my window and the pine-trees rock from their base. More I cannot write, so farewell! and may God bless you and your kind good friend Miss Fenwick to whom I send love and all the best of wishes.

yours evermore, DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

Even apart from its pitiful ending, Dorothy Wordsworth's life was a tragedy. No one can blame Wordsworth for marrying, but his marriage to Mary Hutchinson was a betrayal of Dorothy, and the ruin it made of her life was reflected in his poetry. The sight of the gradual death, in Dorothy, of the brilliant happiness that had been hers, and his, before 1802, poisoned his own happiness, and hence the springs of poetry in him. It is women who have most keenly felt the tragedy. De Sélincourt heard this point of view with some impatience, but Catherine Maclean's 'life' is written on a note of almost bitter sadness. And there are some perceptive lines by Margaret Cropper called *Dorothy Wordsworth Wakes at Allan Bank*, from which I quote a passage:—

She woke to steady herself against a hurt
 So deep she could no longer weep for it;
 To see the death in life of the man she loved,
 As he had foretold it so sharply and pitifully
 In the poems which he would never write any more.
 'Tis this that has made her womanhood more frail,
 That checks the flow of the sap. . . .

Five years ago all the world went to Lakeland to do honour to Wordsworth's memory: this year there should surely be a "little centenary" for his marvellous sister. After all, there was a local tradition (not yet quite dead in Ambleside) that what of "owd Wudsworth's po'try" was not written by "lile Hartley" Coleridge was written by Dorothy.

H. C. DUFFIN.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

SIR WINSTON AND RUSSIA

A STORM in an old and slightly cracked teacup was caused by a typically Churchillian sally a short time ago. Speaking at Woodford on November 23rd, Sir Winston recalled that in 1945, "when (as he said) the Germans were surrendering by hundreds of thousands and our streets were crowded with cheering people", he sent a telegram to Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery bidding him be careful about the stacking of the surrendered arms and equipment "so that they could be easily issued again to the German soldiers whom we should have to work with if the Soviet advance continued". The fact that later (December 1st in the House of Commons) the Prime Minister confessed that he was not sure if he had actually sent that particular telegram, hardly affects the interest of the episode, because his policy in 1945 is otherwise adequately known; and the notion that his "revelation" in 1954 might embarrass the delicate approach to "coexistence" no doubt gave a little innocent amusement to the hard-headed men of the Kremlin.

The *Times*, in a solemn and almost indignant leader (November 25th) headed "Why?" and beginning with the words "What on earth made him say it?" did in fact castigate the Prime Minister's "untimely" and "unwise" disclosure on the ground that it might militate against the chances of success in the adventure then afoot which sought an accommodation with Russia. But what on earth, it may on the contrary be asked, is the difference, actual or potential, thereby made to the fact of the recent London and Paris agreements which duly do reconstitute, a decade after Sir Winston's farsighted postulate, a German armed force to take its part in the very cause of western defence against Russian aggression? It is indeed hard, and becomes every weary year harder to understand the muddle-headedness with which British opinion has faced or ignored, tried to dodge, or misunderstood, or been plainly unaware of this Russian menace, ever since Hitler forced the west into an uneasy cobelligerency with Russia by invading that country in 1941. That invasion, let it be recalled, was the direct result of Hitler's failure, by the Hess mission, to stop the Anglo-German war in order to concentrate a western front against Russia.

The international diplomatic sphere of human life throws up the most wayward and the most baffling of all the human vagaries. Was it not clear from the outset of that most muddled of all wars that Russia was no ally of the west, even though an accident of fortune was to make her a

cobelligerent? Yet in the excitement produced by Sir Winston's unexciting disclosure aforesaid, Mr. E. Shinwell, a former Minister, could almost childishly ask (November 27th, in a speech at Murton, Co. Durham) "Was there some trouble with the Russians before the war ended?" The pre-1945 ignorance of Russia that blinded the British people is one of the oddities as well as one of the tragedies of history. But for it, the war could have been brought to an end in 1941, before the full impact of the disaster had assailed us. Hitler may have been, indeed obviously was, a mental case. But madmen have their moments of sanity. The Hess mission was an act of sanity. Hitler was consistently right about Russia.

Sir Winston Churchill for his part, a man of intellectual power unrivalled in the political arena of our time, was not consistent, or was perhaps a little too clever, about Russia. At Yalta and at Potsdam he gave rope to Russia even when, on his own showing, he knew and appreciated the Russian danger. It may be that his appraisal of the German danger as being the greater or the more urgent of the two was at fault. His calculation on the other hand may have been that after the defeat of the one (with the help of the other) he could at his leisure deal with that other. As, however, the best laid schemes of mice and men "gang aft agley", he did not, hardly could, include in his calculation the impending mischance of his own defeat at the polls in 1945 which swept from his grasp the very possibility of carrying out his postwar plan about Russia. What is certain is that, according to his lights, he made no mistake about Russia the moment Germany was disposed of; and there is no man in the world with a greater courage than he. On May 12th, 1945, he wrote to President Truman: "Surely it is vital now to come to an understanding with Russia, or see where we are with her, before we weaken our armies mortally or retire to our zones of occupation". He added that the object could be achieved only "by a personal meeting", wherein he gave a first inkling of his intention, maintained up to the present time, of attempting a solution by direct contact. At the same time he has never wavered in his argument that western unity, backed by military force strong enough to impress the Kremlin, was a primary diplomatic need, and a prerequisite of fruitful personal conference. When therefore on November 23rd, 1954, he supported his continuing thesis of an attempted accommodation based on western military strength by quoting what he said or thought he said in 1945 to Lord Montgomery he was in no wise inconsistent or open to criticism for tactlessness. He and Sir Anthony Eden had been given credit by the same critics who now assailed him for the London and Paris agreements which put into effect the very course he postulated in 1945.

There may be two opinions about the wisdom or expediency of that course itself; and indeed the cumulative experience of history proves that armaments are not a safeguard of sectional security, but an impartial menace to all concerned; but there can surely be no criticism upon Sir Winston for recalling that what he preaches now, he preached in 1945, especially as now it is being put into practice through the instrumentality of the recent London and Paris agreements. But the muddles, in this and in nearly all international episodes, are as interesting as they are

constant and recurrent. In the House of Commons on November 25th Sir Winston was asked by an Opposition Member "whether he would publish the text of the messages he sent in 1945 to General Eisenhower relating to the storing and preservation of German armed forces in certain eventualities". With that famous taste of his for subtlety, irony and humour, Sir Winston duly and with affected freshness quoted anew the texts as already published in the sixth volume of his own "The Second World War" (pp. 469 and 499). He no doubt enjoyed with particular relish, and had no objection to giving it another run, his reference to "our Soviet friends" (p. 469) in his message to General Eisenhower on May 5th, 1945. "There were reports" he had therein written "from the British Naval Attaché at Stockholm, which we are testing, that, according to Swedish information, the Russians have dropped parachutists a few miles south of Copenhagen and that Communist activities have appeared there. It now appears there were only two parachutists. We are sending in a moderate holding force to Copenhagen by air, and the rest of Denmark is being rapidly occupied from henceforth by our fast-moving armoured columns. I think, therefore, having regard to the joyous feeling of the Danes and the abject submission and would-be partisanship of the surrendered Huns, we shall head-off our Soviet friends at this point too".

One can well imagine the puckish pleasantry with which Sir Winston wrote of our Soviet friends in 1945, the more so because a wave of something like adulation of those same friends was passing over the western lands at that time; and one can equally well imagine the like satisfaction with which in 1954, on the eve of the all-party ceremony with which he was to be greeted on his eightieth birthday, he threw this "bombshell" (as one humourless critic called it) into the festive atmosphere. On November 25th, for instance, Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P., said at Hornsey that she had cancelled her subscription to the Prime Minister's birthday fund because of his revelation about the telegram he sent to Field-Marshal Montgomery in 1945. Not surprisingly the communists in Italy gloated over the "wave of indignation" which they said (with some justification, bizarre as the indignation was) had been aroused in Britain. They did their best to swell the said wave by describing Sir Winston's telegrams of 1945 as an instance of his cynical double-dealing towards the Nazis! But the most surprising of the ripples in this tea-cup was the indignation of the *Times* aforesaid. One expects something a little deeper from that quarter.

THE DÉTENTE WITH RUSSIA

It happened that a substantial body of evidence was already accumulating on the prevailing attempt at a détente with Russia then afoot. On the one hand there was the talk about "coexistence" and the friendly gestures of British political tourists who went to communist lands for the purpose. On the other hand there was the western process of rearmament against potential Russian aggression characterised chiefly by the projected inclusion of a sovereign armed western Germany in N.A.T.O. The Russian diplomatic reaction to the London and Paris agreements in that matter of western solidarity promptly displayed in one of its aspects a certain simplicity and naiveté of motive such as with a slight attempt at good will

on the part of the beholder may even be construed as charming. Never could intention or reasoning be more limpidly clear. In the first place, obviously, the ratification of those western agreements must be prevented. Therefore the Kremlin proposed that a conference of the Four Powers—the United States, France, Britain and Russia—be held at once, that is, before the agreements could be ratified. An actual date, namely, November 29th, was proposed for the conference. The precision of the proposal, unusual in the contortions of modern Russian diplomacy, was explained by the urgency of the need felt in Moscow to block the consummation of the western enterprise, though its ultimate purpose conformed to the principle of delay which is normal and usual in Russian tactics.

But of course the proposed conference was utterly out of the question. It was formally rejected in a Western note presented to Moscow on November 29th, the very day when the conference was proposed to begin. Delegates from the satellite communist countries had arrived in Moscow in a spirit of somewhat grim and unrealistic expectation, by that day; and they held a conference of their own. The west has had too much experience of this modern communist diplomacy to be taken in by so elementary a trick. The really naive thing was that the Kremlin actually made so hopeless a proposal; yet it is no doubt well enough known in the Kremlin that the simpletons who constitute the bulk of Russia's dupes, would chalk it all up as another example of Russia's sterling desire for peace. Indeed the Kremlin announced, as though by rote, that the purpose of its proposed conference would be to encompass peace and security in Europe. The proposal being (of course) rejected by the western Powers, the Kremlin by a quick and as it were automatic twist in tactics offered to postpone its proposed conference if for their part the western Powers would postpone the ratification of their new agreements. Limpidity itself could not be more limpid. If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.

But the naiveté was not confined to the Russian side. While the purposes and cross-purposes were pursuing their course, we read, for instance, in the middle of November the following announcement in the *Times*: "The delegation of six Labour members of Coventry City Council returned at the week end from their visit to Stalingrad. It was agreed as a result of the visit to make a joint approach to the United Nations Disarmament Commission to secure a ban on hydrogen and atomic weapons". The only interesting fact emerging from that paragraph was that a party of British public men had taken the initiative and the trouble to travel to Russia and had come back to give a boost to the stale old Russian propaganda about disarmament. Had those public men never heard about the disingenuous Russian proposals which had held up all progress towards disarmament by the United Nations since 1945? Did they not know that Russia's concern about atomic and hydrogen bombs was not directed towards disarmament, but towards maintaining her own preponderance in the other armaments? Were they really such simpletons that they uncritically swallowed what was told them in Stalingrad, and equally uncritically came home to do Russia's bidding for the benefit of a Russian strategy aimed against the western Powers,

including Great Britain? The sad thing is that the Coventry City Councillors appeared to be willing to help on the designs of a godless Kremlin; but the truth is that they would no doubt be horrified if they really knew what they were doing.

It is perhaps understandable in the turgid volume and complication of modern diplomacy that men who have their own work and preoccupation on their minds, should be unable to keep abreast of what happens in the quick cavalcade of international conference or of the quick thrust and counter-thrust of the international exchanges. But we all butt in with our opinions, ignorant, semi-informed or misinformed as they may be, and add to the confusion. What is common to the masses of people, Russian and western alike, is the desire for disarmament and security. The end could so readily and easily be attained, for all that would be necessary would be a simple act of general disarmament conformable with the general wish; but the field of action is so big, the insane desire for power by some of the national leaders involved is so strong, and the mutual fears due to the fact of separate armed sovereignties so deep and strangling, that commonsense too is strangled. When some of the aspirants for power happen also to be actuated by an antagonism to the only real factor of peace and security, namely, the grace of Almighty God, then the enterprise is doomed from the start. Those dozen men of the Kremlin, and their atheist satellites throughout the world are a potent obstacle to true peace, even though they may not want war in the specialised sense of physical combat. Peace will be possible when the Christian spirit breaks through the communist prison-walls; and interestingly enough, there is evidence at this time that so grand an upshot is already shaping. In the very citadel of this modern materialism and atheism, in Russia, before the very eyes of those men of the Kremlin, the children of the new generation are openly returning to the faith of their fathers. We are given some satisfaction, unusual in our time, by the contemplation of this particular development.

THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN RUSSIA

We are indebted for the evidence in this matter to an article that appeared in the Chatham House Review, *The World Today*, of October last. For more than a generation the Russian masses have been enslaved to an atheist government. They have been prevented, despite the insincere and quibbling article of the constitution which pretends ostensibly to permit it, to practise their Christian faith. Omnipotent God, however, cannot indefinitely be mocked by a godless government. Faith will out. It is out again. The Kremlin has shown itself to be alarmed. Counter-measures have been launched in a spirit of emergency against a resurgence of religious feeling and even of a defiant religious practice throughout the land. After more than thirty years of experience those dozen powerful, but not all-powerful, men of the Kremlin are learning that by denying the fact of God's existence, they do not thereby alter or affect the fact itself.

We are given specific details in the publication of the Royal Institute of International Affairs above referred to of the intensive propaganda by

the printed and spoken word against this revival of Christianity in Russia. A cold war is being waged against a supposedly subject people who dare again to practise the faith that is instinct in them. The youth organisation called Komsomol, which goes to the root of the matter, is the particular object of the Kremlin's campaign. The purpose of that organisation was to "get them young". Children were forced into it. They were bound as members to do all they could throughout their lives to stamp out "superstition" (the official communist word for religion) in their country. Yet the organ of the League *Komsomolskaya Pravda* lately quoted "the terrifying case of Tatiana Rastorguieva, a Komsomol member working on the Andreyev Kolkhoz, who wished to have her child baptised in church and asked another young communist to be its godmother". The party organs describe such divagations as (in the words of one of them) a "recrudescence of religious ideology among the backward sectors of the population". The *Molodoi Kommunist* has admitted that "many young people are always to be found among the believers who frequent the churches and take part in ritual observances".

The alarm of the Kremlin is partly to be explained by the misfire of its own calculation, namely, that if the children were looked after, that is, taught to be good and dutiful atheists, the other people could be left to look after themselves. In other words the older people who had had a christian upbringing before the revolution, would in the due time die out, and the new generation who had never been allowed to know about christianity would fill the land. But it is these young "atheists", born and bred into atheism, who have given their mentors the surprise of their life. At the Komsomol Congress held in Moscow last March the chief secretary, A. N. Shelepin, declared that the danger should not be underestimated, and condemned those of the officials who were "trying to belittle the influence of the church on young people and children". There is in fact a resistance movement which no longer hides underground but operates openly.

Another truth that has been discovered by the Kremlin is that the persecution of individuals does not pay, for it makes martyrs, who, as always in the history of the church, defeat the object of the persecutors by stiffening and strengthening the christian cause itself. Hence it is that the tactics have been changed. The new propagandist campaign is not directed against priests or faithful but against principles. What is attacked is the "ideology" of the christian faith, which is described as "pure nonsense", the proof being, according to one propagandist writer in *Molodoi Kommunist*, that "science has proved long ago that Christ never existed". That writer goes on to make one unanswerably true observation, namely, that "communism and christian dogma are as incompatible as fire and water": which happens incidentally to be the fair argument against the now fashionable search in the west for a *modus vivendi*, a state of "coexistence." Can fire "coexist" with water?

Though the conclusion of Mr. S. Khudiakov (the writer above quoted) be right, the process of reasoning that leads him to it embodies the usual rubbish that falls from such lips. "Scientific Communism" he writes "rests on Marxism-Leninism, which incorporates everything in science and human experience that represents progress. Christianity on the other

hand is based on nothing but prejudice and the fables and myths of the Bible and the Gospels". What is satisfactory in the campaign that puts out anew such rubbish is that the campaign is in fact being waged; in other words that it has to be waged. There is no smoke without fire, no campaign without a provocation or an object. The Kremlin has found an antagonist within its own borders, a reviving Christianity which a whole generation of oppression and suppression has not stamped out, and which again is openly preached and fills the churches. Lamely do the communist leaders protest that though an improvement has taken place in the relations between church and state—an improvement dating from the wartime exigency of mobilising the help of the church in the patriotic cause—yet that improvement "changes nothing in the fundamental attitude of the Party toward religion." They protest too much. Still lamer is the ordinance that enjoins an "impacable struggle" to be waged against the reviving Christianity—not, it is repeated, against "all men who are enchained by religious ideology", but against the ideas they hold.

The atheists are now on the defensive. The Christians are on the march. "Against this background" we read in the document above referred to "the Soviet authorities propose at once to increase the number of lectures and discussions dealing with the subject of religion. The State Publishing House has been ordered to issue a greater number of books and pamphlets calculated to demonstrate 'the absurd character of religious beliefs and practices'". An order has gone out that the several Soviet organisations—the trades unions, youth organisations, cultural societies—are to throw themselves into the anti-christian crusade. Is it not an interesting fact that after more than a generation of indoctrinated atheism the Kremlin is forced to acknowledge that Christianity has not been stamped out, that, in short, the shafts of Marxist materialism are incapable of penetrating the inmost reaches of the human soul, and can neither destroy nor deflect the religious instinct in man? The Kremlin is both alarmed and helpless. "The Komsomol", it has given notice, "cannot remain indifferent to the fact that so many young people are to be found among the ranks of practising believers. This proves the inadequacy of our work of education, and it also proves our inability to attract young people and interest them in our cultural work". The question is asked in that same lament: "May it not be that the young often go to church merely because they are bored at our clubs?"

One can hardly expect a materialist atheist to have a sense of humour. No doubt the Russian youths are bored at the communist clubs which dictate to them what they are to think and do, and which debar them from the most interesting and rewarding fields of human exploration, thought and spiritual exercise. But that is not all. Caesar was never a match for Christ in a bid for the allegiance of youth, of the unconquerable children of God.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

December 11th, 1954.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SWITZERLAND IN PERSPECTIVE

Of the countless books which foreign observers have devoted to one or another aspect of Switzerland in the course of the last five centuries this, the latest, is in many ways unique. It is so in its true object, its fundamental purpose, in the qualifications of its author. All three—object, purpose, author—are defined and described in a pithy and enlightening Preface. "My first acquaintance with the Swiss dates back to the years of a happy childhood when, before 1914, I spent many summer vacations among them; also to the governesses and tutors (mostly from Neuchâtel or Yverdon) who brought me up in my native St. Petersburg. I have so frequently visited Switzerland between the two wars and again since 1946 that my contacts can be said to have acquired a constant nature." The author, whose native language is Russian and who writes in a particularly facile, lucid and idiomatic English, spoke the languages of Switzerland from childhood. We discover as we proceed that he is quite at home in French, Italian, German and even in *Schwyzerdütsch*. The object of the book is thus defined by the author: "Having known the Swiss and their country all my life, I have endeavoured to give an account of the kind of men and women they are and how they got to be that way; of the complex processes that shaped their destinies, and of the many political and economic problems facing them now." In France a sharp distinction is usually drawn between "le pays légal" and "le pays réel"—the nation as it is supposed to be in theory and as it is in actual practice. There is probably no country where this difference is more profound than in Switzerland. Yet, for some strange reason, the fact seems to have eluded most of the authors who have written on Swiss politics or economics.

The author's linguistic abilities have enabled him to gain an insight into the psychological reality of the Swiss soul, or rather souls, such as will ever remain hidden or at least obscured to all who cannot converse with my German, French, and Italian fellow-countrymen in their own tongue. Furthermore, his Russian origin and his British academic training have endowed him with an impartiality in considering the variety of Swiss types which could not well be expected of a German, French, or Italian observer. Neither could such a detached view well be that of any Swiss. That he is free from either Protestant or Catholic bias is an additional qualification. And will it be thought trivial if I add to Soloveytchik's other advantages as a witness of the contemporary Swiss scene, the fact that he is not only a writer of scholarly tastes and habits, but also a widely travelled man of the world?

The author has, not very systematically, it would seem, divided his book into five parts, respectively entitled "Switzerland in the World of To-Day"; "Domestic Affairs"; "Economic Affairs"; "Foreign Relations"; "Myths and Realities". Of these the longest by far is the fourth, in which the foreign policy of Switzerland is considered from mediaeval times until the present day. What will doubtless attract most attention are the chapters devoted to the twentieth century. Like most intelligent observers in Switzerland as well as abroad, Soloveytchik is a staunch supporter of Swiss neutrality. The following quotation announces the pages which will arouse most controversy: "During the first World War and in the thirty years that followed there were several occasions when Switzerland's neutrality was not respected. And the culprits were the Swiss themselves. Since most of these departures from the established tradition were not the result of considered national policy but were due to the men in charge of Switzerland's foreign relations, it is important to examine the personality of each of them in greater detail than their normal activities would

otherwise justify." The opinions expressed on four of the Foreign Ministers who remained in office longest from 1914 to 1954—Hoffmann, Motta, Pilet-Golaz, and Petitpierre—will perhaps not be shared by all. They tend to show that the most dangerous temptation to which Swiss Foreign Ministers are exposed is that of sacrificing the strict neutrality of their country to their personal pride, often hidden under the cloak of international generosity.

I will quote some of the Swiss "myths" which the author opposes to the "realities" he has analyzed with such uncommon knowledge and acumen. He denounces the "irritating phantasies which abound in so many of Switzerland's textbooks", "the sanctimonious talk about Switzerland's mission in the world" and other patriotic commonplaces. He adds: "It is strange that this practical, matter-of-fact people with an almost obsessive urge for precision should have invented a whole series of such myths and should go on believing in them despite the daily incontrovertible demonstration that most of these beliefs are quite unfounded. . . . Switzerland is neither liberal nor progressive. Yet she is a true democracy and an outstanding example of a successful democracy at that. . . . On the economic side the Swiss never tire of proclaiming their firm belief in private enterprise and they decry socialism at the slightest provocation. Yet the truth of the matter is that Switzerland's economy is anything but free. . . . In other countries it is the socialists who are destroying economic liberalism. In Switzerland this task is being performed by the business community itself, led by the farmers and abetted by the press. . . . A myth of a very different kind is the belief that the Swiss are good linguists. They are nothing of the sort—with the solitary exception of hotel concierges. . . . In the Italian and French parts of the country very few people indeed acquire a good speaking knowledge of German and fewer still can express themselves in *Schwyzerdütsch*. In the Germanic parts of the Confederation the number of those who speak French or even Italian is considerable. But they massacre these languages in a way that is truly outrageous."

In publishing the results of his very penetrating observations about Switzerland George Soloveytschik has rendered her a great service. Now that all countries spend millions on propaganda to make known to the world the official truth about themselves, it is a real blessing to discover an author who seeks—incidentally, at no cost to the national tax-payer—to reveal what strikes him, *sine ira et studio*, as the real truth. When the book appears in translation, it may become something of a best-seller. I doubt whether its author will ever be acclaimed as a hero in the land which he knows and appreciates as few foreigners and which he has so manfully and so intelligently striven to rid of some of its illusions about itself. It is certain, however, that he will be held in the highest esteem by the most sagacious of my countrymen who will recognize in him one of Switzerland's truest friends outside her own frontiers.

DR. WILLIAM E. RAPPARD.

Geneva.

Switzerland in Perspective. By George Soloveytschik. Oxford University Press. 21s.

LORD ROBERTS

The first full length biography of the most distinguished and the best beloved of British soldiers of the Victorian era appears forty years after his death. That we have had to wait so long is due to the fact that the enormous mass of his papers and correspondence has only recently become available. Mr. David James has made excellent use of the new material. It is not his fault if the book is a hymn of praise, for few mortals have combined public and private virtues in so eminent a degree. In an eloquent Foreword Mr. Amery pays

tribute to one of the kindest of men. If he had the ambition which almost inevitably accompanies outstanding ability, it was simply the unselfish desire to serve his country.

Though Lord Roberts's classical *Forty-one Years in India* told the story of his rise to fame from the Mutiny to the Afghan War with a fullness and authority which renders any further record almost superfluous, Mr. James has rightly devoted half the volume to recapitulating the stirring tale. For most readers today the chief interest will be found in the later sections which describe his command in the South African War and his subsequent efforts to prepare his countrymen for the life and death struggle with Germany which he foretold and which he lived just long enough to witness. Octogenarians like the reviewer vividly recall the relief which greeted the announcement at the opening of 1900 that he had been appointed to succeed the blundering Buller and that Kitchener would accompany him as Chief of Staff. The three defeats in "Black Week" had brought home to us that the war was much more than one of the colonial campaigns which we had so often taken in our stride. The rapid transformation of the military situation which followed their arrival was due, not merely to their prestige, but to the vigorous strategy of a commander who was sure of himself and not afraid to take risks. Though he never met European troops in battle, his resourcefulness and power of rapid decision so often displayed in India entitle him to rank among the leading soldiers of the modern world.

Confronted with the overwhelming might of the British Empire the Boers had no chance, but their prolonged and plucky resistance revealed the urgent need for modernisation in our military machine. To this task the septuagenarian Field Marshal devoted his closing years, and Mr. James ranks him with Haldane as part author of the administrative reforms. His campaign for compulsory service to meet the German Danger found no support with the Liberal Government and little approval among the Conservatives. Such a revolution in our national tradition required not one World War but two to achieve. That the vigorous veteran of 82 died of a chill to the sound of the guns on a visit to the troops in France in the first week of the war of 1914 was a fitting close to a life of soldiering and service. While Marlborough and Wellington were admired and trusted by their troops their nature was too reserved to inspire love. No commander has ever been more of a father to his troops or has earned their affection in fuller measure than little "Bobs."

G. P. GOOCH.

The Life of Lord Roberts. By David James. Hollis & Carter. 30s.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Sir Arthur MacNalty, it will be recalled, has already written a memorable book entitled *Henry VIII, a difficult Patient*, where he probed into the medical history of that much discussed monarch. Now he turns his attention, with equal mastery, to Henry's younger daughter Elizabeth Tudor, studying her with the eye of a doctor. But the reader need not fear that the historical interest of Queen Elizabeth I has not been fully dealt with; on the contrary, in order to present his medical views and arguments the historical background has necessarily to be drawn with minute skill, and this the author has done. The overriding theme is the question: why did not Queen Elizabeth marry? To this he has given two replies. The reader is made to understand that it was not through any physical defect, although at the time, and since then, many theories have been forthcoming, including Ben Johnson's information to Drummond of Hawthornden that there was a French surgeon who offered to operate on her "yett fear stayed her". Sir Arthur gives her a clear sheet with regard to her

capacity to bear children. Her first reason for not marrying he attributes to her serious affair, before she came to the throne, with Thomas Seymour, the Lord High Admiral, which made such a deep impression on her that no other suitor ever satisfied her. Some readers may not agree, and still believe that her love for Leicester was at one time more absorbing, but that in her clever discernment she realised someone else had supplanted her in the love he had once felt for her. The author, in his second reply to the enigma of why she remained single, shows that Leicester and other suitors counted less than her sense of supremacy as queen. Did she not exclaim to him: "I will have but one mistress and no masters"? And in those commanding words lies the answer, Sir Arthur believes. As a married woman her position would have been halved.

The author analyses Elizabeth's affection for the young Earl of Essex. By the time he came into her life she was a lonely woman; Leicester, Burghley, Hatton, were dead. And yet, fond as she was of one so youthful, who had given her the flattery she needed, she signed his death warrant when she found he had committed treason. Sir Arthur MacNalty thinks that "she never doubted the justice of her decision", and that she believed that he had deserved the punishment. "He that will forget his God will also forget his benefactors", was her argument. Essex had misjudged her forbearance for a sign of weakness, and to overthrow a dotting old queen seemed to him easy. He had forgotten that the interests of her country came before any favourites.

Robust as was the Queen the author describes the many illnesses and complaints from which she suffered during her long life, although to her last days, at the age of sixty-eight, her dominant spirit prevailed over all bodily ills. Happily she and her half-sister Mary resisted what the author says was a hereditary predisposition to tuberculosis. Henry VII, also his eldest son, and certainly Elizabeth's young brother, Edward VI were all victims to this disease. In her earlier days when a prisoner in the Tower she suffered greatly from the damp which augmented the attacks of nephritis that afflicted her, and later, like her father, she suffered for years from an ulcerated leg. But above all she was subject to hysterical attacks. In 1572 Leicester reported to Walsingham that she was "troubled with a spice or show of Mother," the name given in Elizabethan times to this complaint. But with such a background of scheming, treachery and intrigue as her life disclosed, it is a wonder that her nerves stood up to the constant strain. This book is well supplied with appendixes, one of which gives a detailed record of the Queen's fourteen physicians, among them Roderigo Lopus or Lopez who was hanged in 1594 for plotting to poison her. The author is to be congratulated in adding much that is of interest to the study of the fascinating Elizabethan period.

THEODORA ROSCOR.

Elizabeth Tudor, The Lonely Queen, by Sir Arthur S. MacNalty. Christopher Johnson. 18s.

POLITICS IN POST-WAR FRANCE

Mr. Williams's remarkable book has the rare quality of treating French Parliamentaryism as a distinct system and not merely a bad imitation of the British model. It is even a mistake to attribute French political troubles too readily to defects in the Constitution. In one of his wisest sentences Mr. Williams remarks that the makers of the Fourth Republic "tried to solve by constitutional changes a problem the roots of which were not in the forms of the constitution at all, but in the political divisions of the people." The study of these divisions, of the parties arising from them and of the action of the parties in the country and in Parliament illuminates the troubled course of politics in these ten significant years.

Mr. Williams's detailed examination of the origins, principles and action of the Socialist, Communist, Radical-Socialist, M.R.P. parties, the various groups of the Right and the minor combinations makes it possible to follow the tangled evolution both in Parliament and in the country. It is not a rosy picture of Parliamentary government. It is often disfigured by opportunism and contradictory alliances. But it is not chaos. Changes of Ministry are often mere "re-shuffles." Mr. Williams remarks that the total Ministerial personnel employed in the 16 posts usually constituting the Cabinet from January, 1946, to December, 1952, was no more than 66, while the holders of the corresponding offices in Great Britain from May, 1945, to December, 1952, numbered 56. Writing in a period of unusually active transition Mr. Williams has conducted his penetrating investigation with exemplary care; he has gone to innumerable and authentic French sources, which he has scrupulously quoted. He has produced, so to speak, an interim report. The Fourth Republic began, in striking contrast with the Third, by instituting government by three strong and rigid parties—the Socialists, the Communists and the M.R.P. The Parliamentary majority was invulnerable, but Ministerial cohesion was soon undermined by the obvious Communist bid for power. Since Resistance government collapsed in 1947 the Parliamentary system has re-assumed some of the aspects of the Third Republic. In the governmental sphere Mr. Williams regards the present position as about midway between the Liberation regime and that of the old Republic. In reading his book it is necessary to remember that the evolution still continues. When so much political machinery is makeshift and experimental estimates of the importance, and even of the character of individual parties, must be precarious. The behaviour of some of them has been ambiguous. The M.R.P. at its strongest used the votes of Catholic Conservatives to associate with Communists in government. The R.P.F. profited by the votes of many malcontents who did not mean specifically to support General de Gaulle's Presidential system. The Communists used for Communist ends votes which were really given to them to defend working class interests within the present regime. At this stage of the political evolution most observers will accept Mr. Williams's general conclusion that "the values and outlook of the liberal democratic tradition are firmly rooted in France."

W. L. MIDDLETON.

Vernon, Eure.

Politics in Post-War France. By Philip Williams. Longmans, Green and Co. 35s.

THE CONSERVATIVE MIND

Mr. Kirk has produced an eminently readable and worthwhile book which merits attention. It is peculiarly interesting because it records the continuous strands, since Locke and his disciple Burke, in the Anglo-Saxon tradition, and not solely the parochial conservatisms of Britain and of the Atlantic sea-board, which some timid souls believe to be local flowers too delicate for export. The gravest criticism is that he is too much of a romantic Coleridgean soul, admiring the English (not least in Burke's Dublin) for those things for which they do not always admire themselves, and clearly regarding the true spirit of Conservatism as especially that of the American Republican Party in its Taftite incarnations. Hence his attitude towards non-Conservative forces (and, after all, the immense influence, in political ideas in the Nineteenth Century, of Britain in the world was especially that of Grey and Gladstone, Mill and Ruskin) is more that of the partizan, who can see scant good in the very Greek idea of the Welfare State, than of the philosopher. Socialists seem, not some but all, to be dismissed as "materialists." Anti-revolutionary in intent, Mr. Kirk seems, like Henry James, to have lived so long in the Old World as to use such singularly un-American

phrases as "America's labouring classes." Mr. Kirk would do well perhaps to reflect that the strength of the British Tory Party and the weakness, hitherto, Theodore Roosevelt apart, of the more archaic American Republican Party, lie in the immense tactical adaptability of the former and its Disraelian preference for stealing the clothes of the Whigs while they are bathing. The more intransigent attitude may be magnificent but—as has just been shown in America—it is not politics. That the Socialists may be the deepest of all Conservatives occurred to Herbert Spencer, but it is a reflection that will not be found in Mr. Kirk's serious-minded book. Perhaps he lacks a little the sense for the cynicism of historical paradox, the final detachment of the scientist.

The essence of Burke's philosophy was that it was religious, compact of a feeling for the piety of the ages almost Chinese in intensity. It was, *pace* Mr. Kirk, organic although of course not biologico-organic: it involved a harmony of the monads. The weakness of American conservatism is that it lacks this. It tends to become the defensive economic doctrine of the kind of people whom Lord Melbourne liked to dismiss as "the blackguardly manufacturers"—the doctrine of the people who, damned for heretical by the Papacy under the caption of "Modernist," like on the European Continent to call themselves Liberals. It is yet useful, with Mr. Kirk, to look back to the pre-capitalist days of old John Adams and to note the fierce war he waged against Tom Paine and all his works, and against the Jeffersonian view that America was "not a Christian nation." To this day there has remained a dichotomy in the American mind. It is shocked by Russian atheists, but yet swears by the Voltairean doctrinaire separation of church and state, the church being regarded as of the same genus as a golf-club. It is a dichotomy which oddly encourages officious Baptist divines to hector the American Department of State into having no diplomatic representation in the Vatican State, and has far graver effects upon American secular education.

In this fascinating book Mr. Kirk is engaged upon the much needed and topical task of trying again to provide Conservatism with a philosophy of intellectual eminence, and this on a broad enough historical scale—trying to bring Burke and Coleridge and John Adams and Calhoun up to date, without Mallock-like reaction. But he has to confront the difficulty that the political eminence of England, unlike Austria, historically lies in its Liberalism, even if a Liberalism of the middle-way and of the slow tempo; and that the basic philosophy of dominant American political thought, save when it erupts into social positivism and ethical relativism, *i.e.* nihilism, is through and through Whig—which is fundamentally not the same thing as Tory Conservatism; which does find, as much as the Clapham Sect of Great Turnstile Street, so the New York *Nation*, to be its legitimate if rebellious child; and which, more than that Conservatism, is to-day under critical attack. Whether these philosophies will "approach identity," going beyond some kind of peaceful co-existence, one cannot well prophesy. Mr. Kirk thinks they will.

PROFESSOR GEORGE CATLIN

The Conservative Mind. By Russell Kirk. Faber & Faber, pp. 480. 30s.

THE SERPENT'S PRESENCE

Normally I am against fables based on the first Chapter of the book of Genesis. As H. G. Wells is alleged to have said to the author of a life of Jesus, "Why try? The Bible does it so much better." Mr. Eurof Walters has tried, and what is more, succeeded. Such narratives must have a strong element of fantasy but this he has strengthened with a quality of detail which, if it is to be described at all, must be called realism. Also he has avoided allegory, and his symbolism is unemphatic arising out of the story itself. The key to the motive for his interpretation lies in the lines he quotes from Blake:

The Mystery of Iniquity lies in the Subtlety of Evil.
The Devil is in us as far as we are in Nature.

The most original movement records the life of Adam and Eve after the eating of the apple. The change is not sudden, as in the Bible narrative, but built up out of a number of small elements. For instance Rain falls, from dawn onwards, "the sky was leaden and a wind came in fitful gusts", and Eve is old and inconsolable. It is touchingly done, as is the first attack of the lion on the lamb and the first upsurge of human passion in Adam. But the new experiences are not all harsh. For the first time Eve becomes aware of the beauty of roses. "She put out her hand and plucked a rose. It was wide-opened and unabashed, and as she looked at it her thoughts were questioning: how will it be possible for Adam to overcome his shame when he discovers, despite my silence, the greatness of my love? For though he is happy to tell me of *his* love, if he should guess at the profundity of *mine* his pride would be offended."

The main narrative is in a simple, smooth prose, but this is changed to a sombre rhetoric in the few passages which may be described as interpretative. So the section after the eating of the fruit concludes: "the Eternal Fullness, as an invisible fire, exists throughout the infinity of the heavens, wherein the suns, created out of the light and creating again the light, measure their destined paths, balanced the one against the many. The worlds emerge and the apparent voids surrounding them. Pervading the infinity, as the light of the sun pervades the air, yet having no part with the fullness nor the emptiness, is Being, which is from the beginning, yet in expression is incomplete, ever yearning to make manifest that which remains unexpressed."

The volume, which is issued in a limited edition, conforms to all the Golden Cockerel Press tradition of fine book production. Particularly commendable are the eight wood-engravings by Clifford Webb. They have a great clarity of design, and their line and pattern suggests the touching quality of the theme. The figures of Adam and Eve are particularly well expressed, and somehow their loneliness and poignancy is conveyed. The volume has been designed by Christopher Sandford, composed in Cochin type, with Fry's Ornamental titling. Two hundred and sixty copies only are for sale, of which sixty are specially bound.

SIR B. IFOR EVANS

The Serpent's Presence. By Eurof Walters. With eight wood-engravings by Clifford Webb. (The Golden Cockerel Press).

THACKERAY

In the silly language of fashion, William Thackeray is very much *out*. My connection with the book trade assures me of the fact that, of all the great Victorian novelists, he is the least called-for. Indeed, the requests for his books are out-numbered by those for Sir Walter Scott's novels (whose common reputation shows signs of a pick-up). Concerning the opinion of the public and the critics, there is often an amusing discrepancy (Longfellow, for example, whose *Hiawatha* continues popular, being a case in point). But Everyman and Man Extraordinary—as we may take the critic to be—are in unusual concord over Thackeray; and it is partly to repudiate Professor Greig's assessment in *Thackeray: A Reconsideration* (published in 1950) that Professor Tillotson has written his book.

Too often, the champions of temporary "lost causes" approach their object with "reactionary" suppositions and an equipment sadly out of date. This is not so with Professor Tillotson: his apparatus for re-instatement has a keen contemporary look about it. Nor, on the whole, are the workings of this machinery too complex for the layman; his theories of novelistic style and structure being usefully helped out by a wealth of quotation from Thackeray's text (an element of service in itself to many a reader under forty to-day).

Professor Tillotson begins by defining "the Thackerayan oneness" of the novelist's work, which he finds to consist in a geographical and "dynastic" unity (a tract of space, geneology, and time, stretching from the reign of James II to the middle of the nineteenth century, and embracing England, Paris, Baden-Baden, and North America, chiefly Virginia). Professor Tillotson next proceeds to describe the kindred lay-out of his author's work. "Instead of design," he writes, "Thackeray's novels give us continuity." This is both well said and expressed. It explains the lack of formal plot (that time-without-end sense which Thackeray induces), and also the feeling of vanity, of human foolishness continuously repeating its passionate stupidities without a stop. In another perceptive phrase, Professor Tillotson speaks of "the bufferless endings" of these novels.

And so we travel on through this analytical essay, alighting on point after point of value to us. Then, suddenly, we are in the thick of it: the loud and vexed issue of Thackeray's "commentary"—the novelistic sermons of "a sort of lay preacher," as Taine called him. And here it is that Professor Tillotson takes on Thackeray's first and late opponents: those like William Caldwell Roscoe—his earliest serious appreciator—who maintained that moral commentary was proper to novels, but that in Thackeray's instance it was defective through "the total absence of what we usually call ideas"; and those post-Jamesian critics, who regard authorial commentary in fiction as a gross aesthetic intrusion and flaw.

Speaking of Thackeray's "personal appearance" (sometimes wearing half-disguise) in this aspect of his work, Professor Tillotson boldly argues that "he is the critic of everything." His statement certainly runs counter to what most of us discover in these "half-meditative, half-emotional harangues" (as Roscoe terms them) of a writer who, like his own Pendennis, was not—so far as opinions go—in Fitzjames Stephen's words, "very anything." Professor Tillotson might have done well to enter his defence for Thackeray on his many thoughtful points excepting this. For myself, I find it difficult to believe that the Thackerayan "commentary," in all its monotonous obviousness, can ever find favour or function again outside of the Sunday-school—to whose purpose, I say with reverence, it is not entirely unsuited.

DEREK STANFORD

Thackeray the Novelist. By Geoffrey Tillotson. University Press. 22s. 6d.

RUDOLF HESS

Prisoner of Peace (Britons Publishing Co., 15s.) tells the story of the flight to England of Rudolf Hess in 1941 and the subsequent years of imprisonment in Great Britain, Nuremberg and Spandau. No life of the least contemptible of the Nazi leaders has appeared, and this little volume, compiled by his devoted wife from his correspondence, makes no claim to a biography. Its object, as she explains in a brief Preface dated September, 1952, is to soften the hearts of "those who still keep my husband in prison." The volume is commended in a Foreword by Air-Commodore Oddie as "a very human story of a man who, while holding an important position of trust, is driven by an inner urge and guided by his own code of honour to undertake a secret and personal peace mission which he believed to have the undeclared approval of his chief." Here at last is the story of this curious episode told from the German side, and two points of interest emerge. Firstly, the flight was no sudden resolve but the execution of a plan meticulously prepared over many weeks and concealed even from his wife, who believed he was meditating a visit to Pétain. Secondly, the manifestations of mental disturbance, above all loss of memory, of which we heard so much, were merely a ruse which deceived his doctors and were apparently intended to facilitate his release. The letters which form

the largest portion of the book breathe fierce resentment at his detention after what he regarded as a humanitarian attempt to end the war. But the decision to keep him in custody saved his life, for the Führer's deputy would surely have gone to the scaffold in company with his old associates if he had returned to Germany and shared in the responsibility for all the devilish atrocities perpetrated by his adored Führer. That he was a good son, a good husband and a good father; that, unlike Göring, Goebbels and Himmler, he wanted nothing for himself; that he was ready to die for the master whom he salutes as "the greatest son to whom my people has given birth for a thousand years": all this is clear enough. "I regret nothing. If I was now at the beginning of my career I would act again in the same way even if I knew that I should be burnt at the stake." That he never helped to make policy we already know, but there is no hint in these pages that he disapproved the action of his master in setting the world alight and slaughtering millions of Jews in cold blood. The Jews are not once mentioned in these naive pages. Though this sincere fanatic remains completely blind to the enormity of the crimes of the Nazi leaders, that is no reason why he should spend the rest of his life in prison. Now that his demigod has disappeared, it is unlikely that he would ever find another wicked superman to serve, and he lacks all the qualities needed to be a Führer himself.

G. P. GOOCH.

A NEW PATTERN FOR MAN'S FUTURE

Both these books are American and both look ahead. They have little else in common. Mr. Bromfield is concerned with the fairly short run. The world he sees as a place of turmoil in which there can be no lasting peace or security without major economic and social adjustments that can only be achieved by creating in its different areas dynamic and wealth-creating American capitalism. One can get some idea of the author's general outlook from the index in which one finds, under Great Britain, impossible to rehabilitate, liquidation of Empire, disaster of Socialism in imperialist wars, hierarchical system under United Nations, failure and futility of, mischief-making capacity. The book is opened by an anthology of quotations, as we are told: "Marked While Engaged in the Lost Art of Reading." The selection is revealing for it suggests that the Art has been regained mainly through the media of *Time*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The New Leader*, and *The Freeman*. Indeed the book is larded with quotations, some of which left me wondering whether my leg was not being pulled and the whole thing was not an over-subtle piece of political satire. I am still not sure.

Mr. Harrison Brown is much more readable. He is a geo-chemist, whatever that may be, and his book is teeming with cheerful facts about the future material resources of the world. He sets out to answer the kind of question that is so often vigorously discussed on inadequate information. If the world population continues to grow and our natural resources continue to be consumed, what are the prospects of survival? On the whole he is less cataclysmic than one might have expected. It is nice to know that if we are content to live on the products of algae farms and yeast factories, "a world population of 50 billion persons could eventually be supported comfortably from the point of view of nutritional requirements." But as the author wisely reminds us, "incorporation of algae-based foods into culture patterns would probably come slowly except in areas such as Japan, where they would be no novelty." This reviewer's culture pattern will continue to be centred on roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

Fossil fuels may well be exhausted over the next thousand years. The ultimate hope may not be in atomic energy for "even the amount of uranium- and thorium-

bearing rock on the earth's surface is not infinite." Eventually we will become "almost completely dependent on solar power." The sun's rays will be trapped by glass and focussed through mirrors and converted into steam or electric power.

Mr. Harrison Brown is a scientist and like so many scientists would be wiser to avoid economic and sociological questions. He provides a readable and balanced survey of available knowledge about the future. That in itself is a valuable service and enough for any man to try. He is on less sure ground in endeavouring to picture the kind of society towards which we are moving. It will be unstable inasmuch as only by careful planning and husbanding of resources will it be possible to keep alive a rapidly expanding population. A war would blow the whole structure sky-high. It will involve enormous capital investment and strict control. "It seems clear that the first major penalty man will have to pay for his rapid consumption of the earth's non-renewable resources will be that of having to live in a world where his thoughts and actions are ever more strongly limited, where social organization has become all-pervasive, complex and inflexible and where the State completely dominates the actions of the individual."

The alternative is population control by the skilled application of contraceptives. Only that way can we retain our Yorkshire pudding. But this requires more detailed and careful examination than the author either does or can be expected to give it.

J. E. MACCOLL.

A New Pattern for a Tired World. By Louis Bromfield. Cassell. 16s.

The Challenge of Man's Future. By Harrison Brown. Secker & Warburg. 21s.

THE HOUSE OF UNILEVER

Quantities of nonsense have been written about big business. At one time it was fashionable to see in the big *entrepreneur* the benefactor of mankind working for the common good even when he was most closely concerned with his own pocket. More recently it has become a sign of realistic modernism to see in him the passive instrument of economic forces, a person at the same time void of ethical content and yet intrinsically evil. Mr. Wilson has avoided the absurdity of these extremes. In depicting W. H. Lever, first Lord Leverhulme, he has achieved a mean; he has drawn the portrait of a man immersed in the economic medium of his age, and at the same time exerting a profound formative influence upon it.

It is a fascinating picture. Certain qualities can, of course, be taken for granted. The standard virtues of hard work, exactitude, grasp of business—these are obviously essential for the building up of any great concern. (Lever was admittedly a reader of Smiles.) But though these qualities are essential they are irrelevant in the sense that a man cannot endow himself with them merely by taking thought or by reading the appropriate handbook; in practice the industrious apprentice is likely to remain an underling. And it is significant that Lever's own reading was vast and voracious; he had an imagination like the Jew of Malta. Nor was he a wholly self-made man; he was born into a fairly comfortable business, and his father could allow him £800 a year before he was out of his twenties—a fantastic salary in the later Victorian era.

To this extent he was unlike Shaw's Andrew Undershaft, the classical self-made man; yet there are resemblances between the two which make one wonder whether Shaw had his eye on Lever when he was writing *Major Barbara*. The essence of the great *entrepreneur* does not lie in what he reads or even in what he achieves; it lies in what he is. He must not only feel that he is, but must be a master. Hence Lever's instinctive paternalism, which he shared with Undershaft. No doubt there were utilitarian considerations; no doubt Lever felt—

or rather realized, for the facts were around him to be seen—that a well-treated employee is a good employee. But there was something more to it than that. Lever felt that his workpeople were, in a peculiar sense, his flock. Accordingly it was not surprising that Port Sunlight was, as one observer wrote, “dominated by the spirit of soap”; for “soap” read “Lever”. Nor is it strange that the system had no more than a qualified success. Much as people like security, they do not like Big Brother (or Big Father) to be everlastingly watching over them. It is interesting to note that profit-sharing proved less effective as a bond than did a system of pensions and insurance. People do not want their fortunes to be too closely or obviously bound up with those of the firm.

But Mr. Wilson's book is much more than the study of a single personality. Its longer and less dramatic sections, which deal with the gradual transformation of what began as a one-man show into a great corporation are perhaps more important, and are certainly more relevant to current problems. The process is described, not in terms of economic determinism (one rejoices to believe that Mr. Wilson is not greatly interested in so rigid a formula) but with a clarity and cogency which speak for themselves.

The great modern problems emerge—questions of organization, of management, of the machinery of administration. These issues are important not merely for the student of business methods; they are in essence questions of government. And indeed, as we shut the book, we realize how close is the affinity between modern government and modern big business. Many national questions would fall into perspective once it was realized that they were essentially questions of management. And this realization should act as an antidote to the disease of political emotionalism.

This is an admirable work, erudite and light of touch, a pioneering study yet perfectly balanced. It is equally valuable as the portrait of an adventurous personality, as a survey of an economic revolution, and as an exercise in what may be called political morphology—the study of the real function, behind the label, of a given political organism.

W. H. JOHNSTON.

The History of Unilever. By Charles Wilson. Cassell. 2 vols. 45s.

REFORMING JAPAN

When, only a year after Japan's downfall, General MacArthur announced that she “had experienced a spiritual revolution . . . a convulsion unparalleled in world history,” there were ironical smiles by all who knew of the rigid *concordia ordinum* that had governed Japanese life for 2,000 years. As one who already knew Japan well and worked in the inner circles of the Occupation, Mr. Wildes now shows its egregious mistakes. Apart from the delusion that the Japanese had only to be presented with “the American way of life” (the details of which were a complete mystery to them) in order to adopt it rapturously, many of the “top brass” were unfit for their positions. General Whitney, General MacArthur's No. 2, is described as “choleric and extremely sensitive, suspicious that everyone was plotting to undermine MacArthur and himself.” Trained advisers sent out by Washington were ignored. Insane jealousy between the heads of sections stultified action. And General MacArthur never emerged from his eyrie in the Dai Ichi Building to become acquainted with the Japanese people and the practicability of the directives he issued on scanty, often erroneous information.

These are hard words but the copious evidence adduced by Mr. Wildes cannot be lightly dismissed. The Local Autonomy Law is an instructive example of the failure to impose “de-mok-re-sie” from above. Unwieldy local councils of elected and paid members were set up even in the villages, with full powers to legislate and spend money. In two years, besides general un-

workability, the expenses of local government had multiplied from nine to 28 times and most of the councils were bankrupt. The decentralization of the police was equally disastrous: too often it only meant the transfer of power to gangster bosses.

American influence in drafting the Constitution was always obvious. Now for the first time (so far as this writer knows) one learns that it was actually written by Americans under General Whitney's orders in one week. It gave the Diet great opportunities by declaring it the highest organ of State. But Japanese Diets, composed less of parties than groups about leaders continually changing shape and allegiance, were never conspicuous for sense and they threw away their chances. Mr. Wildes' criticisms of Mr. Yoshida seem over-severe. The skill with which, between MacArthurian dictatorship and the fecklessness of the Diet, he has steered his ruined country back to order and the dawn of prosperity will surely rank high in history.

The harrowing state of Japanese cities in 1945 (the atom bomb did far less harm to Hiroshima and Nagasaki than ordinary bombs to Tokyo and Osaka); the senseless recklessness of the purge; the amazing story of the rise and (through their own stupidity) fall of the Communists; all this is excellent reading. Oddly enough, there is no mention of the abolition of State Shintoism.

As long foreseen, Japan has largely reverted to her old ways, the reforms of the Occupation are no more. Yet something remains; windows have been opened; the Japanese have always been zealous to learn from abroad; Mr. Wildes can see many signs of renaissance and an honest desire for reform. Let this, too, be remembered for the Americans' credit—they have poured out money like water for Japan's benefit, as for many others, with unheard of generosity. Nothing is sadder than that too often they have reaped only suspicion, even hostility.

O. M. GREEN.

Typhoon in Tokyo. By Harry Emerson Wildes. George Allen & Unwin. 21s.

THE MIND OF THE INVISIBLE

These studies of Kierkegaard and Steiner inspire grave reflections on the inadequacy of man's intellectual capacities. The question has been seriously raised by many thinkers in our time of crisis as to whether man is in fact capable of solving the problems raised by large-scale human aggregations, and when one considers the solutions offered by men of undoubted genius like Kierkegaard and Steiner, one's doubts are certainly not diminished.

Steiner claimed to provide a body of "spiritual science", a knowledge of supersensible reality as verifiable by reason as any other fact of science. Yet when one considers the "knowledge" that he offered as being scientifically attested, one is led to wonder at the credulity which can be combined in the mind of man with great intellectual gifts. Not only is reincarnation offered to us as scientifically proved, but we are provided with a mass of extraordinary detail about the process of reincarnation. The soul, we are told, incarnates twice in each great period of soul-evolution, once as a man and once as a woman, an incarnation taking place about once every thousand years, and information is given on the activities of the soul between its incarnations. Steiner tells us of a development of spirit-faculties by which past events can be re-experienced so that to know the past one has no need of the laborious process of historical research. Thus Steiner's doctrine of evolution, by being based on a direct experience of the past, can claim to override the tentative hypotheses offered us by biological science. We are told that at an earlier evolutionary phase man possessed clairvoyant perception of the past so that the need for written records did not exist, that still to-day "mystery-initiates" can recover the past, and that the authenticity of the Gospel records is certain because the authors of the

Gospels were capable of a clairvoyant recovery of the years they spent with Jesus. Let those believe Steiner who can, but his claim that the knowledge that he offers is in any significant sense "scientific" seems to me itself pre-scientific, showing a failure as it does to understand what the scientist means by verification.

Steiner was cut out by temperament to be the founder of a cult. The thought of Kierkegaard was on an entirely different and higher intellectual level. Kierkegaard was a profound and original thinker who has made a significant impact on western philosophy and on Christian thought. His attack on Hegel struck the death-knell of philosophical idealism of the Hegelian pattern. Since Kierkegaard only three forms of thinking can any longer claim serious consideration: analytical logic, concerned with the internal relations of symbolic systems, scientific thought based on hypotheses verified by sense observation, and existential thinking, consisting of reflections on the human condition founded on the experience and choice of personal existents. Thus to-day critical philosophy and logical analysis, on the one hand, and existentialism, on the other, are the only two significant philosophical trends, and there is an increasing recognition that they are complementary not antithetical. Kierkegaard was not a systematic philosopher but his brilliant discoveries have led to important philosophical developments. He was also, like Pascal, a religious genius who cannot fail to continue to be an inspirer of men.

Yet in general Kierkegaard is hardly more acceptable as an intellectual guide than Steiner. If his dominant beliefs were existential, they were also neurotic, and the impulse which led him to throw reason overboard and accept, by the leap of faith, beliefs that were "an offence" to reason was neurotic. Mr. Collins, writing as a Thomist, recognizes how dangerous to Christianity itself is any form of thinking which founds belief, as Kierkegaard did and as much Protestant Christianity has done after him, not on reason, but on a subjective response. Belief founded on mere faith, on a subjective response, is liable at any time to be overthrown by some new and different response.

In his final critical survey of Kierkegaard, Mr. Collins writes persuasively from the Thomist standpoint on the relation between faith and reason, endeavouring to show how indispensable a foundation in reason is to the Christian faith. Yet I would hold that Thomism, like most of the doctrines that divide man in our age of spiritual confusion, is not without its characteristic illusion, in this case the belief that formal reasoning alone can demonstrate the existence and attributes of God, as well as of the angels. There is no escape from the intellectual confusion and inadequacy of contemporary thought in that belief in the infallibility of the Aristotelian logical categories on which Thomism relies.

Mr. Shepherd's book on Steiner is informative and gives a clear outline of the anthroposophical doctrine and movement which Steiner founded. But he is a single-minded devotee and one would look in vain in his work for any genuinely critical assessment of Steiner. Mr. Collins' book is much more valuable and makes a genuine contribution to the understanding of Kierkegaard's thought. But I would describe the thought of Steiner and Kierkegaard, as of Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Collins, as "pre-Copernican", in the sense that it has not been influenced by that Copernican revolution in philosophy which has taken place through the development of critical philosophy and existentialism, though Kierkegaard himself laid the foundations of it. Unless man is to continue to be misled, probably with consequences fatal to himself and his species, by false and pretentious doctrines and systems, he must refurbish his logical tools, and this has been the main task which critical philosophy in particular has taken in hand in our time.

J. B. COATES.

The Mind of Kierkegaard. By James Collins. Secker & Warburg. 18s.

A Scientist of the Invisible. By A. P. Shepherd. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d.

THE HISTORY OF CHIOS

The storied past of the island of Chios belongs to history, myth and legend; it is part of the classical world and one of the places visited in luxury cruises of the Mediterranean. We are apt to forget that history did not end there then. The western world had much later impacts with the Middle Sea, from the day when an English peer could have the Elgin marbles shipped off from the Parthenon to the contemporary spectacle of United States warships patrolling the Bosphorus. What is now called an "objective" policy has never been able to ignore the Eastern Mediterranean, the Greek islands and the prize of history that lay beyond, Byzantium, which became Constantinople and is now Istanbul.

Centrally in the modern history of the Greek islands comes the period covered by these volumes—from Elizabeth's time to Queen Victoria's. The year 1841 brings us to the threshold of the Crimean War, of which we have had many centenary reminders. The modern story of Chios, as summarized by Dr. Argenti, includes its occupation by the Turks in 1566, the Florentine expedition of 1599, the Venetian occupation of 1694, the expedition of Colonel Fabvier in 1827 and the occupation by Greece in 1912. The present volumes do not cover these events. They do however cover the greater part of the Turkish period and their value as social documents gains rather than otherwise from ignoring purely political matters. Thus one group of documents covers eye-witnesses' descriptions of Chios; another deals with trade, a third with engagements in Chian waters between Venetians, French, Russians and Turks. A fourth series has the superficial aridity of obsolete controversy, for it deals with the interminable quarrels between the Orthodox and Roman Churches. Beneath the forbidding surface lies however a rich soil for archaeological research. The sites of ancient churches and other topographical material await examination. Greek scholars are already aware of these possibilities.

In spite of the violent hostility of the creeds, many mixed marriages took place between Orthodox and Catholic, and occasionally the same building was used by both rites simultaneously. These are small buildings and had two parallel vaulted naves. At the end of one nave was an *ikonostasion* and of the other an open altar approached by steps. Dr. Argenti suggests that these buildings were originally private chapels belonging to families in which there had been mixed marriages. Possibly the nearest parallel in the west is the church of Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, with one nave for the nuns and one for the parishioners. We can produce, as in Germany, many examples of Catholics and Protestants worshipping in the same church, divided by a wall; and one in England, at Arundel. The newest English Cathedral, Coventry, is to provide for alternative, but not simultaneous worship under a single roof.

The west may have fewer lessons in tolerance to teach the east than it supposes; the history of Chios provides illustrations of intolerant cupidity in the past. The vandalism of the Crusaders is still to be seen in the scars of ancient Byzantium; and after the expulsion of the Genoese from Chios in 1566 the Christian States sent their fleets to the Archipelago on the pretext of protecting them against the infidel. If this species of protection appears something of an anachronism in the present day, there seem to be other fraternal opportunities.

W. THOMSON HILL.

Diplomatic Archive of Chios, 1577-1841. By Philip P. Argenti. Cambridge University Press. 2 vols. £10 10s.

EAST-WEST IN LITERATURE

After thirty-five years on the staff of Columbia University teaching courses in English Comparative Literature Dr. Brewster has traced with great skill the penetration of Russian literature into the world of Anglo-American Letters. Her study is based on solid foundations. The process of penetration seems

at times not a continuous process but a succession of accidents political, social and economic. The starting point is the discovery of Muscovy in 1543 by Richard Chancellor, when trade in the Levant was obstructed. The advancement of learning about Russia in the XVII and XVIII centuries is far from negligible. The Crimean War and the Civil War engender hostility here and friendship in America. The third and fourth Chapter describe in numerous well chosen extracts the interplay of Art and Politics. In chapter 5 and 6 for the period from 1890 and 1905 the Americans are contrasted with the English attitudes. New facets are discovered when "the Sphinx begins to talk" (the First Duma), and "the Russian Soul" enlists the interest of ever more writers and critics of importance. Russia from a Curiosity Shop becomes a sort of intellectual and psychological power station, at least for a section of the public. The First Part of the book is convincing and instructive as well as interesting.

There are, however, two Russias, or even three if with the author one includes the U.S.S.R. All three are at work in the minds of the Anglo-American public and the man in the street. She concentrates naturally upon that section of writers, critics and readers which in the past fifty years has been accessible to Russian literary production in its various forms, and to the Russian influence described in the second part of this book. For the greater number everything Russian has remained beyond the pale. The acceptance by the English public, with the support of serious critics in 1954, of the Marquis de Custine's *Russia*, condemned as an inferior libel by the *Quarterly Review* as far back as 1844 in a detailed review, is a case in point. Miss Brewster, with the collector's experienced eye, almost ignores the ocean of ignorance, contempt and even disgust and discovers and classifies, like Edmund Gosse's father, the radiant efflorescence of literary and political anemones.

In part two the "Russian Influence", i.e. the influence of the Third Russia, widens into a world outlook with the corresponding social criticism. The Russian influence on English writing, the author insists, is the influence of Soviet practice in politics, economics and especially in art. The last fifty pages offer a rich material for the understanding of these modern currents not easily accessible to the general reader. In her conclusion the author, as if overwhelmed by the picture of Soviet influence she has revealed, seizes the olive branch of humanism. But behind this term, like behind the word Philosophy and even Religion, there is not necessarily the mildness of charity. They all have served and will serve, owing to human ingenuity or to the mysterious forces of life, in some other directions. Yet in the beginning was the Word.

DR. A. MEYENDORFF.

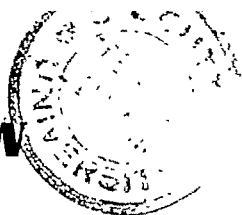
East-West Passage. A Study in Literary Relationships. By Dorothy Brewster. Allen & Unwin. 25s.

* * * * *

The Spanish School, by H. Schmidt Degener, edited for English Readers by William Gaunt (English Universities Press, 10s. 6d.), supplies a brief and authoritative summary of the great Spanish painters who have filled the world with their fame. To El Greco and Velasquez, who are numbered among the Immortals, he adds Goya, the only genius of the last three centuries. To some readers it may be a slight shock that Murillo is dismissed in a few lines on the ground that his religious pictures are too sugary, though his studies of street urchins receive the praise they deserve. The coloured illustrations are superb and the plain ones are numerous and well chosen. The whole volume is a feast.

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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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A TROUBLED WORLD

IN the relief that followed the ratification of the European treaties by the French National Assembly the first reaction in this country and in America was to relax and feel that we were through with our difficulties. Further consideration however seemed to indicate that the free world was still a long way from safety, and that the European treaties might yet founder on one of the many reefs that seemed to be looming ahead. After the wrecking of E.D.C. the splendid initiative of Eden in proposing the expansion of the Brussels Treaty to include Germany and the ready response of Mendès-France gave a false impression that France might at last be coming to the realisation of the need for a strong Western defence system including Germany. But appearances were deceptive. The acceptance of the principle of the European treaties by the Government of France is one thing. But the real question all along has been whether the French Prime Minister could get them past his National Assembly. One realises now what one sensed and feared but was not absolutely certain about before, the intensity of French feeling, its emotionalism and lack of reason. The E.D.C. was invented to satisfy France. A European system limiting sovereignty and incorporating German armed forces into a European army went a good deal further than British opinion would accept. We did not then give our firm guarantee of a military force permanently on the continent. Now it appears that even this strait-jacketing of Germany as laid down in E.D.C. was not enough for France, and one wonders whether her original advocacy of these extreme ideas of military and political union in Europe was not subconsciously a piece of escapism, never seriously meant. But if it was seriously meant, how much less palatable than E.D.C. must the European treaties be, which do not envisage a European army but a much looser system of military organisation for the West. Of course these treaties based on the Brussels Treaty have made it possible for Great Britain to give her firm guarantee of a military force for the continent, but they have aroused in even greater force than before the fears of France.

The fact is that French public opinion cannot and will not face the truth that Western Europe cannot be defended from the East without a contribution from Germany. Hence the feverish search for some alternative to rearmament. It looks as if France is definitely moving away from any form of rearmament which includes Germany. The debate in the Assembly seemed to show deputies frantically engaging in wishful thinking about Russia being ready to negotiate in such a way as to make rearmament unnecessary. There seemed in these speeches to be no recognition of the need to negotiate with Russia from strength. This lesson of recent years is being thrown aside and in the desperate desire to avoid a German contribution there is an implied readiness to surrender to Russia. This is not stated in so many words, but actions often speak stronger than words and the action of France over the Christmas week can only have one meaning : that a very large body of opinion in France, that is nearly half the Assembly, would sooner wreck the whole European defence system and trust to Russia leaving France alone, no matter what happens to the other countries of the West. It may seem a hard thing to say but

it is as well to face the terrible truth that it may become necessary to organise the defence of Europe against Russian Communism without France. A certain amount of our troubles can be put down to the nature of French politics with its splinter parties and the lack of public spirit among French politicians. This has always been so since the Third Republic. One has only to read the chapter on French parliamentary democracy written by Lecky in his "Democracy and Liberty" some seventy years ago to realise that this is nothing new for France. It explains why M.R.P. refused to support Mendès-France, although they agreed with a German contribution, but their bitter personal hatred of the Prime Minister on internal political issues blinded them to the French national and the general European interests involved in these European treaties. This lack of public spirit and refusal to put party political interests aside in the solution of a great international question is something of which France's allies have to take account. More understandable is the psychopathic hatred of Germany who has been responsible for the invasion of French soil three times in the last eighty years. This together with the above-mentioned weakness in internal politics in France makes one wonder whether the NATO powers would not be wise to have another string to their bow and prepare plans for the defence of Western Europe, based on the ports and airfields of Belgium, Holland, Denmark and West Germany. It would only be a second best but at least it would be a defence system based on countries that are politically reliable and unswervingly loyal to the idea of Western defence. This political reliability would go a long way to make up for the technical disadvantages of losing the French ports and airfields. On the other hand one has to reckon with the remarkable personality of Mendès-France. It seems indeed that the hour has produced the type of man that France has needed for so long. His position is precarious and he may fall at any time through a combination of those otherwise conflicting elements in French politics who however are combined on one thing—to get rid of him. Yet he handles his problems with such dexterity that he may still be spared to lead France for a while. But he can only continue if he presses for talks with Russia, and these talks will almost certainly be used by the irreconcilable anti-Germans in France and by the intriguers of the Kremlin to delay the practical application of a German contribution to Western rearmament.

In Germany too all is not plain sailing. The proposed solution of the Saar problem is causing much trouble to Dr. Adenauer. The Social-democrats also are bitter opponents of the treaties. No doubt, as in France, their attitude is influenced by internal party politics and by a desire to get rid of Dr. Adenauer, but they are exploiting the strong urge for unity in Germany. Here of course wishful thinking is as strong as in France though for different reasons. The German wishful thinking is the belief that Russia will agree to German unification on the basis of free elections in the East. Of this there is not the slightest sign and, though Russians must be realising by now that they are making no headway in turning Germans into Communists, they show no sign of giving up their hold on the strategic points of Central Europe. So the wishful thinking goes on in Germany and the Russians encourage it. The only hope of ultimately uniting all Germany in the years that lie ahead is for the Western powers

to insist in season and out on the principle of no unification of Germany without free elections in the Eastern part of the country. If the Russians realise that this is the one thing on which we will not give way and if the German Socialdemocrats some day realise that it is the Russians alone who are obstructing the unification of Germany in the only way possible for an independent and free Germany to exist, then the Russians may ultimately tire and give up the struggle. But we are a long way from that situation yet.

The same kind of wishful thinking is prevalent in this country, though it is confined mainly, but not entirely, to the ranks of the Labour Party. The illusion that sitting down to talks with Russia is an end in itself, and is going automatically to bring results irrespective of Russian policy, is still widespread in the ranks of British Labour. This kind of intellectual defeatism in dealing with Communism is an inherent weakness in some sections of the Labour Party, particularly in those local Labour parties where the chances of Labour parliamentary candidates are poor and where irresponsibility is not likely to bring pigeons home to roost. But the signs have been that their influence is on the wane and that Labour leaders have at last done some leading with the good results that Scarborough showed. All the more unfortunate therefore was it that they decided before Christmas to order the Parliamentary Labour Party to abstain on the vote approving of the European treaties. This show of false party unity has been, as anyone with knowledge could see it would, misunderstood abroad. As it turned out, Mr. McGovern, the Glasgow Labour member, was the only member of the Parliamentary Party who had the courage of Mr. Attlee's convictions.

If all these difficulties can be overcome in the next few months and the European treaties can be put into operation, the question will then arise, indeed is being discussed now, what sort of defence will be effective in Western Europe. If Germany is going to be able to add twelve divisions to the 46 divisions of the NATO powers, that will still be a small force to stand up to the 200 divisions of Russia and her satellites. But the NATO forces are probably enough now greatly to delay a Russian advance to the West, and it must not be forgotten that Turkey has some twelve divisions in the Middle East near some vital Russian oil sources. The West is no longer defenceless. A school of thought is arising however which regards the atomic weapon as having virtually made conventional weapons obsolete. This seems a questionable kind of reasoning. It is by no means certain, whatever may be said now, that either side will use atomic weapons, and it might quite well be that the appalling nature of the weapon might cause both sides to desist from its use, as in the last war both sides desisted from using poison gas. It is certain that both sides will have this weapon but one hopes that they will both fear to use it. Its existence may even prevent a war from breaking out. Under these circumstances therefore while there may be a case for reducing the size of armies with conventional weapons, it would seem the height of folly to abolish them. Every effort of course must be made to induce the Russians to ban the atomic weapon altogether. All attempts however up till now have been wrecked on the impossibility of getting the Russians to agree to an effective method of inspection.

Russia today is genuinely frightened at the prospect of a rearmed Germany on her Western frontiers. The colossal agitation against Western rearmament, the threats and cajolery meted out wholesale, is an indication of her fears. But of course it is necessary to cast our minds back to get the whole thing in perspective. There never was any question of German rearmament or even of Western rearmament till it was made abundantly plain in 1948 that Russia was inciting to Communist revolutions with the Red Army in the background wherever she could find a weak spot, and was determined to stop American help in the form of Marshall aid to the war-damaged continent. Yet Russia today seems to have left behind this phase of extreme truculence which characterised the Stalin regime. If the Russians can be convinced that Western Europe is in earnest and is really capable of organising its defence with a German contribution, they will probably accept the position provided that the West also makes it plain that they are open to discuss all questions at any time. This is not the same policy as what seems to be followed by the bulk of opinion in France, by the Socialdemocrats in Germany and by the intellectual defeatists in the Labour Party. The former policy seeks to negotiate from strength, the latter from weakness. Should the French crisis be overcome or should the West be able to organise its defence without France, it will be possible to assure Russia that their policy is not aggressive. The world will then still be consolidated into two camps—a tragic result of ten post-war years, when in 1945 the hopes of world unity were so strong; but next to one united camp it is best to have two, and if both are strong they are more likely to agree to coexist than if one is weaker than the other.

The general economic state of Europe shows a gradual and steady improvement. Production figures are rising in industry and agriculture. Balance of payment problems are becoming less acute, because countries like France and Italy are exporting more and hence are able to pay more for their imports. Even countries like Greece show signs of getting their economy on a more stable basis. The most remarkable recovery has been in Germany who is getting back her old export markets. It seems that the effects of the war have at last been overcome and that the production machinery in field and factory is working again. But there is one factor in the world economy which gives rise to some disquiet. Production is rising in Europe, America and in the Dominions of the Commonwealth, and with this there is a rise in national wealth and the standard of living. This is also true of Russia, though probably not yet of China. On the other hand the countries of Southern Asia, the Middle East, large parts of Africa and South America, the undeveloped colonial countries in fact, are faced with continued low standards of living which may even be deteriorating. Any increase in the production of food in these countries is absorbed almost at once by the rise in population, which continues at a high rate. The countries of the Colombo Plan are making strenuous efforts to secure the investment of capital in these undeveloped countries. Our Colonial Development Fund is doing the same thing for the colonies in South Asia, Africa and the West Indies. But the world is in danger of having large food surpluses accumulating in some parts of the world, particularly on the American continent, while other parts of the world are not consuming enough food and are too poor to buy from the surplus regions. The in-

vestment of capital on a much bigger scale than at present is needed in these undeveloped countries. But that will mean that the industrial countries of Western Europe and America will have to provide capital on loan and not receive returns for their investments for many years. This will mean a sacrifice for the industrial countries of the West, and it is doubtful if public opinion in this country is yet fully aware of the economic implications of long-term investment in the colonial areas.

It must also be borne in mind that in these areas there is always a chance of political disturbances, like the one in Persia recently, and this may prevent a solution of the economic problem. For instance the precarious state of affairs in Viet Nam may at any time lead to trouble from which the Communists alone will profit. In the Middle East wealth is very unevenly distributed. Wealthy landlords and merchants largely control the Government in Persia and in many of the Arab countries. This makes this part of the world a potential object of Russian blandishments and intrigue. On the other hand the government of Egypt has shown a realism and a desire to help the underdog which is something quite new in the history of that country. The military government of young officers in Cairo, most of them from very humble surroundings, is ruling Egypt by decree but has already done more to stabilise the finances of the country and give land to the peasants than any government since the days of Lord Cromer. Yet here too the problem is to raise food production to meet an annual population increase of 400,000. It is estimated that to solve this problem an investment of £200 million will be needed for new Nile irrigation. This again is a problem of providing large credits from the Western countries and particularly from the U.S.A.

In South Asia India through Mr. Nehru continues her policy of neutrality in the cold war. The latest move is to organise the so-called Afro-Asian conference of the independent states and Dominions of Southern Asia and such African countries as Central African Federation and the Gold Coast. This seems to be a counterblast to the SEATO agreement of last summer, a possible move to check American influence and strengthen the influence of India in this part of the world. India, Burma and Indonesia are so much under the influence of a xenophobic fear of European domination, from which they have been recently freed, that they tend to regard Britain and America with greater suspicion than Russia and China. Yet they are fundamentally anti-Communist in their home policies. Moreover many of their neighbours like Siam, Laos, Cambodia and the Philippines have no use for China and Communism and their foreign policy is much more in line with that of the Western powers. It does not seem therefore that Mr. Nehru's Afro-Asian conference will be any more fruitful than was the SEATO conference last summer. The danger of serious complications in the Far East and Southern Asia would be much reduced if China were to become a member of the United Nations. Much of China's truculence can be put down to this, and the boycott only drives her into the arms of Russia. Yet there is no sign that a more realistic attitude is forming in the United States. Senator Knowland continues to lead the Republicans on foreign affairs in the Senate, and there is no reason to suppose that the Democratic majority in the House will be any more disposed than the Republican majority before to alter United

States policy in this respect. We shall have to wait patiently for a slow movement of opinion there in our direction and meanwhile hope and pray that events and incidents in the Far East and Southern Asia will not create a dangerous *fait accompli*.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

PARTIES AND POLICIES IN WEST GERMANY

NO country is so intimately concerned with the fate of the Bonn and Paris Agreements in France as the German Federal Republic. It is therefore not surprising that the recent ratification debates and votes in the French National Assembly were followed in Bonn with breathless interest. For better or worse the destinies of France and Germany are intertwined. Every utterance in the German Parliament has repercussions in France and vice versa. Steering the ratification bills through the two parliaments would strike one as an almost impossible task, if for no other reason than that there is no genuine agreement between public opinion in the two countries concerning the future of the Saar, a key plank of the treaties. The height of irony was reached when the Saar Agreement was submitted in the French and German Parliaments with preambles which differed in practically everything except that they were meant to fulfil the same purpose, ratification. The blow dealt to the whole basis of Dr. Adenauer's foreign policy when the French National Assembly rejected the European Defence Community will be relegated to history if the new treaties are finally ratified by the French in due course. From a short-term point of view the revised solution has the great advantage of being less ambitious than Europeanisation. It is a more modest beginning. Whether the French have achieved their aims by the substitution of Western European Union for E.D.C. is another matter. The new treaties give the Federal Republic entry into the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation and more say about the stationing of foreign troops on its soil. But in this game of dialectics (or is it casuistry?) Germany's admission to NATO can be represented as her "containment" by a greater number of powers than would have been the case under E.D.C. As so much political and diplomatic skill hardly distinguishable from cunning is required to launch the West European Union, it is to be hoped that nothing will be done to mortgage the long-term future in order to bring off ratification. For if the settlement of differences of opinion is postponed till the new organisations function, stalemate might merely be transferred to a later date. This applies particularly to the Saar Agreement which means something entirely different to the Germans and the French. Franco-German relations cannot afford new strains arising from fresh grievances and misunderstandings.

Dr. Adenauer has always frankly admitted the justice of the demand of the other powers for guarantees from Germany, in view of all the terrible things which have happened. It was, however, much easier for him to make concessions within a "European" framework, and in any case there is a limit to the extent to which he can reasonably be expected to yield. It remains to be seen whether the French plan of an "armaments pool"

falls inside this limit of possible concessions. The abandonment of Europeanisation also involved a complete change in the personalities in France with whom the Chancellor has to deal and the ideas which they represent. German Social Democratic criticism of Dr. Adenauer's foreign policy had always made a great point of his Catholicism and the Catholicism of the French and Italian statesmen with whom he was building up what they contemptuously called "Kleinsteuropa." But now Adenauer is dealing quite contentedly with a French leader who is a Jew and a free-thinker. In fact Adenauer is no more of a bigoted Catholic or a pro-cleric than his late collaborator de Gasperi.

This new orientation of his foreign policy is only one example of the outstanding flexibility of "Der Alte" in Bonn, now at the beginning of his 80th year. There is no sign yet that he has lost the masterly—and sometimes masterful—touch with which he has run the German Federal Government for over five years. But there have been danger-signals about his health which the Chancellor would do well to heed. During the recent Bundestag debate on the first reading of the Paris Agreements he looked dreadfully tired. During one statement he was unable to cope with impromptu questions, had a lapse of memory, and finally beat a hurried retreat. The burden during recent months has been tremendous, and it would be tragic if he fell a victim to the inability of the French Parliament to make up its mind. Until Western Defence is firmly established, at any rate contractually—and as long as Mr. Mendès-France is his own Foreign Minister—Dr. Adenauer unfortunately cannot give up his tenure of the Foreign Ministry, which he holds in addition to the Chancellorship. But it is to be hoped that he will in the meantime make all the necessary arrangements to be relieved of all the routine work which can possibly be done by anybody else. That he is not afraid of able men in his government is shown by the presence of the Finance Minister, Schaeffer, and the Minister of Trade, Professor Erhard. But it cannot be denied that he has an element of Bismarckian reluctance for independent minds in his immediate entourage. It is greatly to be regretted, too, that the question of the succession is taboo and must not be discussed. Much would be done for the stability and the continuity of development of the Federal Republic if a strong Vice-Chancellor could be appointed, for nobody expects the present holder of that post, Bluecher (not even any longer leader of his party, the Free Democrats), to qualify for the succession.

An excessive amount of publicity has been given to the attacks of some of the government coalition parties on the Saar Agreement. The Free Democrats, the second largest party in the government coalition, in particular, have been strongly critical of this agreement, and some of their leaders have made statements to the effect that they would not support it. A strong suspicion must, however, be voiced that these declarations have been made for the record, and that there is no serious intention on the part of any important group in the Bundestag to block the passage of the Agreements (which would follow from a rejection of the Saar settlement). Outside parliament, too, it seems that the Saar is not quite as live an issue as was at once thought, hoped or feared. There is no evidence to date that Dr. Adenauer is finding difficulty in keeping together his mixed flock.

Dr. Adenauer is not at present in danger of any defections from the

Federal Government which would have repercussions on his two-thirds majority in the Bundestag which he may need for the passing of the Paris Agreements. Certain parts of the Agreement may conflict with the Basic Law as it stands and thus necessitate amendments in it which would then require a two-thirds majority. However, as a result of recent "Land" elections, he is no longer assured of this majority in the Upper House. In the Upper House each of the 9 "Laender" making up the Federal Republic has a quota of votes (ranging from 5 to 3 according to size) which have to be cast *en bloc* according to the instructions of the Land Government. For this reason the recent two Land parliament (Landtag) elections in Bavaria and Hesse were of great importance. Before they took place at the end of November, Dr. Adenauer could always muster for his foreign policy a bare two-thirds majority in the Upper House. The loss of a single vote however involved the loss of this two-thirds majority. Among the governments whose votes always went in favour of the Adenauer foreign policy was that of Bavaria. Before the Bavarian Landtag elections the Land Government was led by the Christian Democrats, though the Social Democrats also participated in it. This situation was completely changed by the formation of the new Bavarian government.

The Bavarian *volte-face* occasioned considerable surprise. In the Landtag election the Christian Democrats, (called Christian Social Union in Bavaria) improved their position as compared with the previous election in 1950, both in the total poll and in the proportion of the poll; they even got more votes than they did in the Bundestag election, which was rightly in general considered the party's high-water mark. The Christian Democrats increased the number of their seats in the Landtag from 71 to 83 out of a total of 204. It was thought that they would lead another coalition government. Yet what happened? All the other parties ganged up against them. The Social Democrats succeeded in securing leadership of the new government in which the local Bavarian Party, the Refugee Party and the Free Democrats—the two latter members of the Federal Government coalition—have all joined. The formation of the new government was strongly attacked by the Christian Democrats as unprincipled. It is true that the Socialists and the "liberal economy" Free Democrats make strange bedfellows. But did this not also apply to the previous coalition of the Christian Democrats and the Social Democrats which always involved the Bavarian Social Democrat share of the "Land" vote benefitting Adenauer's foreign policy?

The significance of the new Bavarian government coalition lies much deeper. Apart from religion (where catholic clericalism harmed the Christian Democrats), it is a reaction, and a healthy one, so far confined to the politicians, against the growing predominance of one party and one man. The Germans have had too much one man, even if he is an Adenauer. Also, Germany has never had a two-party system and the stranglehold of the Christian Democrats over political life is felt as oppressive. The swing of the pendulum is essential to the proper working of parliamentary government. In Germany the picture is complicated by the existence of government both at the federal and the Land level, constantly interacting, particularly in the Upper House of the Federal Parliament. But in spite of many local variations in development there has been a general tendency

for the two major parties, the Christian Democrats and the Social Democrats, to grow. However, as neither party usually succeeds in getting an absolute majority, the formation of governments is generally only possible by securing coalition partners among the smaller parties. These thus assume considerable importance, and to estrange them—as happened to the Christian Democrats in Bavaria—means a spell in the political wilderness. Of the smaller parties the key role is probably at present being played by the Refugee Party, which is now represented—on one side or the other—in nearly all the Land governments, as well as in the Federal Government. In Hesse, which also voted at the end of November, the handful of Refugee Party seats enabled the Social Democrats, after losing their absolute majority, to remain in power though they now have to share it. In Lower Saxony, too, where elections are due in the spring, the Refugee Party is a vital government coalition partner for the Social Democrats. It is always conceivable that if Dr. Adenauer lost an essential two-thirds majority in the Federal Upper House through the defection of Bavaria (which is still not certain), he might make it up by gaining Lower Saxony. This could be achieved by exerting influence through the federal leadership of the party, and particularly through its chairman, Professor Oberlaender, the Federal Minister for Refugee Affairs, to have a Lower Saxon government formed along Bonn lines and to drive out the Social Democrats. The formation of the new Bavarian Government without the Christian Democrats in one respect certainly did not correspond to the expressed wishes of the electorate. The election was fought to a considerable extent on foreign policy. The high poll of the Christian Democrats was a distinct endorsement for Dr. Adenauer's foreign policy, which does not seem to lose popularity in the country generally. Apart from this, the last three Land elections (with the one in Berlin in early December which however does not affect the Federal Upper House) showed that the sound "democratic" parties still dominate the scene. The German Party, which, although in the Federal Government, has some unpleasant aspects, in Berlin just failed to reach the 5 per cent mark necessary to qualify for seats in the city parliament. The Communists, fellow-travellers and neo-Nazis did not get a single seat in any of the three elections. It is true that occasionally events in Germany—like demonstrations to welcome released war-criminals—recall to mind that the past has not been completely overcome and that it still lurks to some extent underneath the surface. But on the other hand great progress has been made in establishing a saner future. Recent elections certainly do not provide any evidence of back-sliding.

FRANK EYCK.

YUGOSLAV PROSPECTS

DURING the past few months Yugoslavia has again figured in the newspaper headlines, though principally regarding questions of her international relations. After festering for nine years the Trieste problem has found its solution. The termination of that troublesome bone of contention between Italy and Yugoslavia has provided the foundation for better relations between two countries which in so many fields of

economic life prove complementary one to another. What calls for emphasis here (quite enough has already been written about the agreement itself) is that both parties made sacrifices, and it was this that made the conclusion of the agreement possible. In that sense the Trieste agreement might well serve as a model of an international settlement. That the agreement is but the prelude to more constructive co-operation is shown by the visit which the Italian Minister of Foreign Trade has since made to Yugoslavia—the first visit made since the war by an Italian statesman. The mediatory role of the Western Allies, particularly of Great Britain, in the Trieste dispute has proved far more efficacious than any attempt at a unilateral settlement.

The Trieste agreement has removed a millstone from the necks of many of us and released the tension existing on the western frontier of Yugoslavia. On all sides it has been welcomed and appraised as a considerable contribution to the cause of peace. Astonishment and lively commentary were prompted by the attitude of the U.S.S.R., which not merely gave formal recognition to it, but even welcomed it. This change of attitude regarding Trieste was at lightning speed followed by other diplomatic events: the U.S.S.R. curtailed its anti-Yugoslav propaganda, offered to return cadets held in the U.S.S.R. after the 1948 break, celebrated the anniversary of the liberation of Belgrade, while finally, on November 27th, Malenkov visited the Yugoslav Embassy in Moscow in person and raised his glass in a toast which has become famous.

However, regarding this foreign commentary was not so unanimous. Yet surely matters were clear enough? A Yugoslav diplomatist is recorded as remarking "I would rather have that toast than twenty Soviet divisions on our frontiers"—though of course that summing up does not exhaust the matter. Nevertheless, Yugoslavia has always desired to have normal relations with all her neighbours, and the relations which had hitherto obtained with all the countries of the Eastern bloc had been flagrantly abnormal. They are now improving. Yugoslavia would like to improve them still further, till they might be termed friendly relations, though here taking careful account to do nothing whatsoever to spoil those relations with the western countries which were built up in the exacting days of the economic and military Cominform blockade. However, nobody can reproach Yugoslavia with exceeding the desires of her citizens from one end of the country to the other, namely, desires for the co-operation of West and East on a basis of equality; nobody can cast a stone at her with implementing peaceable co-existence even though only to a moderate extent.

Those who are apprehensive lest Yugoslavia re-join the Eastern bloc show a failure to understand the very nature of the break between Yugoslavia and the Cominform. They have not grasped that it is the Yugoslav desire to be independent, outside all blocs, and yet at the same time to maintain friendly relations with all countries. The same minds fail to comprehend that for just the same reasons Yugoslavia will not even join the Atlantic Pact, while those who identify this Yugoslav policy with neutralism are also at sea. Yet surely at last it should be clear to them that Yugoslavia is a country on which there could be complete reliance in the event of aggression in Europe.

A third event, and one of no little import, is the visit of President Tito to India and Burma. The personality of the Yugoslav Head of State is familiar in Britain, not merely by reason of his visit to this country, he was no stranger even prior to this. The British learned to know him—as a brave warrior, arms in hand against the common enemy—in historic days which were hard both for Britain and Yugoslavia. They learned further to know him as a defender of liberty and the independence of his country in 1948. Finally, they made closer acquaintance last year both as man and as president of Yugoslavia, when he came to express the sincere desire of the peoples of Yugoslavia to live in peace. India and Burma also know President Tito, and his visit to those countries is the more significant since here too we have new countries faced by similar problems and which also in their foreign policy have many views in common with those of Yugoslavia. The recent visits of President Tito to Turkey and Greece have brought no little fruit, namely, the creation of the Balkan alliance. The hopes that this new journey of his will also have far-reaching consequences in the field of international politics are not without foundation.

All this successful settlement of problems of foreign relations today tends to enable Yugoslavia to concentrate attention on her internal problems. The termination of the Second World War found Yugoslavia an almost exclusively agrarian country, which out of some sixteen millions had lost 1,700,000 lives in the war (about 10.8 per cent. of the total population). Moreover, it found more than 3,500,000 without a roof over their heads, all existing mines destroyed or seriously damaged, more than 50 per cent. of the remaining industries destroyed, and in the field of agriculture 61 per cent. of the horses, 55 per cent. of cattle, 58 per cent. of pigs destroyed, with like losses of other livestock. Means of transport were unusable, hospitals had been destroyed. The picture, in short, of a land the contribution of which to the Allied victory is well known. On the other hand, Yugoslavia is a country which disposes of tremendous natural resources and a great quantity of unexploited power, a country, in short, with all the conditions for becoming a developed industrial country. There are significant resources of petroleum, iron, manganese, chrome (the richest in Europe), molybdenum (the only other country besides Norway to possess this metal), as well as nickel, cobalt, tungsten, copper (second place in Europe), lead, zinc, bauxite (richest in this ore), antimony and mercury (richest in Europe in these), pyrites, gold, silver and other ores. There are still considerable areas rich in unprospected minerals. Nor is power in short supply. In addition to great quantities of coal, Yugoslavia has in her rivers the source of about 9,100,000 kilowatts of electricity, of which today only 8.9 per cent. is utilised, though a network of large-scale power plants are under construction and will shortly take their place in the industrial system.

This short review of the situation points directly to the conclusion that Yugoslavia's principal aim today must be industrialisation and complete utilisation of her natural wealth. Considerable results have indeed already been obtained. Compared with the pre-war position, the production of steel has been doubled, that of lead increased sevenfold, that of zinc trebled, while the machine-tool industry has been doubled. Yugoslavia however now suffers from uneven development of her industry, and this

in two directions. On the one hand, all attention in the initial stage was concentrated on the basic, heavy industries, so that to a certain extent light industry was neglected, which was felt most acutely during the economic blockade of the Cominform bloc and the period of development of the armaments industry. At the same time, resources were in any case too slender for the construction of sufficient dwellings in the towns, which as a consequence of industrialisation had begun to grow rapidly. On the other hand the construction of a considerable number of hydro-electric power plants fell behind schedule, so that factories were completed before the power to drive them was available, and this caused urban electricity shortages. In this field the most urgent task for Yugoslav industry today is to complete the electric power plants as soon as feasible, though at the same time there needs to be a transfer of emphasis to light industry and more house construction, so as to bring about an appreciable rise in the standard of living. Certain steps in this direction have already been taken, and the last session of the National Assembly consecrated the greater part of its deliberations to this problem of the standard of living. Here one should certainly add that the new structure of Yugoslav industry, with basic economic laws freed from the grip of administrative control and the workers' councils in all enterprises given much greater rights, placing the whole system of workers' management of industry on a firm footing, is already beginning to show good results. The data of the first nine months of 1954 show industrial production to have been 14 per cent. greater than in 1953.

Agriculture constitutes another great Yugoslav problem. After the war an agrarian reform act gave 240,000 households land. But however necessary agrarian reform was from the sociological standpoint, and however useful in curtailing exploitation, from the economic standpoint it merely increased the fragmentation of agricultural holdings, thereby making both the productivity of labour (productivity per man-hour) and the increase of total output more difficult. Yugoslavia is in fact agriculturally an over-populated country. In Canada 100 hectares (247 acres) are worked by only 11 men, in the U.S.A. by 17, in France by 48, in Hungary by 72—but in Yugoslavia by as many as 114. At the same time, in regard to the application of modern techniques in agriculture, in particular the use of artificials, Yugoslavia stands at the very bottom of the ladder. Consequently, the increase of agricultural production, which is of vital importance to Yugoslavia, is linked with the problem of how to agglomerate agricultural holdings, how to apply modern methods to a greater extent, how to mechanise. The other industries which are now developing guarantee employment to the surplus labour power already appearing in the countryside as a consequence of the initial application of improved agricultural techniques. Agglomeration of agricultural holdings is being realised on the one hand by the development of large farms worked on the factory principle, that is to say, managed by workers' councils, and on the other hand by building up a movement of co-operation among small peasant farmers. Finally, particularly since the current year, large sums of money have been made available as long-term loans for individual peasant economies.

In the south-west of the Balkan Peninsula, impinging on Central Europe, live Yugoslavia's 17 million men, women and children, a complex nation

in the heart of the "gunpowder barrel," one which no war, no invasion has missed. Over their land all the winds of Europe rage. The Yugoslavs are very conscious of their past history, but they are also conscious that the happiness and well-being which they desire can be brought them solely by peace. Any action which may tend to the peaceable settlement of disputes, any action in the sense of bringing the European nations closer one to another, can always count on the full support of the peoples of Yugoslavia.

DRAGOLJUB NAJMAN.

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

THE American Way of Life, something completely different from habits and beliefs in other countries, has been the subject of comment for nearly two hundred years. A collection of excerpts from such writings published a year or two ago reveals clearly how the admiration of those early years has gradually changed over the last one hundred years or so into an attitude distinguished mainly by criticism, fear, and quite often hatred. Part of this is no doubt due to the steadily growing importance of the United States and its present overwhelming strength in world affairs. But the fact that so many people, who by reason of their once living in America have come to appreciate its many good points, are now sometimes quite hostile in their writings and comments, suggests that not all criticism stems from jealousy. The purpose of this article is to trace the causes of some American traits and to examine them in the light of developments in other and older countries. It is written by a Briton now resident in the United States for five years.

The settlement of America by the English provided that country with her language and basic institutions. These, modified to suit the circumstances of life on a new continent, have been the cause of some misunderstandings and annoyance, but generally speaking they have played little part in the outbreaks of anti-Americanism that are now quite often a feature, and in some cases a permanent feature of international politics. Other reasons must be sought. Life has never been easy in America. This was so for the original settlers, for those who developed the ever-expanding frontier, for the immigrants who came in their swarms to feed American industry, and for those 160-odd million people who are living there at present. The Pilgrim Fathers, those immigrants which although not the first to come to America are the most typically American in that they were not "sponsored" but came on their own accord, landed in the middle of the severe New England winter and lost half of their number by the following spring. They found, as others have found, that settling in America is a matter of putting behind one many old beliefs and skills and developing new ideas and activities to deal effectively with new situations. They also found that although America could yield a good living it would do so only in payment for hard toil. Thus we have in those early years some of the characteristics that are so typically American: the belief in the value of hard work, and the necessity for hard work to get even the basic requirements of life. Today we find very few Americans looking forward to retirement. In a poll taken in Britain and America it was

found that whereas in Britain the vast majority of workers looked forward to retiring, and at an age of 57 or 58 if possible, the vast majority of American workers did not anticipate retiring. The few who did gave 65 as the most suitable age. This belief in the essential goodness of work, and the general American dislike of those who do not work for a living, are clearly seen in the attitude towards work of sons and daughters of the wealthier American families. They believe in starting at the bottom and keeping themselves, even when family fortunes would permit a relatively easy life.

The colonists' hard work in the open air, clearing the land and building huts and cabins, bred a big appetite both for food and drink and developed a sensual rather than an intellectual attitude to life. The scattered settlements made every stranger welcome, and the lack of continuous social intercourse made quick friendships essential. Neighbouring farmers helped each other in log-rolling for building homes and shelter for cattle, and this glad-hand approach to life, with none of the reservations normally met with in older countries where social customs have been more or less solidified with time, is usual in America today. At the same time the need to have a common attitude to life for joint activities for farming purposes and to protect the settlements against hostile Indians meant that personal privacy and unusual beliefs were not only unwelcome but were a positive danger to the community. There is still in America an oppressive social attitude towards those who prefer privacy to gregarious behaviour, and those who do not conform to the normally accepted American beliefs at that moment are regarded as dangers to the whole American way of life.

To British people who normally feel irritated beyond words at interference in private activities this is perhaps the most distressing aspect of American modes—an intense dislike of those persons who prefer privacy, and an attitude bordering on open hostility towards those with un-American beliefs. This latter probably explains the chronic tendency in America to overall conformity in dress, behaviour, and basic beliefs. It probably accounts as well, or in part, for the religious and racial discrimination against the Jews and Roman Catholics, that is for those who are different from the usual Protestant Americans. This inability of Americans to live comfortably with those who dare to be different may also be the cause of the waves of hysteria that sweep across the whole continent from time to time, breaking down all the elementary decencies of life, and causing false imprisonment or even death to those unlucky enough to stand in the way of the tidal wave of fear, hatred, and confusion. As more and more settlers arrived and the frontier expanded westwards, the trait of aggressiveness was further developed. There also came into being the typical American lack of respect for the law which is at present seen not only in the appallingly high murder rate, twenty times higher than in Britain, and all other forms of violent crime, but in the "scofflaws", those people who openly scoff at the law and ignore summonses, partly because they sometimes live in other States and cannot therefore be effectively apprehended in all cases. The lack of adequate police control and the ineffectiveness of Federal and State judicial methods have always been features of the American scene. Disrespect of the law not only paid off well when the land squatters refused to budge from land sold by the

Government to other farmers, but was increased by the need on many occasions to enforce justice privately owing to the complete lack of any police supervision or legal methods of enforcing justice in the frontier regions. A spirit of independence soon marked settlers in America, and poor immigrants flooding the country quickly replaced social and other repressions at home by over-weening self-esteem and boasting, at the same time as developing a strong feeling for the under-dog.

It is sometimes pointed out that immigration tended to select those with greater courage and daring than those who stayed at home, but it also selected those who preferred to run away from the difficulties of the Old World and face the problems of the New World. It is still typical of life in America that problems such as political bribery, graft and corruption are ignored in the desire for personal advancement. Probably the big deterioration in the American Way of Life started about the year 1829 when Andrew Jackson took over the Presidency. This so-called Jacksonian Revolution swept away from politics the last trimmings of the planter aristocracy: the Common Man at last reigned supreme. It was about this time that the equating of wealth with success became a noticeable American trait. The growing industrialization of the country and the increasing wealth of all those who could get on board the "gravy-train" made lack of money both the sign of failure and very nearly a social crime. Financial success as a virtue came to be regarded as a guiding precept for life's journey, justifying dishonesty, corruption, illegalities, and immoralities. This insensibility has been reflected in the American educational system with its false ideals and its utility training for practical work rather than as a training of the mind.

American architecture, despite many notable buildings, is conspicuous for its ugliness, and the American countryside, generally gaunt, bare, and unpleasing to the eye is littered with shabby rectangles of buildings completely tasteless in design and erected with only business purposes and cheapness in mind. The directness and simplicity of life in America from the colonial era onwards have bred not only a severely practical approach to life with little respect for literary or intellectual trimmings, but have made for a very simple type of mind which compared with the British appears uncomplicated and childlike. The size of the country and the actual number of cases in American development and life when bigness was synonymous with goodness have developed the quantitative American mentality which equates size with quality and which refuses qualitative distinctions. This is seen also in the belief in the importance of arithmetical analysis, the huge statistical works on human behaviour, and the belief in such mechanical systems as the lie detector and the drunkometer, the latter for determining drunkenness in motorists.

The position of women in American society has been commented on favourably by most disinterested observers, but there is a tendency for visitors to misunderstand completely the very different relations in America between husband and wife and between parents and children. Men in America have historically been the go-getters while the women stayed behind and attended to the farm and homestead. America is not woman-ruled, but is still very much a masculine society, the difference being that in America, where social life is more important than in older

countries, the women take charge not only of domestic affairs but of social affairs, correspondence, etc. The men are content with this, as they take less interest in family life than do men in other countries, and are more active in their own affairs outside the family. The pedestal on which all American women are supposed to have been put is a very lonely one indeed, and loneliness and the desire for company are two of the most obvious and least happy traits in the American Way of Life. It has always been thus right from the earliest days. The scattered farms, the isolated frontier settlements, and the strangeness felt by many of the later immigrants in a country the language of which many of them could not speak, have all added to the lonely feeling, to the desperate need for visitors to relieve the monotony of existence, and to the overwhelmingly friendly attitude which on closer acquaintance is revealed to have no personal meaning but only a general significance, and which later sometimes tends to become a burden rather than a pleasure. Noticeable too is the feeling of hatred and fear that Americans have for those who criticize their mode of living. The ferocious attitude shown to Communists and others guilty of un-Americanisms, the leading articles and cartoons that appeared at the time of the Korean War when 21 American soldiers preferred to remain with their Communist captors, and press comment following the American victory in the Olympic Games, all speak of a lack of self-assurance and a terrible awareness of the opinion of others.

It is true that the overall standard of living in America is higher than that in Britain, but this overall average conceals millions of families in America which are in a far worse position than the average family in Britain. There is in America a far greater difference between rich and poor than in Britain. Thus the phrase that all men are equal is only an ironical comment on the actual position in America. The standard of living, however, must be considered separately from the standard of life, which in America is very much lower than that in Britain. There is a need in America for a higher income to render less harsh the normal conditions of existence, and the possession of a motor car, this generally being a necessity, washing machine, refrigerator, central heating plant, etc., helps to take away some of the difficulties of life not noticeable in Britain. It is only after living for several years in America that one realizes to the full how difficult life is in comparison with life in Britain. There seems to be little of the natural beauty of life, and things that are free for the asking in Britain, such as lovely countryside and easy access to the seaside, are for many either non-obtainable in America or obtainable only after the expenditure of a lot of effort and money. Historical circumstances and general conditions of life have made for a way of life that seems to many Britons lacking in personal satisfaction. To some extent this is offset by the higher standard of living and greater social activities, but life tends to become both mechanical and meaningless and too extrovert for real inward satisfaction.

The gradual deterioration in the standard of life that set in with the Jacksonian Revolution compares with the growing democracy in Britain following the 1832 Reform Act. During these last 120 years the tortoise of evolutionary developments in Britain has outstripped the hare of revolution in America. The relative positions of the two countries have changed. America is now the wealthier country and leader of the world. Britain is

now the really living democracy where personal rights and freedom and facilities for education and self-expression are the greater. There has been in recent years a grave deterioration in civil rights in America, as exemplified by Mr. Justice Douglas in his dissent in the recent "Irvine" Supreme Court case. Some of the traits that were developed by the type of life in early America are no longer suitable for a more civilised existence. Many American beliefs and practices are plainly shocking to the Western World. The infringements of personal liberty are now nearly as frequent and more distressing than the usual invasions of personal privacy. The lack of restraint, such a common feature of behaviour both on Capitol Hill and in the rest of the country, has deep roots, as have the violence of behaviour and restlessness of life. But they do not make life easy and pleasant, nor can they be regarded as adjuncts of a decent, satisfying life. Thus to many Britons the American Way of Life is seen to be a chaotic anarchy with many injustices to those who cannot stand the pace, or are the victims of misfortune. The demands of life are harsh, hard, and stern even for those with money to spend, and there is nothing like the graciousness of life that may be obtained in Britain by the poorest or the security, comfort and safety of life that have been established in Britain over the centuries. In many ways, America is now seen to be suffering from some of the excesses of youth which like those in human life return to plague and pester middle age and later life.

New York.

JOHN BROWN.

ROYALISM IN FRANCE

IN the eighteenth century monarchy in France lost its magic and majesty. Her kings outraged the conscience and defied the reason of their subjects, so that a liberating movement which began as a protest against unmerited privilege proceeded inevitably to grow into an anti-monarchical crusade. For kings sustained the scaffolding of social injustice, and when the massed forces of royalty and reaction marched against the republic they were stayed at Valmy. Goethe recognised the significance of that fatal field. It saved the Republic and proved the seed-bed of republicanism in the west. But France was cheated of her republic by the Corsican who exploited her hunger for military glory to create a Napoleonic empire. After a decade of empire the Man of Brumaire was swept aside by the nationalisms he had forced.

On the morrow of Waterloo the immediate question facing France was her governance. Should she accept plebiscitary Caesarism or divine rule or the laurels of a republic? The imposing logic of Talleyrand found in legitimacy the talisman for national and international accord and the Bourbons were returned in the baggage of France's foes. Again she was cheated of her republic. Emigrés and notables in holy ecstasy had welcomed back the son of St. Louis to the throne of his fathers. But so emotional was the Restoration that some forty dauphins appeared, all claiming to be Louis XVII who had miraculously escaped from the Temple. That such an evasion had taken place had been accepted even by Madame Royale the sister of Louis XVI. Most of the false dauphine were exposed, but Charles

Naundorff raised an unsolved problem. His story was so detailed that an unending controversy began. On his death in Holland the Dutch Government permitted his tomb to be inscribed "Here Lies Louis XVII King of France and Navarré." Though he renounced his rights to the throne his descendants claim to be "Chiefs of the Survival." Family discord divides the issue, for Louis Naundorff Bourbon had many children. In 1954 two descendants stand claimants. The elder, Henri Duc de Bourgogne, was born in 1899, and while he does not proclaim himself pretender he asserts that he wishes to see his cause triumph, maintains a Chancellery, and bestows titles and decorations. His rival and cousin Louis Duc de Normandie was born in Holland in 1908, had a distinguished career in the Military Academy of Breda, and during the occupation commanded in the maquis. He insists that the elder line has lost its claim because by a Treaty of Ginnekin "Charles XI" abdicated in favour of his brother Adalbert, his grandfather. Latterly a rapprochement has taken place, for the Duc de Bourgogne is childless and on his death Louis will become King of France. French life was not seriously disturbed by the pretensions of the Naundorffs. Events went their own turbulent way and decided her government. Yet under every régime since the revolution pretenders challenged the state. Under the Bourbon there were Naundorff and more seriously Napoleon II, that pathetic Bonaparte languishing to death in his gilded prison at Schonbrunn. Especially was the Orleans Monarchy threatened by the Aiglon. France turned to him in romantic reaction to bourgeois drabness. Metternich even thought of using him against France, but the risk was too great. Ghosts would arise at the call of a Napoleon. He died in 1832 leaving the path open to a more opportune Napoleon. There was further a pathetic Bourbon, the young Duke of Bourdeaux, also living in exile and enjoying the appealing aura of legitimacy. Smouldering economic fires burnt away the Orleanist régime and at last France secured her Republic in 1848 only again to be cheated by another Napoleon.

When the disaster of the *année terrible* came to avenge the "Man of Deux Decembre" France was faced with her perennial problem of government. Should her republic come at last? But even after the ignominious collapse of a diadem, the apparatus of government remained royalist. Of an elected assembly of 650, 400 were monarchists, and a government was especially formed to restore a king. The royalist plot was led by the Duc de Broglie (grandson of Madame de Stael) who returned from his embassy to the Court of St. James' to lead a king back to his throne, and by Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, son of an Imperial General and Commander of the Order of St. Louis. To their support came the pervasive appeal of the clergy. Propaganda pilgrimages were organised to monarchy, Father Picard to Lourdes, Mgr. Pie to Chartres; the pilgrimage to Paray le Monial was exultantly royalist. Royalist ladies, the Duchesse d'Uzes and the Maréchale poured their money into the plot. They were opposed by the flamboyant vigour of the "one eyed traveller for the Republic," the tribune from Cahors, Léon Gambetta, the politic neutrality of Thiers—"Mirabeau mouche"—and the indicision of France. Paradoxically the royalist plot was defeated by the royalism of the king. Of the three monarchist parties the Bonaparte was ignored. A melancholy

glory lights up Henri Dieudonné Comte de Chambord, the posthumous son of the Duc de Berry. At his birth he was acclaimed "the miracle child" for he would continue God-given rule. From the age of ten he had lived the self-deceptive life of an exile too far removed from his realm to know or understand its needs, and had been reared to regard his realm as a divine patrimony and his throne as heaven-bestowed.

Philippe Comte d'Orléans was also a descendant of St. Louis and Hugues Capet. To the stern legitimists the Orleans had lost all rights to a crown: one had voted for the execution of Louis XVI another had sat on the throne of a legitimate king. Dynastically they were considered traitors. Yet Orleanism had created a parliamentary tradition that was a challenge to divine misrule. Wisely the royalists arranged a fusion. Bourbon and Orleans met at Frohsdorff, for Henri V was childless and agreed to ascend the throne and be succeeded by Philippe V. On that only was there accord. But France too was concerned in the bargaining. And there was nothing of Henri IV in the exile who styled himself Henri V. He possessed no élan to lead a crusade for monarchy. Nor would he place France before his prejudices as did Henri IV. He refused to become the "legitimate king of the Revolution." He refused to repudiate the flag of Arques and Ivry. Nor would he accept that "formula of foreign importation" that a "king reigns but does not govern." Possessing no genius for repentance he yet wished France to repent her past, discard the tricolour, and accept his white flag. In vain the plotters tried to keep his place open by every means of governmental pressure. In 1875 Professor Wallon introduced "Republic" into the constitution and soon it was cradled to safety.

In 1873 Napoleon III died at Chiselhurst and in 1879 his son Napoleon IV fell in Zululand in an English cause. In 1883 there passed away the Don Quixote of legitimacy, Henri Bourbon, who deserved a better end. So in 1879 that "old veteran of 1848" Grévy replaced the conspirators at the Elysée and the Republic was saved. Yet threatened it still appeared. In 1885 Philippe Comte d'Orleans came from his castle of Eu in Normandy to Paris to marry his daughter, the future Queen Amelia to Prince Orleans-Braganza. On the death of Henri V he had assumed the title of Philippe V. The reception at the Hotel Galliéna was regal, social opinion was clamorously royalist, and the Republic was only a decade old. The monarchical reception was an affront to the regime. "To the Elysée!" shouted the crowd. Would there be another coup d'état? The President took precautions. He secured the Grévy Laws of Exile by which no heir of a once-reigning family could live in France. Thus were exiled Bourbon, Orleans and Bonapartes. Slowly the Republic strengthened and through the healing diplomacy of Cardinal Lavigerie many royalists rallied to the regime. Yet royalism remained vindictively hostile. They had able and politic defenders in Count Albert de Mun and La Tour du Pie, and Bishop Dupanloup raised the issue to moral heights. They financed and fanned every attack on the "gueuse." Every Ligue of Patriots had a royalist core. They hounded Grévy out of office, supported Boulanger, shouted down the Republic through the Panamists, and almost fomented civil war by their support of the clerical-ridden army against Dreyfus. The war of 1914-18 united France and the victory added to the laurels of the Republic, which had succeeded where an Empire had failed. But the irreplaceable loss of her

children—the lost generation—the failure of the U.S.A. and Britain to stand by her on reparations and the Rhine, the rise of an anti-French “cardboard Caesar,” and the menace of resurgent Germania under an Austrian corporal reacted unfavourably on the régime. Fascist parties enfeebled her, appeasement sapped her élan. In such an atmosphere royalism became vocal and hostile. There was the irresponsible royalism of the Action Française and the Camelots du Roi. Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet preached dangerous doctrines to injure and de Bainville distorted history to discredit the Republic.

Pretenders now came forward to stake their claims. There was first Henri Comte de Paris, son of the Duke of Guise who on the death of Philippe VI in 1926 became the Orleanist heir. The Duke had moved to Morocco and settled at El Arache which on frontier rectifications became Larache. Here he lived the rough life of a colonial, Lyautey found him a genial companion, and here the dauphin was born in 1908. Till 1926 he spent his life between Morocco and France where he was educated at the Collège Stanislas and carefully prepared for the throne. Tutors took him to see his family domains Amboise, Dreux, Chantilly, and Pierre de Nolhac more realistically piloted him, through working-class quarters. Because he was debarred from living in France, he settled in Belgium in the Manoir d’Anjou and entered the University of Louvain where he read law and history. His father (John I since 1926), placed upon his clever son the burden of monarchical propaganda. So the conscientious Dauphin published a propaganda paper *Courier Royal* and wrote an able *Essai sur le Gouvernement de Demain*. He repudiated the *Action Française*, for it was not the organ of the Maison de France and acted without his approval. Moreover it was bitterly partisan while he claimed to be above party. He wrote books and articles on the function of monarchy in modern society and in the *Courier Royal* announced his political philosophy. Against the republican dictum that “liberty withers in the shadow of sceptres,” he proclaimed that his monarchy would protect liberty against all dictatorships, whether of the right or left or of capital. As the horizon darkened in 1938 he made a flying visit to France and at Vexin proclaimed himself the heir of the Capetian tradition. He hoped to transfuse France with the spirit of monarchy as the arbiter between classes, for he would be above them.

There was also Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, the heir of a legend. The Bonapartes were no united family. When in 1879 Napoleon IV died, his will passed over his cousin Prince “Plon Plon” for that prince’s son Napoleon. In paternal revenge when Victor died he disinherited his son for his brother Louis. But Louis died in 1932 so that Napoleon became the accepted pretender. He was born in 1914 at Brussels, and so foreseeing were the Bonapartes that they brought sand from Fontainebleau and placed it beneath his mother’s bed so that he was born on French soil. Six months later Belgium was invaded and the Napoleons fled and joined the Empress at Farnborough. He too was carefully prepared for the throne. General Boyé tutored and took him to see the tricolour flying over Metz. He spent his time between the Bonaparte castle, Pranjins in Switzerland and Brussels, for his mother was Princess Clementina of Belgium. In 1939 he disbanded the Bonaparte groups in France. In 1939 war came again.

The Comte de Paris and Prince Napoleon offered their services to France, but President Lebrun refused. They applied to join the British army, but at the wish of France that too was refused. Then came the Blitzkrieg when every man was needed, and Paul Reynaud permitted them to join the Foreign Legion. The Count as légionnaire Henri Orliac was drafted to the Satonny camp near Lyons, Napoleon as légionnaire Blanchard to Sidi-bel-Abbas. Their fates diverge, for there came defeat and demobilization. While the Count was waiting at Marseilles news came that his father was dying. He secured a plane from the prefect and flew to Rabat. Next to the voice of de Gaulle, that of Algiers was the least stifled. Events grew dramatic and chaotic, and from that chaos a king nearly emerged.

As the war proceeded the fray widened, and by 1942 whispers grew of an American landing. The Count flew to Vichy, and consulted the senile Marshal at Charmilles, and the traitor Laval at Riom. Both he found palsied. He returned to Rabat. Then came Darlan and assumed control in the name of Pétain which Pétain vigorously repudiated. Then Giraud escaped and the Americans landed. Giraud was to lead the Free French in North Africa. In this confusion who was to be obeyed. Darlan or Giraud or Pétain? Royalists came to the Count at Rabat and pleaded with him to carry out a coup d'état. He refused. He would not emulate Napoleon; he would assume authority legally. But what was legal in that illegal entourage? Royalists then planned that the three presidents of the Councils General were to summon Darlan to retire. The Count was then to launch by wireless an appeal to all to unite and with the support of Giraud and de Gaulle to assume the Presidency of the Council. From there the road would be clear to glory and perhaps a crown. In November 1942, the Americans had landed and were in *de facto* control. To carry out this plan the co-operation of the Americans was essential, for they controlled the wireless. But they were as bewildered at the suggestions as were the French. They had matured their plans on other assumptions. They were soldiers. They made war not politics. And Eisenhower would not revise his strategy to meet the unexpected situation. Robert Murphy, Roosevelt's personal representative, was sympathetic but the soldiers were dubious and suspicious. So in December the Count, beaten, retired to Sidi Ferruch. Again events came to give him his opportunity. A crazy youth Bonnier de la Chapelle assassinated Darlan. The road was now clear, for the Americans had skillfully used Darlan as a pawn. Again royalists came to plead with him to take advantage of this unexpected opportunity to enter the Council Chamber. A little more aggressiveness in this over-conscientious prince might have carried him to his goal. But he hesitated and when pressure round him grew and decided him, Giraud arrived and the American general Clark accepted him as France's leader. A fateful audience took place between Giraud and the Count. "Non, Monseigneur," ended Giraud. "Go and find glory on the battlefield of Tunis and you will be king within three months." As the Count left his officers surged round and urged him "Brumaire! Brumaire!" But he was no Napoleon. He would not pick up a crown illegally. So he departed. This royalist effort has been partisanly exaggerated as the Plot of Algiers, but there was no plot. The Count acted openly. He claimed throughout

"I do not come as Pretender but as Rassembleur." He wandered off from the scene of failure, first to Pampeluna, then to Angelot near Cintra, where the Pretenders of Europe had gathered as in the cave of Adullum. There were Umberto of Italy, Duarte of Portugal, the Count of Barcelona, and the Prince explained to these phantoms of a vanished age how he would democratize, parliamentarise and even socialise the new monarchy of France.

A more romantic aura surrounds Napoleon. The second world war nearly created a third empire. Demobilization found him as légionnaire Blanchard at Sidi bel Abbas. He reassumed his incognito as Comte de Montfort and appealed to Vichy to be allowed to remain in France. On being refused he made his way to Pranjins, and there came the first temptation. In November, Hitler, now battle-drunk, conceived the wild plot of reinstating a Napoleon. The corporatism of France was to unite with that of the Reich. Collaborationists from the Hotel Ritz came to Pranjins, and explained that Hitler had decided to seal the Collaboration and inaugurate the New Order by returning the ashes of the Aiglon. A hundred years earlier the return of the ashes of Napoleon had ushered in the Second Empire. Would this return forbode a third? But the heir of emperors would not take part in this play-plot. A Napoleon would not collaborate with a Hitler. The ceremony nevertheless took place with the pomp of victorious Germania. In December troopers goose-stepped into the Invalides carrying the remains of Napoleon II. There was the war-staging of the New Order, the hakenkreuz, the bees; there was the rhythmic drum-beats that had announced an emperor and paved the way for Hitler. And there were the traitors Darlan and Laurencie. The Aiglon was received into a Napoleonic Pantheon, for in the chapel waiting were a Murat, a Prince of Essling, the Princess Clementina, and the Bonapartist Cardinal Baudrillart. "How sorry," remarked Abetz, "that the Prince has not come. We could have done so much with him." But then he knew France from her traitors. In the meantime the Prince had joined the maquis and was captured. After a spell at Fresne, he was imprisoned in 1941 at Neuilly with Colonel de la Roque and Pierre de Gaullé. Hitler tried again. He still planned to unite National Socialism with the principles of 1789. Hitlerites pleaded with the Prince. "France has always remained Bonapartist." They repeated echoes of the past. "Our common enemy as formerly is England." More personally they appealed. "The restoration of the Empire depends on you." But a Napoleon refused to return in the baggage of France's foes. The Hitler-Bonaparte alliance never sullied the story of France. Again he escaped to the maquis where he acted as liaison with the chief of the second bureau of the secret army, a Colonel Navarre, and where General Bethouard decorated him with the Legion of Honour. In 1950 the Assembly passed the bill introduced by the M.R.P. deputy Hutin Degrées and repealed the law of exile. So the two pretenders returned home.

For a while Napoleon settled in Boulevard Souchet which he transformed into a Tuileries, for fortunately Countess Walewska had been successful in securing from Thiers that the personal property of the deposed Napoleon be returned. But in 1951 he left for the Congo there to build a new life. And while he does not claim the throne, if called upon

he would be ready. Henri Comte de Paris found a home at Coeur Volant in the heart of the forest of Marley, where he lives with his eleven children, like a king addressed as Monseigneur and spoken to *à la troisième*. From his bureau Rue Constantine left him by the royalist governor of the Bank of France, Emile Moreau, he directs the propaganda aiming at the methodical and rational conquest of the sympathies and minds of France. He has preferred to be without monarchists rather than be partisan, for he pleads for his dream of a Monarchy that will be above party. Already Henri Comte de Paris—Henri VI—is the uncrowned king of the Fourth Republic, claiming above changing governments to be the supreme arbiter of France's interests.

There are many other pretenders mainly of genealogical interest who do not affect the stream of French life. There are the Bourbon Naundorff. Of mournful interest is the claim of James, Duke of Anjou-Segovia, elder son of Alphonso XII of Spain. He was born in 1908, saw Spain become republican, and by a solemn Declaration in 1933 renounced his rights to his brother John. He claims to be the Uncontested Head of the Royal House of Bourbon, for he asserts that the Treaty of Utrecht merely prevented the union of France and Spain. Dynastically it was *ultra vires*. On the death of the Comte de Chambord in 1883 he solemnly notified the sovereigns and ex-sovereigns of Europe, as well as the Registrar of the French Republic, that he claimed the throne of France. So again there are three classic candidates, as there were under the Third Republic but the Fourth Republic can ignore the menaces to the Third. There is Xavier Prince of Bourbon-Parma, "Regent of the Traditional Monarchical Communion," whose partisans claim that since the death of Henri V, the throne of France has been vacant. The sister of Henri V married Charles III Duke of Parma. Their descendent, albeit of female descent, is regarded as the most French of the Bourbons. He fought the Germans, suffered in Dachau, and has been recognised by the Carlist Duke of St. James as most qualified to defend the principles of the Traditional Capetian Monarchy and the Standard Bearer of Legitimacy. There is a Comte de Bourbon Basset, a descendent of the elder branch of the Bourbons who became "legal" heirs on the passing of the Valois. There is a Prince d'Anjou Durazzo, descendant of a Bourbon who left for Russia and whose credentials as a Bourbon were legally recognised in 1944 by the Tribunal of Nice. In 1945 the Court of Thonon permitted John William Freeman to use his correct name of Bourbon. He is the great grandson of Charles, Duke of Berry, by his first marriage with Mary Brown at Maidstone in 1783. Their children were royally recognised, for Queen Victoria married William Freeman to Princess Janviere de Bourbon-Sicily. As a legitimist, their grandson takes precedence even over the Orleans. And the Bonaparts have a claimant. Jerome Bonaparte Paterson, the grandson of Jerome, a young naval officer who in 1803 married Elisabeth Paterson in Baltimore. These various pretenders echo inflammatory voices of a dead past, seeking to kindle the flame of royalism in their favour. They remain servants of popular prejudice for they ignore the moral issue at the heart of government.

VICTOR COHEN.

MORAL REARMAMENT IN THE IDEOLOGICAL WAR

HISTORICAL analogies, like statistics, are notoriously misleading and arouse the keenest controversy. One of the most widely discussed of recent essays in historical analogy is Professor Toynbee's "The World and the West", where he compares the expansion of our Western civilisation with that of the Greeks. Our "free world" is the equivalent of the Hellenistic world after Alexander, a world in which our civilisation has overrun the others, and provoked their reaction against us. This fact, together with our internal divisions, invites the intervention, and threatens the domination, of an aggressive military power—as the divisions of the Hellenistic world invited the intervention and domination of Rome.

Russia has the advantage, which Rome never had, of a powerful ideological weapon in Communism to re-enforce her military might. This could well prove decisive in the present struggle for the "uncommitted" sectors of the free world, whose peoples (especially in Asia) have no sense of being partners with the West, and are reacting against Western domination, be it in politics, economics or culture. As in Hellenistic days, a potent form of nationalism has developed against the brash and thrusting lordship of the West. This reaction Communism everywhere exploits. With its industrial revolution and technical development the Soviet "world" has been able to build up immense military power, which has come into precarious equilibrium with that of the West. But this "peaceful co-existence" is temporary and will only be maintained as long as it suits the Soviet book. Not that this balance of power will necessarily break down into a general war. More likely there will be piece-meal aggression from the Soviet side, Communist risings judiciously supported, the disruption of industry and trade by highly-trained minorities within each country, and a long drawn war of nerves fought with all the guile of diplomacy, propaganda and economic baits. The build-up of destructive weapons has reached the point where major war has ceased to be desirable as an instrument of policy, when instead, in a situation where a certain balance of armed force exists, the decision is made by ideological means. In the all-important matter of ideological weapons the Soviet world has, at present, the advantage. The West still needs to find an ideology which will give its own peoples unity, and win the uncommitted nations of Asia and Africa in constructing a world order which offers them the fulfilment of their aspirations. It is the same problem as faced the Hellenistic powers—how to find an ideology which appeals to the non-Western masses as well as to the westernised few, and unites all freely in an equal partnership for achieving a common aim.

As in the case of our Hellenistic predecessors, what hampers us most is our sense of superiority. We have not adjusted our minds to the strange shifts which history brings. Lands which have been for centuries the focal points, the disseminating areas of civilisation, cease to be so; and instead the focus moves to those areas which have been the hinterlands. Again it moves back to areas which have once been the most highly civilised, but which for a time have been static or dormant. In this light we should expect to see the focal areas of civilisation shifting to Africa and South

America, while it is already clear that the peoples of the Moslem world and Asia are once again moving forward to resume a leading role. But facing these possibilities needs a radical change in our inherited attitudes, and a readiness on our side to admit these peoples as partners in the fullest sense, before the Soviet world has finally wrested the initiative from us. Such changes have taken place in history. The great change which eventually took place in the outlook of the Hellenistic peoples, after an era of acute ideological conflict, was connected with the rise of Christianity. Since then Christianity has not been superseded, and it is unthinkable that any alternative to Christianity could provide the ideology of which we stand in need. The trouble is that our prevalent Western ideology is not Christianity at all, but a brand of materialism sometimes in a Christian disguise, and sometimes decked in the garb of scientific humanism. To live Christianity as the New Testament presents it, and as the Church proclaims it, would be to live a revolutionary ideology. Would this be acceptable also to those whose religious traditions are other than Christian? At what point do they and Christianity meet? They meet at the point of a man's deepest need, where the purifying, healing, restoring power of the Cross brings a universal answer. This power demonstrated in the lives of men and women exercises an attraction to which peoples of all faiths and backgrounds respond. It is the answer which must be accepted on a world scale before our present conflicts lead on to the greatest disaster of history.

The age-old problem is the relation between the moral law and the individual, and the individual and society; on this pondered the sages and prophets of the ancient world, from China in the East to Greece in the West, during those centuries of spiritual travail which brought to birth the great philosophies and religions. The culminating event of this world-wide crisis was the revelation of God in human life as a Person, and in the corporate life of those who accepted this fact and lived out its moral implications. This truth, valid for all men then, is equally valid now. But it must be so presented to attract, not to repel, those of other faiths and the multitude, even in Christian lands, who have lost whatever faith they had. The need is the presentation of this truth, with its accompanying moral challenge, in terms that have a universal appeal; something which can be accepted by all men everywhere and which can be expressed by each in his own traditional terms while being lived out in common. Such an ideology, applied in the free world, would quickly radiate its attractive power to the other side of the iron curtain. It would result in the social order being reshaped in accordance with the moral order by men who have found the spiritual power to accept the challenge of moral absolutes in their daily lives. Christianity is rightly claimed to answer this universal need, but there must come a new dynamic if the individual is to respond in practice. How to apply the electric shock which will galvanise not merely individuals, but whole communities, even nations, to take the necessary steps?

In this connection the work of Dr. Frank Buchman, now in his 77th year, commands increasing attention. He has sponsored no doctrinal novelty, but has taken his stand on applying in practice the truths of Christianity in a way which, he maintains, can "change human nature and remake men

and nations". His many journeys in Asia, Africa and most other parts of the world during the past half-century have confirmed in his experience the universality of the need and of the answer. "Crows are black all the world over" is a Chinese saying which he often quotes. If we are honest we find that our basic urges, weaknesses and failures are just like the other man's, no matter what country he comes from. On the foundation of this common need we can face the claims of the moral law, which is absolute and permits of no exceptions. Formulated as absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness and absolute love, it brings freedom from comparing ourselves with others, and so from relative standards which always imply pride and defeat. These moral standards sharpen the sense of need which can only be met by the basic Christian experience of forgiveness and rebirth. This is the challenge which Dr. Buchman has uncompromisingly proclaimed. It has been bitterly rejected by some who seek comfort in soft living or power-seeking, and in less searching interpretations of life. But those who have accepted this challenge have found the secret of spiritual power—"the greatest force in the world" as he calls it—which is the starting point of every valid faith.

The outcome of his life-work has been the answer to that individualism which has atomised modern society, and to which the totalitarians have tried to give an enforced, all too human solution. As a result of his initial experience of change, he found that the barriers had fallen which separated him from other men, and that on this basis of openness others began to share with him in the same spiritual experience and to find the same power for transforming their lives. In this way personal experience became a social factor, the growing-point of something other than an organisation, but rather an organic community which has grown into a world force. Its recent impact on Africa has given hope to many statesmen and leaders as showing a way through the tangle of problems. An inter-racial conference, the first of its kind, was held last year at Lusaka in Northern Rhodesia under the auspices of the Governor, Sir Gilbert Rennie. Subsequently Moral Re-Armament contributed to solving the constitutional deadlock in Nigeria, and has helped to relieve tension in South Africa, by furnishing a new vision of national destiny in which men of all races have a part and an equal responsibility. In Kenya at the Athi River camp, MRA-trained men have played a vital role in winning hard-core Mau Mau to a positive, co-operative approach to the social problems of the country. Equally striking was the outcome of Dr. Buchman's tour in Asia in the winter of 1952-3, sponsored by Prime Ministers, cabinets and leaders from all walks of life; the meetings and plays arranged by the travelling force of 200 which accompanied him had an enthusiastic reception from thousands in every city that was visited. Its initial impact and growing influence led to a sharpening of the Communist Party line against MRA, as a new factor which jeopardised the Kremlin's long-term ideological offensive for winning the uncommitted millions of Asia. In a number of broadcasts from Moscow Moral Re-Armament was presented as having reached a stage in its development where, "in addition to building bridgeheads on each continent and training cadres capable of spreading this ideology among the masses, it has now started on its decisive task of total expansion throughout the world."

The children of darkness are in their generation often wiser than the children of light, and this assessment may be more accurate than most members of a somewhat uninformed public are able to make here. Fortunately there are many leaders in Europe who see in MRA a powerful factor for bringing unity, and who, like Robert Schumann, Chancellor Adenauer, and Mr. Kraft, recently Foreign Minister of Denmark, have recognised it as a vital force for rebuilding our battered civilisation. At the MRA assemblies at Caux in Switzerland this approach to constructing a supra-national order has been convincingly demonstrated. M. Schumann has called it "the beginning of a vast transformation of human society". It points the way to avoiding a repetition, in even ghastlier terms, of the dark age which overwhelmed the civilisations of the ancient world. It provides the groundwork for realising in the social and political order those great truths which, through the spiritual travail of the centuries, have become the universal heritage of mankind.

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MME. DE POMPADOUR—III

THE voluminous journal of d'Argenson mirrors the moods of the Royal Family, the courtiers and the author as envious eyes watched the ascent of Mme. de Pompadour to the position of uncrowned Queen of France and waited eagerly for her fall. She had so many powerful enemies and the King was regarded as so incurably fickle that no one predicted an indefinite continuance of her sway. As a hostile observer he is as little to be trusted as Saint Simon in his scorn for Mme. de Maintenon, but his impressions over many years are more revealing than the anaemic entries of de Luynes. Two years after her rise her enemies were confidently expecting a collapse. "The Royal Family begins to conspire," he recorded cheerfully in February, 1747. "At the last hunt she was in the carriage of the Dauphin, the Dauphine and Mesdames, who had agreed not to talk to her whatever she said. She was furious. Thus the storm gathers." A week later he thought it was about to break. "Keen observers feel sure she will soon be dismissed. The cause will be the feeling of disgrace to see the King in fetters and his favour so misplaced. The Royal Family will manage it. To-day the Dauphin and Mesdames, by the Queen's orders, begin the attack by contempt and scarcely speaking to her. They plan amusements for the King to induce him by cards and suppers to live in his family of whom he is very fond, particularly of the new Dauphine. The Dauphin's rudeness, apathy and hatred of the mistress grows," noted the diarist on March 13; "when he sees her his anger redoubles, and the Queen spurs him on." When the Dauphin and the Pompadour put forward rival candidates for a post, the Dauphin won. The Court buzzed with speculation, for she had few friends. "Everyone says she will soon have to go," wrote the diarist on April 30; "there are the same pointers as there were with Mme. de Mailly. The King has had no relations with her for months. She is depressed, loses flesh and has

become odious. She employs the time that is left to her to extort all possible favours for herself, her family and her friends, and we witness unworthy sights." A week later he was still more confident. "I hear the King has taken a great dislike to her, and there is talk of other ladies."

A year later, in March, 1748, there is the same hostility, the same wishful thinking, the same illusion about the sentiments of the King. "She sells everything, even regiments. The King is increasingly governed by her. People ask what can be done under a master who neither thinks nor feels." Seeing her at Mass he found her greatly changed, looking unhealthy and exhausted. "She cannot stand up to the life she leads—late hours, spectacles, always thinking how to amuse the King." His hopes rose ever higher. "There is more talk than ever that the King will dismiss her," he noted in September, 1748. "For eight months he has not touched her. Her resources for prolonging the spell—the comedy, ballets, dancing, music—are exhausted. Several courtiers begin to turn their back on her. Perhaps the King at last knows and feels the disgrace of her charms. He reads in the secrets of the post what people say about him. One hopes he will not abandon his pleasures with the aid of bigotry at the expense of reason. His temperament is believed to be greatly diminished by having begun too young, but he will always need some female society. There is talk of two great ladies of the Court. Let the new Sultana live with him like a respected friend." A year later, in August, 1749, d'Argenson records that she has become a skeleton. "The lower part of the face is yellow and dried up; as for her throat, there is none. Yet the King by force of habit treats her carnally better than ever. Several courtiers saw him the other day caress her cynically behind a screen." He showed how much he thought of her—and how little of her enemies—when he took her to Havre in 1749 for an inspection of the fleet. In October, 1751, the diarist reluctantly admitted that she was the First Minister, and in May, 1753, that she was more powerful than ever.

A far more sympathetic portrait is painted in the voluminous journal of the Duc de Croy, a respected courtier and soldier, who first saw her shortly after her début at Versailles. "She was at her toilette. No one could be prettier. She was full of engaging talents. The King was quite right to love her best, for she was most amiable." In a delightful phrase he describes their relationship as *un scandale de convenance*. "She was on excellent terms with the Queen, as she had urged the King to treat her with great consideration. She was always at her card parties, behaving with much grace and propriety. From time to time, like every one else, I went to her toilette. She arranged everything very well and was informed about everything. Marshal Saxe, who seemed very attached to her, was often there." Like most other people, the Duc de Croy pestered her with requests for posts for his friends, usually in vain, for even the Favourite could not always work miracles.

Though journals are far better testimony than memoirs compiled long after the period they describe, the latter often record enduring impressions. Dufort, Comte de Cheverney, was appointed at the age of twenty to the post of *Introduit* des Ambassadeurs, serving for six months every year. Writing after her death he pays her what many Frenchmen regarded as the highest of compliments: "Every man would have wished to make her his

mistress. She was tall. Her eyes had a fire, intelligence and brilliance that I never saw in another woman. She put the prettiest of them into the shade. At Compiègne the Ambassadors, except the Nuncio, after being presented to the Royal Family, went to her reception. No one understood so well how to treat every one in a fitting manner. To avoid etiquette she received at her toilette. The arts, the talents, the sciences, paid her homage. The talk was gay and natural though not profound. Her conversation was adapted to each of her visitors." Voltaire, the most accomplished flatterer in France, her favourite author and friend, saluted her with the words : "*Vous réunissez tous les arts, tous les goûts, tous les talents de plaire.*" The most convincing confirmation of the compliment was provided by the painters who conveyed something of her matchless elegance and charm. Socially it was the most brilliant period of the reign. People grumbled about hardships, commented Barbier in 1745, but they always found money for their pleasures and fêtes. In the long list of mistresses of the Valois and Bourbon rulers she holds without challenge the first place.

The deepest cause of her anxieties, as she sorrowfully confessed, was her temperament, and she found it increasingly difficult to respond to her lover's insatiable demands. When Mme. du Hausset remonstrated with her on her heating diet, she explained that she feared she might cease to be attractive to the King. In her extremity she turned to Dr. Quesnay who experimented with stimulating drugs. When aphrodisiacs proved of no avail, her royal lover, as she had resigned herself to expect, looked elsewhere for a warmer response. Physical relations ceased in the early fifties, probably in 1751. The greatest and most unprecedented of her triumphs was that in losing the lover she retained the friend.

It was at this turning-point in her career that what her biographers describe as her conversion took place. To the patron of the *Philosophes* who had never displayed the slightest interest in religion the ending of the *liaison* offered a welcome opportunity of putting herself right with the *dévots* at Court. It would be no less incorrect to attribute the change exclusively to a spiritual urge than to dismiss it as merely the result of a cool calculation of interest. No doubt her motives were mixed. How far she shared the King's belief in the doctrine of eternal punishment for earthly sins we cannot tell ; but she may well have agreed with many another sceptic that if a risk of hell fire existed, and if it could be met by certain ecclesiastical precautions, it would be folly not to play for safety. An old and cherished ambition was realised when the cessation of her *liaison* with the King enabled her to be added to the *dames du palais* to the pious Queen in 1756. "There is universal disapproval of her promotion," wrote her enemy d'Argenson. "It is hoped that the King, learning of this public outcry, will dismiss her. People complain of her ranking with the great nobility. The Queen's ladies are planning to inform her that they cannot retain their posts. Everyone blames the King. Why, it is asked, did he demand this sacrifice of the Queen ? Yet, so far, there is no change in his attitude to his *bonne amie*. He cannot drop her, and perhaps he prides himself on treating her with even more favour as his reply to criticisms, since he is proud of his autocratic power. She is pretending to lead him back to religion by her example as she sees him attracted to other

beauties. Till recently she posed as an *esprit fort*, but since the latest visit to Fontainebleau she has begun to talk of revealed religion and to fear the divine judgments."

She accompanied the Queen to daily mass, read books of devotion and prayed in Paris at her daughter's tomb. At the wish of the Jesuit Père de Sacy, who was chosen for her and whom she called her confessor, she despatched a penitent letter to her husband proposing that she should return to him ; if not, would he approve her appointment as a *dame du palais* ? His reply to the first question, as she hoped and expected, was No, to the second Yes. The advice of Père de Sacy to leave Versailles was not pressed, for she knew that with Louis XV out of sight was out of mind. What the Jesuits were reluctant to sanction was granted by a more accommodating Abbé, and she proceeded to partake of the Sacraments. Three years later, in 1759, she despatched a letter to the Pope, drafted by Choiseul, complaining that his Jesuit confessor refused the King access to the Sacraments so long as she remained at Court. Only sentiments of gratitude and the purest friendship, she explained, united them. To the demand for her dismissal the King had replied that he needed her for his happiness and his work and that she alone dared to tell him the truth. The Favourite meant much more to him than the Sacraments. "Her system, which I have noted for years," commented the Duc de Croy, "was to gain possession of his mind and, like Mme. de Maintenon, to end up by becoming *dévôte* with him."

After the Jesuit attack had been repulsed a storm blew up in another quarter. When the King's passion cooled and the private staircase to her apartments was blocked up her enemies looked round for a rival in the hope of evicting her from the Court. They found what they needed in the newly married Comtesse de Choiseul—Beaupré, and in 1752, during the usual autumn sojourn of the Court at Fontainebleau, victory seemed at last within their grasp. The decisive moment arrived when her backers were assembled in the apartment of the younger d'Argenson, Minister of War. The door opened and the young Countess, breathless and dishevelled, rushed in. "It's all over," she exclaimed. "I am loved. She will be dismissed. He has given me his word." D'Argenson's joy was shared by his mistress, the Comtesse d'Estrades, cousin and former friend of Mme. de Pompadour who had brought her to Court ; but Dr. Quesnay, who moved from palace to palace with the King, sat silent. "It will not affect you," remarked the Minister ; "we hope you will stay on." "I have been attached to Mme. de Pompadour in prosperity," he rejoined tartly, "and I shall remain so in her disgrace." When he left the room Mme. d'Estrades exclaimed : "I know him, he won't give us away." With the ball at her feet the new Favourite committed an error in tactics which ruined the campaign. She sought the aid of Choiseul, a cousin of her husband, whom she thought likely to take her side, since he was no friend of the Pompadour. When the King learned that she had betrayed the secret of his letters the scales fell from his eyes ; the delinquent was banished from Court and died in childbirth. The result of the plot, of which the frail beauty was the instrument rather than the author, was to strengthen the position of Mme. de Pompadour whose gratitude to Choiseul for his timely intervention transformed an enemy into a friend for life.

The first grave crisis in her fortunes had been overcome and the threatening clouds rolled away, though further and less formidable attempts at her overthrow were to be made. Despite her fading physical charms she was the uncrowned Queen of France. "More than ever is she the First Minister," admitted d'Argenson ruefully in December, 1756. "She dominates the King as strong personalities dominate weak ones." Richelieu, who detested her, thought her too formidable to attack. She was born for the place, testifies the Duc de Croy. At first she tried to please everyone, but when she felt more secure and learned the secrets of the palace she became less considerate though always remaining polite. Like all the other young men, whether soldiers or civilians, he paid court to her because it was the only way to rise. His reward was an invitation to her weekly supper. Part of her strength lay in the knowledge that she would always stand by her friends. It was equally well understood that she would not lift a finger for anyone who challenged her position or opposed the wishes of the King. Why, asked the President de Mesnieres, one of the luminaries of the Parlement, had his son been refused a post? "Because you furnished the Parlement with arguments," was the reply. Though the result of two long conversations was negative, the lawyer was impressed by the ability and eloquence with which she championed the right of the King to do whatever he wished. In addition to her charms and taste she had plenty of brains, and she stands out as the only Intellectual among the mistresses of the Kings of France.

The main result of the breaking of intimate ties was the establishment of a private brothel for the use of the King. "How is it that at sixty-five you have the same desires as at twenty-five?" he asked of Richelieu, an acknowledged expert in the arts of love. "Sire," was the reply, "I frequently change the object. Novelty produces the desired result." The King followed his advice, and during the long interregnum between the fourth and the fifth *maîtresse en titre* he purchased some small houses in the name of a Paris bailiff in a quiet part of Versailles known as the Parc aux Cerfs—as great a scandal in the history of the Bourbons as the *mignons* of Henri III in the record of the Valois. "There were two or three occupants at the same time," testifies Valfons, "who had no communications with each other. Each had her own little house, a chambermaid, a cook, a laquais, and a *gouvernante* in charge. They had a box with a grille at the Comédie, which they frequented in turn and where I often saw them. They received no one, but they were allowed any teachers they wished." The establishment was managed and the girls were chosen by the chief valet Lebel, the unofficial Minister of the King's pleasures, who kept in touch with brothels in Paris. He was just the man for the task, for he had a mistress of his own, and Cheverny describes one of his supper parties where two women of easy virtue were present and a good deal of horseplay occurred. The King's visits were incognito and some of the inmates were told that their patron was a wealthy Polish nobleman. "The King has a little girl of fourteen as concubine," wrote d'Argenson in his journal on December 10, 1752. "He likes young girls as he is afraid of syphilis." "He is more than ever sunk in fleeting amours," he added on April 18, 1754. "He has several little *grisettes* at the same time." Mme. de Pompadour resigned herself to the shameful expedient, remarking to

Mme. du Hausset. "All these little uneducated girls will never take him from me."

We have little information as to how many occupants there were, what were their names, how many children were born, and what became of them and their offspring. Only two come alive. "La belle Morphise," a girl of 14½ named Murphy, daughter of a Paris cobbler of Irish descent, passed several years in the Parc aux Cerfs and is believed to have had five children. When the King was shown her miniature at the age of fourteen he exclaimed: "I cannot imagine such a beautiful child. This portrait can only be an ideal." When she obeyed his summons he took her on his knees, gave her a house, and occasionally received her at the palace. The Maréchale d'Estrées encouraged her to seek the position of *maitresse en titre*, and in May, 1753, d'Argenson noted that such was the general expectation. Finally her pretensions were her undoing and she was married off with a large dowry.

A large share in the King's heart was claimed by Mlle. de Romans, daughter of a provincial lawyer, who objected to being immured in the Parc aux Cerfs and was provided with a residence at Passy. She tried without much success to arouse his interest in her coming child. "I noticed, *ma grande*," he wrote in an autograph letter, "that you had something on your mind when you left yesterday, though I could not guess what it was. I do not desire our child to be registered under my name, but that does not mean that I may not recognise it in a few years if I feel so inclined. I wish him (or her) to be called Louis (or Louise) aimé, son (or daughter) of Louis the King, or of Louis Bourbon, whichever you prefer. I also wish the foster parents to be poor people or domestics. *Je vous baise et embrasse bien tendrement, ma grande amie*." The boy, baptised Bourbon, son of Charles de Bourbon, Captain of Cavalry, was recognised by the King in 1762. Mme. du Hausset describes an incognito excursion with her mistress to the Champs Elysées, where they found the proud mother with the child at her breast. Some courtiers predicted that he would become a new Duc du Maine, and on the death of Mme. de Pompadour his mother importuned the King for the vacant place of Favourite. She pressed too hard, was dismissed, separated from her child and forgotten. The boy was kindly treated by Louis XVI who named him Abbé de Bourbon.

Another competitor for the royal favour, the Marquise de Coislin, seemed dangerous enough to alarm Mme. de Pompadour in 1755. The peril was averted by a warning from Bernis that a change of Favourites would damage the improving relations with Vienna. Like most aspirants she had already offended the King by her greedy demands. Mlle. Romans was succeeded in 1762 by Mlle. Tiercelin, a girl in her sixteenth year, who bore the King a son in 1764, and was exiled in 1766 with payment of her debts. The Comtesse d'Esparbes, friend of Mme. de Pompadour and mistress of young Lanzun, Choiseul's nephew, and the Duchesse de Gramont, Choiseul's sister, were also candidates for the royal favour, but none of them quite fulfilled the conditions exacted by the King. The houses in the Parc aux Cerfs were sold in 1771 when the charms of Mme. du Barry supplied his elderly needs for the remaining years of his life.

To be continued.

G. P. GOOCH.

LIBERALISM AND DEMOCRACY

WHATEVER else may be urged in favour of democracy, as we understand it, it is not hallowed by antiquity. It has been in operation in the United States of America for little over 150 years. It is much younger in Europe, and, indeed, there are still many European countries where it has never seeded itself at all, or has proved unable to withstand the strains and stress of political conflict. In Spain, Germany and Italy it collapsed, and although in the latter two countries it has been restored by force of arms, it is still a very tender plant in both. In Czechoslovakia, under Russian pressure, it voted itself out of existence. Elsewhere in eastern Europe, it never got beyond the first stages of experiment.

It is important, if we are to understand the relationship between liberalism and democracy, that we should first decide what the word means, for, like liberalism itself, it is a vague and shadowy concept. To some it means egalitarianism, to others universal suffrage, to others republicanism, to others government by the people, to others simply the reverse of tyranny. For myself, I think of it as government by consent, and I go back to the *Declaration of Independence* for a clear picture of what the word is intended to convey: "To secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Nothing is said there about votes or parliaments or general elections. The principle insisted upon is that of consent, but there is no hint as to how it is to be obtained. That is a matter for the constitutional experts, not the political theorists, and in no two democracies have they reached the same conclusions. Different institutions, different voting systems, different procedures provide a whole galaxy of systems, no one of which can claim to be democracy in a pure, unadulterated form. Democracy is, in other words, the principle of government with the consent of the governed; it is not any particular method of government. One constitution may work better than another, and may be considered more democratic in so far as it provides a better mechanism for the expression of popular consent, but democracy itself is an underlying principle.

It is, moreover, a principle of method, not a principle of right. There is no right to a vote in the sense that there is a right to freedom. The vote is simply a part of the mechanism through which the right to freedom is secured, and if that mechanism ceases to function properly it ought to be abandoned. To the liberal, democracy is the principle of government through which the essential freedoms can be preserved; its importance lies in its practical efficiency; it is not a part of the natural law. One of the best liberal definitions of democracy is contained in the *Liberal Manifesto* which was adopted at a meeting in Oxford in 1947 of liberal politicians and thinkers from 19 countries. It has not, to my knowledge, been challenged in liberal circles: "True democracy is inseparable from political liberty, and is based on the conscious free and enlightened consent of the majority, expressed through a free and secret ballot, with due respect to the liberties and opinion of minorities."

That definition is, however, very different from what is accepted by those believers in democracy who do not happen to be liberals. To them, democracy is simply a matter of counting heads, and elections simply devices to decide which of two or more competing groups are to enjoy the fruits and prerogatives of power. The emphasis is laid, not on consent, but on majority. It is a statistical conception as opposed to a human conception, and lies at the root of the troubles to which democracy has fallen victim over the last 40 years. Government by consent is government that enjoys the good-will of the majority, but it cannot be good government unless it is based on respect for the rights of the minority as well. The *Declaration of Independence* does not speak of the "powers" of the Government, but of its "just powers," and it does not say that they are based on the "consent of the majority" but on the "consent of the governed," which includes the minority as well. The reference to just powers makes it clear that there are some things that a Government may not do, no matter how well-entrenched it may be legally. Its function is to secure certain rights, and these rights are the rights of everyone, not just of supporters of the Government. It has, of course, the right and duty to restrain the criminal, the cheat and the lunatic; it has the right and duty to make laws for the proper regulation of individual and group relationships; it has the right and duty to defend the community against aggression; it has the right and duty to initiate schemes of social welfare, to promote the economic prosperity of the community, to stimulate the development of natural resources; but it has no right, however wide its support, to discriminate against the minority. Once it does that it is no longer governing by consent, but is governing on behalf of the majority. It is no answer to say that Governments have always governed on behalf of their own supporters, for that merely underlines the failure of democracy so far. It is, I think, fair to say that liberal Governments—that is, Governments which, whatever they may have called themselves, accepted the definitions quoted from the *Declaration of Independence* and the *Liberal Manifesto*—have been more inclined than others to govern for the whole people than for a section alone, but I doubt if any Government has yet reached to the ideal.

It can also be argued that the government of a minority by a majority is a great deal better than the government of a majority by a minority. Certainly fewer people are likely to suffer. That is the real basis of the theory underlying universal suffrage; if everybody has a vote, and the Government is responsible to the majority, it is probable, in theory anyway, that the majority will benefit. That is much better than allowing the majority to be squeezed for the benefit of a small but powerful group. Nevertheless, it is still not government as we have defined it, and, as experience has shown, it is bound to be self-defeating in the end. Recent history is littered with the corpses of so-called democratic régimes which have accepted that view, and, with the possible, and, maybe, temporary exceptions of the United States and Canada, it is undermining such democratic régimes as still remain.

This democratic disease springs from the superimposition of class warfare on universal suffrage, which divides each nation into two hostile groups, each anxious to secure power over the other by amassing a

majority of votes. Formerly, in Britain at any rate, the political cleavage was vertical. There were large numbers of Conservative working men and of Liberals in the upper and middle classes. The advent of the Labour Party ensured that both Conservative working men and upper and middle-class Socialists became rarities, and that elections became manifestations of the class struggle conducted through the ballot-box. The Socialist would argue that that was only right, and that previously the Conservative and Liberal elements in the upper classes had engaged in a mock battle between themselves. Universal suffrage, he would say, means the passing of power into the hands of the workers who form a natural majority. It is all very nice in theory, but in practice it means the division of the nation into two camps, each of which thinks that victory in an election gives it the right to override the other at will. That is the same outlook as is adopted by court factions in an absolute monarchy, only on a larger scale. It deserves to be styled democracy only because it makes use of the democratic machinery. It is certainly not government by consent.

Its main effect is to instil into both sides a fear of being outvoted. The greater the fear of defeat, the less trust there is in democratic procedures. The militant, undemocratic wing of each side grows stronger, and eventually a seizure of power takes place, and the democratic machinery is either broken up, or adjusted so as to make it no more than a legalistic prop for the ruling coterie. That is what happened between the wars in Germany, Italy and Spain, all of which tried to establish democracies. That it has not happened yet in Britain is due to the British genius for compromise, and hatred of extreme solutions. No close observer of British policies over the last 20 years, however, could fail to be alarmed at the drift towards extremism on the left that the stubborn refusal to be stampeded away from the middle way has provoked. In France, the growth of the extreme movements on both right and left is one of the prime causes of anxiety in western Europe.

The facility with which democracy can accomplish its own destruction is, indeed, one of its gravest weaknesses. A successful democracy demands the deliberate exercise of responsibility on the part, not just of the politicians, but of the bulk of the electorate. The larger the latter, the greater the probability of its betraying that responsibility ; for extensions of the franchise go downwards, not upwards. Each new addition to the electorate means a further dilution of its quality. That is hotly denied under the current conventions of political thought, which make it tantamount to heresy to cast doubt on the equal ability of everyone, irrespective of education, intelligence or experience, to make sound, responsible decisions at election time, but it is, nevertheless, one of these obvious, inescapable rocks rising up in the centre of the current of public thought which are none the less real because they are ignored. We are constantly pointing out how foolish it would be to introduce universal suffrage in primitive countries, but it might be as well if we remembered occasionally that, in the west, we have not proved conspicuously fit for it ourselves. What happens is that the politicians, driven by their need for votes, play on the emotions rather than the intelligence of the people, peddle short-term bribes instead of emphasizing long-term needs, harp on immediate

economic ills and their cures, magnify injustices and minimize all that is good in society and appeal to self-interest rather than to the sense of right. It is easier to kindle hatred than love, nationalism than internationalism, selfishness than charity. The politician is not to be blamed if he builds up his following on the less worthy reactions of his audience. That is the fault of the machine he has to use. There are conspicuous exceptions, but, on the whole, democracy as we practise it has given a new lease of life to the demagogue, and it is hard to see how it could have been otherwise. Politics rarely prove a crusade, however earnestly we try to give them moral content. We are still close to the days when Macchiavelli wrote *The Prince*, and, if he were alive and writing to-day, he would probably entitle his treatise *The Ballot-Box*, and deal scientifically with the methods of acquiring power in a democracy. He would certainly devote a chapter to the methods of consolidating that power once it has been achieved.

To a Liberal constitutional devices have little value in themselves ; there is certainly nothing sacrosanct about them. So long as they contribute to securing government by consent, they ought to be upheld. If they fail in that, or if they show weaknesses which, if allowed to develop, will cause them to fail, they must be discarded or reformed. In any event, they must always be watched carefully, for no human institutions are more liable to corruption than those open to the buffetings of political life. Liberals are democrats in the broad sense that they believe in government by consent, but no particular form of democratic machinery is essentially liberal. There is no liberal principle involved in universal suffrage, or in proportional representation, or in bi-cameral legislatures. A republic is not necessarily more liberal than a monarchy. Representation by function rather than on a geographical basis is not necessarily illiberal. It is not the form that matters, but its efficiency in creating mutual trust and confidence between the Government and the governed. We must not make the mistake, however, of thinking that consent is easily obtained, or that it can be produced mechanically from above. It must be "free, conscious and enlightened." New techniques have made it easy for the dictator to plaster his photograph on every building, and set the ether constantly humming with his name, but consent produced by such means is none the less tyranny because the crowds come out to cheer him in their millions. The secret police stands in the shadow behind them. Genuine consent is rooted deep in the hearts of the people, and the Government is its flower. It can only manifest itself in liberty, and it is only valid when it is expressed deliberately with the knowledge of what it means. There can be no consent where the people do not have access to the facts on which their consent can be based ; and consent divorced from responsibility is as unlikely to produce good results as any other irresponsible action. On the Secretariat Building in New Delhi the British Raj caused the following inscription to be placed: "Liberty does not descend to a people. A people must raise itself to liberty. It is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed." It is rather smug and platitudinous, but the point about platitudes is that they are true. So long as people are unfit to live in democracies, democracies will not work, no matter how perfect they may seem on paper. In the meantime, it is the

special task of the Liberal to watch their operation with hawk's eyes, and to have the courage to speak out when he sees them in danger of collapse. It is the spirit of democracy that has to be preserved.

JOHN H. MACCALLUM SCOTT *Secretary-General, Liberal International*

THE MAGIC OF BARRIE

SIR JAMES BARRIE belonged to no particular school of thought, nor can it be ascribed to him that he was influenced by the hints and precepts of the critics with their vague rules. He was popular with all classes of readers and play-goers, and deservedly for his style, grace and charm of manner, but he is significant of nothing in modern drama, for on the stage he is most delightful when he allows his fancy to roam uncontrolled by reality. "The Little Minister," it is true, apart from a too-abundant sentiment, was a picture of real life, for it had the advantage of being founded upon one of the best of his prose-tales. But in a play like "The Admirable Crichton" he carries us over into the regions of pure burlesque. "Lord Loam" holds that class distinctions should be effaced, and he is ready to sit at meals with his servants. Crichton, his butler, believes that class distinction should be observed. The theme is dramatised by the shipwreck of Lord Loam's yacht. Lord Loam, his daughter, her cousin, the teeny maid and Crichton find themselves on a desert island. Here the butler comes to the front, discovers means for supporting the life of all, and the others are virtually his menials. But after their rescue and the return to London the old order reasserts itself, and Crichton falls back into his original position. Equally popular have been his other plays of burlesque fancy or sentimental humour, "Little Mary," "What Every Woman Knows," and "Quality Street."

Barrie's fantastic fun in its own way contributes a distinct and original contribution to humorous literature; while its special characteristic lies in the self-consciousness of the jester and the capricious blend of romance and reality in his method. The spirit of mockery is more in evidence than in the elder humour; there is an absence of that immense flow of animal spirits that meets us in Dickens, or the tender, spontaneous whimsicality of Lamb. The humour is less universal in its appeal, but it is excellent, and there is a poetic flavour in Barrie's humour that may always be sure of an enthusiastic audience. He can touch with an ease and a grace which is given to no other modern writer the sentimental, the pretty, the humorous in undreamt-of situations. In his later plays, notably in "Dear Brutus" (1917), and "Mary Rose" (1920) Sir James Barrie added, with the happiest effect, a strain of romantic mysticism, a characteristic which is peculiarly a part of his genius. He may not possess the force of a strong personality, but popularity has left him the individuality of his work.

It was with fiction that Sir James Barrie won his fame. He began by earning his livelihood as a journalist, and his early books are largely made of periodical articles and sketches carefully revised and deftly welded together. In 1883 he was a leader writer on the Nottingham Journal, but in the following year he joined the staff of the St. James's Gazette, and his "Auld Licht Idylls," "A Window in Thrums," and "My Lady Nicotine"

appeared in that paper. He was soon writing for other periodicals including the *British Weekly* and *Henley's National Observer*. His first book, "Better Dead," a short extravaganza, appeared in 1887. It relates the adventures in London of a young Scotsman who joins a society which exists for the purpose of disencumbering the earth of spurious existences, in other words of assassinating those who are weary of life. To adopt an old criticism it would have been better for this burlesque had it been more angry or more witty. As a piece of pure jocularity it grows tiresome, for the jesting is heavy-handed; and Stevenson's "Suicide Club" suggests a comparison in the same genre not altogether to the advantage of Barrie's early tale. Nor had he found himself in "When a Man's Single" (1888), which is no more than a collection of episodic sketches tagged together and given the form of a book; although the dry wit and humour characteristic of his later work here re-appear. It was, however, in the purely Scottish books that Barrie was most successful. He has scarcely since surpassed his early "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums." They are both volumes of detached stories and sketches. The quiet humour, subdued realism, quaintness and sentimentality in dialogue and situation which characterise these sketches also lend all that is best to the later Scots tales: "The Little Minister," "An Auld Licht Manse," "Margaret Ogilvy," "Sentimental Tommy," and its continuation, "Tommy and Grizel."

In "Auld Licht Idylls" the author sketched in a spirit of kindly and sympathetic satire the Auld Lichts, one of the most primitive in faith and theology of the Scots' sects, for whom "there were three degrees of damnation—auld kirk, play-acting, chapel." Their kirk was chiefly supported by folk of the stamp of the old woman whose only "case against the minister was that he did not call sufficiently often to denounce her for her sins, her pleasure being to hear him bewailing her on his knees as one who was probably past praying for." "A Window in Thrums" follows the pattern of its predecessor; it is a collection of studies, not a novel. Jess, the old cripple woman, sits in a window and watches with untiring interest all the minute goings-on of life in Thrums. Kirriemuir, under the name of Thrums, has become as well known on the map of literature as Cranford or Casterbridge. But the background of landscape and scenery is often curiously slight. Thrums is never as vivid to the eye of the imagination as Hardy's "Dorchester" in "The Mayor of Casterbridge." Barrie is interested in his little village folk, and he is content to supply no more than a background that is sufficiently clear and definite in outline to frame his characters or throw them into relief. The opening chapter of "Auld Licht Idylls" is one of the few exceptions to this statement, and an exception which can only make us regret that the author has not more often written descriptively.

"The ghostlike hills that pen in the glen have ceased to echo to the sharp crack of the sportsman's gun (so clear in the frosty air as to be a warning to every rabbit and partridge in the valley); and only giant Catlaw shows here and there a black ridge, rearing its head at the entrance of the glen and struggling ineffectually to cast off his shroud. Most wintry sign of all, I think as I close the window hastily, is the open farm stile, its poles lying embedded in the snow where they were last flung by Waster Lunny's herd.

Through the still air comes from a distance a vibration as of a tuning-fork; a robin, perhaps, alighting on the wire of a broken fence."

Human nature is, however, the main purpose of these tales. Viewed from one side, Barrie was, in my own view, a better dramatist than novelist, and I am aware there are reliable critics who hold a contrary opinion; but to look at all sides, and to distrust the verdict of a single mood, is, no doubt, the duty of a critic. But how if a certain side be so often presented as to thrust forward in the memory and disturb it in the effort to recall that total impression (for the office of a critic is not, though often so misunderstood, to say "guilty" or "not guilty" of some particular fact) which is the only safe ground of judgment? It is the weight of the whole man, not of one or the other limb of him, that we want. Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character, and in spite of a few slight blemishes there is surely no lack of that exquisite sensitiveness in Barrie's work which is the conscience of the artist. His "Peter Pan" fairy books, and "My Lady Nicotine," are wholly an outcome of kindly and sympathetic study of the Scots country folk.

The dialect novel sprang into popularity in the late "eighties" with Barrie's "Auld Licht Idylls," and along with Barrie in the "nineties" must be associated S. R. Crockett and Ian Maclaren, in their tales of Scots' life. Every experimental period is necessarily self-conscious in its art, and, save in the hands of a few masters, intense self-consciousness meets us in the fictions of the last twenty-five years or so. This is by no means such an embarrassment to enjoyment as it may seem; but since it throws the onus of pleasing entirely on personal equation, its limitations are obvious. Barrie exerted himself to give pleasure to his vast audiences at all times. "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella" are apt examples. If true use of dialect be, however, a virtue in a writer, a slight exaggeration is not a matter of great moment, and Sir James Barrie has the genius of more excellent things—a knowledge true if not deep of unsophisticated human nature, of pathos and humour in common lives: and he has, further, a wit that comes not rarely and always justly. In these gifts he has no rival. I should say that Barrie is more apt to dilate our fancy than our thought, as great writers have the gift of doing. But if he has not the potent alchemy that transmutes the lead of our commonplace associations into gold, yet his sense is always up to the sterling standard; and though he has not added so much as some would have done to the stock of bullion which others afterwards coin and put into circulation, there are few who have minted so many phrases that are still a part of Scotland's literary currency. Where he rises, he generally becomes fervent rather than imaginative; his thought does not incorporate itself in metaphor, as in purely poetic minds, but repeats and reinforces itself in simile. Where he is imaginative, it is in that lower sense which the poverty of our language, for want of a better word, compels us to call picturesque. But after all, he is best upon a level, table-land, it is true, and a very high level, but still somewhere between the loftier peaks of inspiration and the plain of everyday life. Where he moralises he is always good, setting some obvious truth in a new light by vigorous phrase and happy illustration.

There is a great deal to be said for the texture of the average English mind which prepared it for Barrie's subjugation from the other side of the

border. No observer of men can have failed to notice the clumsy respect which the understanding pays to elegance of manner and savoir-faire, nor what an awkward sense of inferiority it feels in the presence of an accomplished worldliness. The code of society is stronger with most persons than that of Malaya, and many a man who would not scruple to thrust his fingers in his neighbour's pocket would forgo green peas rather than use his knife as a shovel. The appreciation and admiration for Sir James Barrie and his works by the vast audiences he entertained in England is a wonderful testimony of friendship towards the Scots generally and for Scotland in particular. The submission with which the greater number surrender their natural likings for the acquired taste of what for the moment is called the World is a highly curious phenomenon, and, however destructive of originality, is the main safeguard of society and nurse of civility. It is only a great mind or a strong character that knows how to respect its own provincialism and can dare to be in fashion with itself. Barrie never at any time failed to respect and honour his native Scotland.

J. B. PRICE.

ARCTIC CANADA

BUSH-PLANES are being used to an ever increasing extent in the drive to broach the great natural resources of Canada's "Northlands". Aircraft ranging from Stinsons, Beavers, Bellancas and Norsemen, to D.C.3s, Bristols and Convairs are maintaining scheduled passenger and freight services across areas which, even five years ago, had yet to be fully mapped and which are yet to be adequately explored on foot. Canada's Northwest Territories stretch to within 600 miles of the North Pole and are some six times the area of France. Her Yukon Territory exceeds 200,000 square miles of "barrens," tundra and mountain massifs. The total population of these remote Northlands does not exceed 40,000, and in the past their remote immensity forbade the broaching of the natural resources they were known to contain. The bush-plane changed all that. Uncertainly at first, but with increasing vehemence, aircraft encroached on the preserve of the husky sledge-dog until, last year, bush-airlines carried more than a quarter of a million passengers and sixty thousand tons of freight to new settlements sprung up since the war in what the authorities in Ottawa describe inadequately as the "unsettled areas of the North." Bush airlifts maintained by the major mining companies operating in Northern Canada and Alaska carried at least another 30,000 tons of freight to new mining camps "in the bush."

The mining localities of the Northwest Territories received supplies, during the short summer, by barge along the tortuous rivers that flow northwards into the Arctic Ocean. The Yukon is served by road, and river in summer. And in winter the more remote mining settlements in Yukon and the Northwest receive supplies by tractor-drawn freight-sledges. But aircraft are the key to the speedy development of Canada's Northlands—the scheduled freight services of the bush airlines that operate to the very rim of the Arctic Ocean and to Central Alaska, the individual bush-pilots who operate into the interior from these main trans-North trunk routes,

and the airlifts operated by the larger mining companies engaged on "development projects in the Northern Wilderness." Typical of the latter is the "development" of an ore-field in the barrens 150 miles from Yellowknife. Using light aircraft to establish an airstrip at the mining site, and then twin-engined freighters, 650 tons of mining machinery was flown in. The machinery included plant for treating ore so that by the time a road is driven through to the new mine concentrates will be stockpiled for delivery to Yellowknife. Not only was this new industrial settlement established by air. The operating mining company estimates that to have delivered mining machinery to the camp by tractor-drawn freight-sledges (with dog-teams, the only means of cross-country transport in this rocky area) would have cost \$160 per ton. By airlift, and including the cost of building an airstrip, freightage was \$90 per ton.

In the earlier days of bush-flying the planes used were operationally uneconomical. Limited cargo capacity and the long hauls between the settlements of the Northlands meant high freight costs. As recently as 1942 freight charges between Edmonton ("Gateway to the North") and the gold-boom town of Yellowknife 700 miles away in the Northwest Territories were \$50 per 100 lbs.; and the freight was heavy mining machinery, building materials, sewage piping, etc. Today Edmonton-Yellowknife freight charges are only 18c. for the first 100 lb. and less than 15 c. per 100 thereafter. And passenger fares? To give just one example: the C.P.A. Edmonton-Hay River fare has been reduced from \$115 to \$66. Reduction in fares and freight costs began with the merging of the small bush-lines operating light aircraft into bush airlines with the capital to develop new trunk routes. Pacific Western Airlines typifies the development of an airline from one bush plane—from the Junkers monoplane in which Rus Baker served a remote area of Northern British Columbia after the 1914 war. Subsequently, as General Manager of P.W.A., Mr. Baker served this same area, at least one of its fur-trading outposts, grown into a major industrial town, with D.C.3s.

So it was with Associated Airways and Canadian Pacific Airways. C.P.A. emerged between 1939 and 1942 from a merger of ten small groups of bush-pilots owning 77 aircraft of 14 different makes, a polyglot collection ultimately to become 9,800 miles of main-line north-south air services. Canadian Pacific is the largest of the new "trans-North" bush airlines. Its fleet of D.C.3s and Convair 240s operates northwards from Vancouver to Central Alaska and from Edmonton to the Arctic Ocean, serving new oil-field, mining, forestry, hydro-electric and smelting undertakings. These new ventures are not post-war industrial bubbles with dilapidation and untended airstrips at the end. One, the "aluminium" smelter city of Kitimat, will cost £100 million before it is completed. Another, now under construction in Northern British Columbia, will cost £2,000 million. A score or so of mining undertakings which will cost an initial £20 million. And all of them rely to a greater or lesser extent on the new bush air-liner or on the many light bush-planes operating between the new trunk-routes and the interior. The work-a-day service of the new bush airlines is typified by the scheduled, summer-and-winter, sun-and-blizzard, freight and passenger Edmonton-to-the-Arctic and Edmonton-Alaska services operated by C.P.A. And if Beavers, Bellancas, Cessnas, Stinsons and Piper Cubs

and their cousins cannot compete with D.C.s, Convairs and Bristols on the "long hauls" they are still the key to the development of the vast areas flanking the main trans-Northlands air routes.

Light aircraft are being used to deliver men and materials to new mining centres, mail to remote settlements too small to warrant the use of (say) a Douglas. They are used to take parties of geologists in the far interior and keep them supplied; to lend oil-crews and drilling equipment or miners and mining gear at possible "strikes" and then help establish these as new oil-development or mining centres, that for example, in the remote Hottah Lake region of the Northwest Territories. The rich mineral deposits at Hottah Lake are being broached by a shuttle service of twin-engine Bristol freighters. But the airstrip on which they laid machinery and supplies was levelled with a 12,000-lb. bulldozer, flown in "in pieces" by the bush pilot Tommy Fox in a floatplane. A more extreme example of the bush-plane in action is the well known one of a Norseman, the famous bush-flyer Ernie Boffa, and a 2,000-lb. item of mining equipment for delivery from Yellowknife to a camp across the lake. The load being too cumbersome for Boffa to get it into his Norseman, he lashed it to one float and partly balanced it with 1,000 lbs. of drill-steel on the other float—having first lashed the Norseman to its tie up to prevent it sinking. Then he climbed into the cockpit, revved up so that when he gave the signal to cut the ropes his aircraft would take off before it could sink. The result? The Norseman "tottered forward . . . mushed along just above the water and sank on the beach within a dozen yards of its target—the new mining camp across the lake from Yellowknife." This is an extreme example of bush-flying. Nevertheless even more normal point-to-point flying in light aircraft is not without its hazards. Eighteen company-operated bush-planes were written off last year, that is one every three weeks. As many again were damaged, some more or less seriously. Blizzards, extreme cold (winter temperatures of 70 "below" are not uncommon), fog, magnetic disturbances, dangerous landing and take-off conditions due to spring-weakened ice or frost-corrugated gravel add a certain uncertainty to bush-flying in light aircraft. However, the danger element has been reduced to a minimum by the extension last March of the Canadian Ministry of Transport safety regulations for bush fliers, and by that of radar-radio-Loren-Shoren-meteorological networks across Canada to the edge of the Arctic Ocean.

The major airstrips built at strategic points in the North during the war contributed greatly to the industrial development of Canada's "Northern Wilderness" by air. With the return of peace, the pioneering spirit in Canadian aviation took over. Mr. Grant McConachie gave form to this spirit when he said, "I am convinced that with a relatively small investment in landing strips, lighting and radio range ground installations, Canada can realize enormous returns in accelerated northern development. The cost of these northland airways would be trifling in comparison with the prohibitive expense and the time involved in attempting to provide surface transportation across the wilderness areas." He emphasised that the remarkable efficiency of the twin-engined D.C.3s and Bristol freighters in comparison with the single-engined bush-plane had already been established and believed that the next logical step was the introduction of four-engined

transports like the Douglas D.C.-6A to the northern skyways. "With suitable landing strips and all weather flying facilities, these big efficient carriers could fly, with high utilization, enormous payloads at low cargo rates in the main traffic arteries of the north, now dependent to a large extent on infrequent, tedious and high cost surface transportation. The big cargo planes could deliver their 30,000-lb. loads to certain strategic centres, with smaller tributary aircraft to distribute these supplies throughout the regions." The "introduction of the D.C.-6A to the northern skyways" would be followed by a 25 per cent. reduction in air fares on C.P.A.'s trans-North trunk routes. Meanwhile C.P.A. is reported to be planning all-cargo north-south services using Curtiss Commandos or Bristols (which Trans-Canada Airlines, Associated Airways and the R.C.A.F. use with success) or a cargo adaptation of the D.C.3. Of these the first mentioned is probably the most suitable, for its freight capacity (2,700 cu. ft.) is almost twice that of the D.C.3 and a war surplus machine, "its cost is only one third that of the Bristol." Introduction of an all-freight main-line bush service would allow for further reductions in freight rates. This would give yet another fillip to industrial development in the immensities of Northern Canada. Another reflection would be a development of the small groups of bush-pilots operating between the main trunk-routes and the interior into new bush airlines operating scheduled services across the very heart of Canada's "barrens." FRANK ILLINGWORTH.

THE BIG TREK

FOR Jean Chemin, French sheep farmer, summer ushers in an age-old trek that takes his flock of 2,300 sheep and goats from the sea-level grazings of La Crau, already blighted by the drought, to the lush Mercantour Range, 200 miles away and 8,000 feet up in the Alps, within a stone's throw of Italy. Toward the end of spring his sheep get leaner and leaner. Their flat, scissor-like jaws scrape the lowland pastures bare, upturning every pebble in their quest for the last blades of grass. As La Crau becomes a burning cauldron under the fiery sun, they suffer intensely from the heat. Despite his eagerness to start, Chemin had to wait for the thaw to set in on the Alps. At such high altitudes spring replaces winter almost overnight. When the sheep reach journeys' end a rich carpet of tall grass awaits them. The sheepmaster used the last days to complete careful preparations for his expedition and the long months he would spend far away from the centres of population. Into a covered wagon he heaped everything needed by people remote from civilisation and markets, for oversight of the most trivial thing would call for a day-long hike, down dales and up mountains to the nearest hamlet, Bouzieyas, ten miles from his shepherd's cabin, which stands in the shadow of 8,396-foot Cime du Voga.

The trek started the same morning the little local newspaper announced "Thaw on the Alps!" Because the animals must be slowly acclimatised to the freezing cold of the mountain-nights, the drive is made in 13 marches ranging up to 15 miles in length. To evade the scorching heat of the day

and the dense traffic on the roads the flock mainly travels after sundown. At 7 p.m., on the first day of summer, old chief-shepherd Bastian, wise in sheep ways, set the animals on their long trek with the sacrosanct formula: "Brrrrr vèni, vèni, pitchounes !" (Now, move along, little ones). Accompanied by his dog Lamir, Bastian was to lead the whole way and keep the pace at a steady mile and a half an hour. He warned me that such a pace, best for the flock, would be hard for me, for it is unnatural and tiring to cut the length of one's step by half. Soon, to the jangle of the rams' bells, goats, horses, asses, dogs and sheep got slowly under way. In the middle of the flock, shepherds Francois and Simon shrilled whistles and cracked long whips. To urge their dogs to start prodding, they shouted in a drill-sergeant's voice: "Brillant, Tambour, Marquise, Gracon, jappe, jappe, couquines !" (Bark, you rascals.) Bringing up the rear at the head of the steady grey mare that drew the heavily laden wagon, Chemin set the rear swell in motion with: "Ite, pitchounes !" Unknowingly, he repeated a part of the Latin phrase uttered by the village priest to send his flock home after High Mass. Under the sun's slanting rays, the whole flock, enveloped in a dense cloud of golden dust, went tramping forward to the merry accompaniment of their bells. At a distance, the ringing of a flock's bells sounds like the harmony of swift running waters. During the drive, it sets the rhythm of our life, pretty much in the same way as the bugle controls the movements of an army. In all there are forty different kinds of bells, making up four scales. Each sheep farmer chooses his bells so their notes blend into a sonorous chime peculiar to his own flock. Thus, even at a distance, those who know can identify by ear the flock in motion.

We marched all that night. About 3 a.m., the stars waned and looked as if detached from the sky. The blacker outlines of a farmhouse emerged: we were at La Samatane, our first halting place. Behind a screen of cypresses, Francois kindled a fire between two flat stones and coffee was soon boiling. While we drank cups of the strong, scalding beverage and devoured rashers of bacon with half a loaf, "polenta" was cooked for the dogs. Ravenously they devoured the thick, yellowish mush. The limited amount of grazing the sheep do sometimes on the sly from some peasant's meadow, and the few blades of grass they snatch from the roadside when on this long march, are not nearly sufficient to sustain them. Now and then, Jean Chemin had to provide them with a square meal off some meadow. To the farmer who owned it he had to pay through the nose. When turned on to such a pasture our sheep would start grazing in a single mass, all walking in the same direction. Their tongues swept the widest section of grass possible which their thin lips impatiently chiselled away. Only when the edge of their appetite had been blunted would they get more finicky and look for special titbits. As the road steadily climbed the air became cooler. We followed the left bank of the Durance River. As we travelled onwards our sheep were getting hardier and hardier. At dawn they could graze with no ill effects on grass impregnated with dew, which would have been very harmful to their health in La Crau pastures. This dew quenched their thirst to such a point that at a pinch they could have done without a drink for a day or two. Yet it was better for them to supplement it with two pints of water a day from icy torrents fed by the melting snows.

We forsook the Durance Valley for that of the Verdon, a swift, sea-green torrent. While rounding a difficult hairpin bend on the steep slope, near Sainte Madeleine Church, the lead sheep, seeing most of the flock below them, turned tail and ran to join them. For half an hour the woolly snake sought to chase its own tail, resulting in a veritable animal log jam. Before tackling the first high mountain passes we rested for a whole day at Oraison. Ahead I could see heights far more formidable than the lesser chain of the Alps already tackled. In the pure light of Upper Provence the snow-capped Lure Mountain stood out so clearly against the skyline that it seemed cut out of cardboard. We passed the big, curiously shaped Les Mees rocks, called the "Capuchins" for their likeness to hooded friars and crossed the Bleone Torrent. Then we took the Napoleon Road. It was noon and the thick traffic on that imperial highway almost proved our Waterloo. Cars, charabancs, trucks and buses blared their horns and seemed to delight in frightening our sheep. Soon the jam reached monumental proportions; everybody began to argue and blame us for the trouble. In glaring heat and blinding dust we tried frantically to round up the ever-stampeding sheep. The dogs leapt on mudguards and stood like generals viewing from a vantage-point the see-saw of a battle. Biting, howling and barking, they somehow succeeded in taming the unruly bore into a single stream, leaving a narrow channel for the vehicles to drive along. Soon we found that a number of the sheep were limping. During a halt, these were marked with a rose-tinted paint. On all but the last stretch, they would be carried by truck. The dogs were getting weary and their paws inflamed by repeated contact with the melting asphalt of the road, left bloody marks as they limped along. We had to do their job, running and waving their little bells at the ever-stampeding sheep. Quickly the strays got back into line, for in their minds the tinkling of dog bells is associated with bare fangs. The slopes were getting steeper and steeper. The trail took a short cut over a mountain, allowing us to leave the endless hairpin bends of the road. We followed a dried stream bed strewn with polished pebbles.

Chemin, having to stick to the road with the wagon, handed me his whip, putting me in charge of the rearguard. Sweating and waving a dog bell to prod the stragglers along, I toiled over the uneven rock bed. At the beginning I could not bring myself to using my whip, but soon had no choice. My dog barely managed to crawl along and was not much help. I was nearly at the end of my tether when we reached Le Lauzet, where we took a day-long rest. The strain of the long journey was beginning to tell on everybody. Worn out with fatigue I had become an automaton. At night I held on to a shaft of the wagon as we walked. Now and then I would fall into a doze, but soon a sharp bump against mare or wagon would painfully jolt me awake. The shepherds were not above falling asleep. But old Bastian was so used to the trail that he managed to trudge along in his sleep as long as his feet were treading the hard asphalt of the road. As soon as they touched soft grass he would wake with a start. Then we began the narrowest and dizziest part of our trek, following a road that climbed high over the Bachelard Valley. The Bachelard is the smallest and easternmost sub-tributary of the Rhone in these parts. We had to climb over a last steep chain of mountains that separates its catch basin

from that of the Tinee Torrent. In the upper part of this valley was our journey's end. Before tackling this last and more formidable obstacle we rested 24 hours at Bayasse village at the beginning of the 8,786-foot Restefond Pass. Since we were to exchange the highway for a mule track, the wagon was left behind in a shed. Its cargo was transferred to pack-saddles on the mare and the asses. Along this final stretch, often clouded in mist and clouds, the asses were to lead the way, for they have a phenomenal memory for country. Once an ass has trod a winding mountain track, he will remember its bends for ever.

As the top of the Restefond Pass got buried in fog and clouds we started pushing our charges for all they were worth, ever afraid lest some sudden summer storm would catch the flock huddled close in a narrow defile. Fog and lightning, what redoubtable enemies! In the nick of time we reached the relative safety of the broad strategic road cutting across the pass. Hailstones almost as big as eggs began to lash painfully at the animals' muzzles. They stopped and lowered their heads, submitting meekly to the full fury of Nature. We began thrashing them mercilessly to keep them going, but no amount of blows could make them budge. With a blinding crash lightning struck the top of the pass a few feet above our heads. Scared out of their lives the animals scattered like chaff in the wind. Despite pounding hearts and bursting lungs, we ran like mad to round up our terror-stricken charges, at the risk of falling over some precipice, concealed by the creeping fog. "First the lead rams!" shouted someone. In that icy cloud I pricked my ears for the flat sound of the rams' bells. By chance I caught hold of the all-important ram and, for all his fierce buttings, I shook his bell as if my life depended upon its ringing. Suddenly the North wind began blowing with a whiplash in it. The fog cleared away like a routed host. Soon the loud and clear jangles of the other leaders' bells began echoing all together, rallying the scattered ewes. Everybody was wondering how many casualties. The preceding year, in the same pass, Chemin had lost 346 sheep struck by lightning. I had thought that the ordeal would be over with the end of that steep climb. But under a steady sleet drizzle the descent to the Camp des Fourches pastures 1,000 feet below the pass, was to prove a trying experience. Along a steeply descending mule track, converted by the storm into a muddy torrent, I soon got all covered with a sticky clay. To put the brake on my altogether too rapid and breakneck descent, my crook being not nearly sufficient, I sought the smallest stone, the least chink on the track. When there were none, I just sat and slid. Never have I felt so lonely and miserable. Only then, in my fear of getting left behind and my anxiousness of sticking my solitude to 2,300 other solitudes, could I fully grasp what must mean the herd-instinct to the sheep. At last, rounding a last bend, we emerged into a vast circus, topped by the dazzling whiteness of the eternal snows. I realized that journey's end was really at hand only when the older animals of many treks had quickened the pace and tempo of their bleating, scenting the pen near. At mid-slope of the Cime du Voga I could see three small cabins, built of unhewn stones. My stamina drained to the limit, half-frozen, I fell rather than sat upon a stool in front of the cabins. Hot coffee and food soon revived me. Sheep and goats had already thrown themselves ravenously upon the rich sweet grass,

ever-living the present fleeting moment, without fright, without thought, even though we had lost many casualties by the mountainside. Such is the forgetfulness, resignation and fatalism of animals—and for all I know—the overpowering and unscrutable wisdom of animals.

Marseilles.

MAURICE MOYAL.

AUSTRALIA IN ANTARCTICA

THE Australian Antarctic Expedition has established the first permanent base on the Antarctic mainland some 2,000 miles South-West of Perth. It has been named Mawson, in honour of the veteran Australian polar explorer, Sir Douglas Mawson. The leader is Mr. Philip G. Law, a physicist from Melbourne University, and director of the Antarctic Division of the Department of External Affairs. A party of ten men is manning the new mainland station for the first twelve months. The expedition is a landmark in the history of Australian exploration and scientific enterprise and it may lead to the discovery and development of valuable food and mineral resources. The party will consolidate Australia's claim to a large section of the Antarctic and gather scientific and mineral information from the hinterland. The establishment of this permanent mainland base marks the first phase in a long-range programme of scientific research. Such research must be constant if it is to have any really scientific value. Along with Australia's weather stations at Heard and Macquarie Islands, the base will become the centre for the transmitting of weather information making possible more accurate meteorological forecasting in Australia. Radio communication with the Commonwealth will eventually be followed by an air link as it is planned to establish an air base on the Antarctic mainland. What are the reasons for Australia's increasing interest in these ice-bound barren territories? The Commonwealth's Antarctic Territory covers approximately 2,500,000 square miles, and Mr. R. C. Casey, Minister for External Affairs, has said that with science advancing at the present rapid rate and with the world steadily becoming smaller, Australia cannot afford to overlook the potential of the Antarctic. No one, he added, can forecast the importance of this territory within fifty years. British Antarctic exploration may be said to go back to the first recorded crossing of the Antarctic Circle by Captain James Cook in 1773, and Australia's interest in the Antarctic is a natural consequence of being so close to the polar continent, the nearest point of which is only 1,455 miles from Hobart, Tasmania. Antarctic conditions play a most important part in forming Australian weather, and the new mainland base will prove most valuable not only to meteorologists, but to farmers and pastoralists as well.

Australian Antarctic Territory embraces more than a third of the world's largest unknown land mass and, bearing in mind the Commonwealth's comparative proximity to it, it is perhaps not surprising that Australasians have played a prominent part in Antarctic exploration. The roll of names is remarkably impressive, since it includes among leaders of expeditions, Douglas Mawson and Hugh Wilkins (both subsequently knighted), and Hugh Rymill; and a number of others such as the eminent geologist,

Edgworth David (also knighted), Priestley, Debenham and Worsley, whose names are associated with some of the greatest of other Antarctic adventures. Australian participation in Antarctic exploration began when Louis Bernacchi joined Sir George Newnes' expedition in 1898. Bernacchi was with Carsten E. Borchgrevink, pioneer of land travel in the Far South. He was a young Norwegian schoolmaster in Australia, who shipped before the mast on Captain Kristensen's *Antarctic* when she sailed south to examine the prospects of whaling in the Ross Sea in 1894. On the voyage with him was an Australian, John Bull, a Melbourne merchant, who at the age of 50 became a whaler and a sealer and, with his companions penetrated further south than any but Ross and Weddell. At Cape Adare, the north-west point of Victoria Land, these men were the first to set foot on the Antarctic continent. Impressed by what he had seen, Borchgrevink went on to enlist British support for an expedition he planned. He found a public-spirited and open-handed patron in Sir George Newnes, who equipped an expedition under the British flag in the *Southern Cross*, thus initiating a new era in South Polar exploration.

Borchgrevink's was the first expedition in winter on the Antarctic continent. He left England in 1898 and landed again at Cape Adare, in the north-west corner of the Ross Sea, passing the winter of 1899 in a stout wooden hut which did good service to Scott's northern party twelve years later. The choice of base proved an unfortunate one, as the explorer did not succeed in climbing the cliffs or getting round the frozen shore at Cape Adare. Therefore no sledge journeys to the south were possible, but the land party made observations and collections of considerable value. The *Southern Cross* wintered in a milder latitude, but returned in the spring and sailed south to the Ross Barrier, where Borchgrevink discovered that the edge of the ice was considerably further south than when visited by Ross in 1842. At a place where the ice was low enough for the ship to lie alongside, he found the surface so smooth and level that he travelled over it for several miles on ski, and so made a modest record of "furthest south." Despite the handicaps the expedition had to face this was a notable pioneering effort, the first sustained foothold on the Ross Sea coast, from which others were soon to advance to McMurdo Sound, to the Beardmore Glacier, and so to the Pole. Unhappily the value of Borchgrevink's work was not adequately recognized, for at the time no one at home realized the difficulty of land travel in the Antarctic. Yet he made the first advance by proving that the Antarctic climate was not too severe for human existence, and that the surface of the Barrier was a highway to the South.

Louis Bernacchi, an Australian physicist, was one of Borchgrevink's men, and two years later he returned to the same area. It was in 1902, and he was with Captain Scott's first expedition. Sir Douglas Mawson, Sir Edgworth David, and Dr. MacKay, well-known Australian explorers, were with the first Shackleton expedition of 1907-8, and shared in the distinction of discovering the south magnetic pole. The first named led the Australian expedition (1911-14) and the British, Australian and New Zealand expedition (1929-31), which discovered, charted, explored and scientifically investigated large tracts of the polar continent. Another Australian, Sir Hubert Wilkins, was a member of Shackleton's last expedition—he died when engaged in it—to the Western Antarctic in

1921-22, and in 1928 made the first flight across to Grahamland. In 1929-30 Sir Hubert made further exploratory flights. Australia's first expedition after World War II was in 1947, when the permanent weather stations on Heard and Macquarie Islands were established.

Australian Antarctic Territory was established by an Order in Council, dated February 7, 1933, which placed under the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia that part of the territory in the Antarctic Seas which comprises all the islands and territories, other than Adélie Land, situated south of the 60th parallel of south latitude and lying between the 160th and 45th meridians of east longitude. The exception of Adélie Land from the Order is due to French claims based on rights of discovery and occupation. Thus Australia's post-war activity in the Antarctic is the result of years of accumulating interest. The aspirations of men like Sir Hubert Wilkins, who constantly advocated the setting up of a series of Antarctic weather stations, and the continual exhortations of Sir Douglas Mawson, made from the Chair of Geology at Adelaide University, led to the sending forth of the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition in 1947, already mentioned. The meteorological stations on the two islands have been maintained for seven years now; they have yielded valuable scientific data; and have profoundly affected weather forecasting methods.

A number of reasons lie behind Australia's Antarctic activity. For strategic reasons it is vital that this land mass, almost as big as the Commonwealth itself and lying close to its back door, should remain under Australian control. Quite apart from these considerations, shorter South Pole routes will be used by aircraft linking South America, South Africa, and Australia. Moreover the great ice continent is in reality a treasure-house of material and scientific riches needed by a rapidly maturing world. Geologists have estimated that Antarctica's coal deposits are the world's greatest. Discovery of iron, copper, molybdenum and other ores has heightened possibilities. In addition, the geological structure of the Australian Territory suggests it will prove rich in uranium. Mr. Casey has said that the Federal Government is also interested in the food potential of the Antarctic in view of the fact that world production of food is falling behind increase in population, and the food potential of this area in years to come could fill the present gap in production and demand. Antarctica's surface waters, richer in phosphates and nitrates than any other ocean, are afloat with vast masses of plankton, the minute organisms that provide the basic food supply of most marine life. This superabundance has a two-fold food significance. It provides sustenance for the biggest concentration of marine life in all the oceans, yielding a £30,000,000 harvest of whales annually for the floating of factories of Britain, Holland, Japan, and Norway. Perhaps even more important are the possibilities inherent in technological research exploring methods of preparing the plankton for stock and even for human consumption. The present expedition, which safely unloaded 400 tons of cargo, has the most modern equipment for polar exploration and research, including amphibious aircraft, snow vehicles ("weasels"), prefabricated huts and specially designed clothing. Besides radio transmitters and weather and other scientific instruments, there are medical and surgical equipment, including blood transfusion and X-ray plant. The programme embraces geological

and cartographic surveys, meteorological and biological studies, geophysical research, and observations of the aurorae, sea-ice phenomena and tides. One of the main tasks will be to fix all landmarks within a radius of 300 miles. It is hoped by glacial seismic investigations to determine the exact size of the continent beneath the ice-cap. The aircraft are reckoned to be ideal for exploration, because they can carry survey parties between the major landmarks and thereby eliminate dangerous treks across the great expanses of icy waste.

RICHARD C. STONE.

RHYTHMS OF THE BRAIN

ALIVING organ produces electricity. As long as the heart continues to generate electric currents it is alive, no matter whether heart beats can be heard or not. This has been accepted as a definite proof of life. Similarly, the brain produces electric current, and as long as this current flows, the brain is functioning. Dr. Hans Berger of Jena, in 1928, began the first serious studies of brain currents. He performed his first experiment in a quiet, darkened room. The recorder was tracing a rambling, jagged line, indicating brain voltages like those reported by earlier investigators. Time passed; the subject grew bored, relaxed and closed his eyes. At once the jagged lines vanished; they were replaced by a beautiful, smooth, rhythmic wave. Dr. Berger observed that his subject had relaxed and his brain had apparently ceased from its labours. "Open your eyes," he commanded. This was done. The beautiful wave disappeared. "Now close them again," the wave reappeared. Was this wave caused by the brain or merely by the act of shutting the eyelids? Dr. Berger decided to find out. With the subject's eyes closed he had him do a simple problem in mental arithmetic. During the process of thinking the rhythmic wave disappeared and was replaced by the jagged one. Thus was the first problem in brain electricity solved. When the brain is at rest it produced a rhythmic line. When the brain is at work it writes in a jagged pattern.

As time went on Dr. Berger discovered other interesting things about brain waves. The brain-at-rest wave was termed the alpha rhythm. Its rhythmic beat occurs at the rate of 8 to 13 per second, usually about 10 in most persons. Its intensity varies in different subjects between 20 and 75 millionths of a volt, normally averaging about 50. A second normal rhythm of somewhat lower intensity and faster, ranging between 18 and 50 per second, Dr. Berger called the beta rhythm. Frequently it is found in high-strung persons and seldom disappears during thought. Quite often the alpha and beta rhythms occur together. Other scientists have continued with the fascinating research initiated by Dr. Berger, and many interesting facts about the workings of the brain have come to light. In Babies' Hospital, New York City, it has been discovered that brain waves start at birth. They do not, however, acquire a steady rate until the infant is six months old. The rate gradually increases until the age of 10 or 12 when the normal rhythm of 10 per second is reached.

Closely connected with our story has been the work of Dr. Lee Edward Travis, who has evaluated brain electricity in terms of intelligence. His experiments were conducted in the following manner. Two rooms were used. In one the person to be tested relaxed on a couch. The room was lighted dimly, by a shaded desk lamp. To the lobe of one ear and to the top of the head of the subject were pasted two tiny, flat pieces of metal. A copper wire, fine as a hair, passed from each metal disc through the wall into a brightly lighted adjacent room. The wires carried an electric current flowing from the head of the person on the couch. This current is in millionths of a volt and it is the actual electrical pulse of the living human brain. An amplifier in the examination room stepped up this brain current so that it traced a line on a strip of paper. In the examining room sat Dr. Travis watching these brain waves, and after the experiments were over he correlated them with the mental processes that produced them. Five kinds of mental states were recorded: imagery, sensation, mental effort, abstract thinking, and mental blankness. Under the heading abstract thinking were reports such as "organizing my lecture," "questioning the advisability of using tests," "considering my grounding in experimental psychology," "hoping certain things aren't true," and "wondering if brain waves are related to personality." The term mental blankness was used to denote mental rest, a thoughtless calmness. On the tape abstract thinking usually showed up as the large, ten-per-minute, regular waves. Mental blankness was also large calm waves of the same type. The other three states of mind were associated with relatively small waves of greater frequency.

In all brain experiments the large regular waves are those of calmness. They are like the waves most apt to appear in sleep. From these and other experiments it would seem that mental effort is written electrically in small, fast, jagged lines, while mental inactivity and relaxed thinking is written in large, rhythmic waves. In experiments before those made by Dr. Travis it was found that emotions and mental effort straightened out the waves on the tape. The line often becomes too smooth to map any wave movements discernible. The explanation is that parts of the brain beat at different rates during mental effort, so that the waves cancel each other. "It may be disturbing to some of us," says Dr. Travis, "that for a relatively large share of the time mental blankness and abstract thinking are alike in that both are coexistent with a basic cortical equilibrium, as expressed in the collective action of the brain cells. All through brain potential work it has appeared that factors effective in disturbing the alpha rhythms are those which focus consciousness. Some of the time abstract thinking was associated with smaller and faster waves. Here then must have been a more discreet factor present in the form of a sensation or image."

Other interesting studies in brain electricity have been made by Drs. H. Davis and P. A. Davis of Harvard, and Drs. A. L. Loomis, E.N. Harvey and G. Hobart of the Loomis Laboratory. They were particularly concerned with the manifestations of diminished mental activity which takes place during drowsiness and sleep. Thus, according to electrical signs, the following wave patterns are indicative of various levels of brain activity:—

A. Alpha rhythm. This is the normal waking state. Waves appear on

the strip of paper at the rate of ten a second.

B. Low voltage. The alpha rhythm is lost. Drowsiness.

C. Spindles. Short waves appear, fourteen to the second, in groups. Also random "delta" waves. 0.2 second or more in length. This is indicative of early sleep.

D. Random. The spindles subside, but the delta waves continue. This means deep sleep.

The records show that the alpha waves of wakefulness drop in voltage as we become drowsy, and that the interruptions in their rhythm are more and more frequent. Delta waves are the first signs of sleep.

One interesting fact that these researches have brought to light is that the transition from the waking state to the drowsy state does not occur in all parts of the brain at the same time. Alpha waves may be suppressed in one part but continue in another, while true sleep, or delta waves, are detected elsewhere. This helps to explain why some persons say, "I was wide awake all the time," when actually a part of their brain was asleep. Interesting is the story of Tommy's brain waves as told by Dr. Philip Solomon. "Tommy, aged eleven, had been destructive, disobedient, hyperactive, impulsive and stubborn all his life. Some days, however, he would be perfectly good, and on other days terrible. There seemed to be no reason for these cycles . . . he was hard to handle. Once he refused to go to the dental clinic and tore his shirt." Tommy improved under treatment, but one thing that did not change was the peculiar fluctuation in his behaviour from day to day. In school about two days out of every week he was so confused that trying to teach him anything at these times was profitless. What was different in Tommy on these difficult days? Dr. Solomon resorted to the brain-wave-recording machine to find out. In Dr. Solomon's words: "Now, this strange and exciting discovery that this instrument permitted us to make was this: When we took the brain wave records of Tommy, who was not suspected of having epilepsy, we found the same seizure waves that epileptics have. What is more, on the days when Tommy did poorly in school and seemed especially bad tempered, his brain record was full of seizure waves, while on good days when he was perfectly behaved his brain record was perfectly normal. Here, then, was the explanation for Tommy's peculiar behaviour. We had come upon a new and unsuspected cause for his misbehaviour. It had previously been recognized that some epileptic individuals behave badly after their attacks. In fact, many crimes, even murder, have been committed under these circumstances. But when a child who was not regarded as epileptic could have the same brain disturbance and the same type of behaviour was something not considered before." The implications here are most important—that we have come upon a new and unsuspected cause for misbehaviour as well as the inability to learn, a disturbed brain-state present in non-epileptics as well as epileptics revealed by seizure waves. All over the world physiologists are studying these brain waves and rhythms. They are learning some very interesting and significant facts about how the human brain works.

ENGLAND'S FIRST STATE LOTTERY

THAT the bills proclaiming the setting-up of England's first State Lottery were "imprinted at London in Paternoster Rowe by Henrie Bynneman, anno 1567" is plainly stated at the foot. But as to who drew up the numerous provisions which constituted the lottery we have no explicit information. It was projected in 1566 when Elizabeth had been barely eight years on the throne. By the summer of 1567 hundreds of bills* had been circulated both in London and in seventeen other important towns, two of the seventeen being "Dublyn and Waterforde in the Realme of Irelande." Each bill was five feet in length and nineteen inches in width. About twenty inches space at the top was given over to drawings illustrating the chief prizes in money, plate and tapestry. Then followed the "*advertisement*: A very rich Lotterie Generall, without any blankes, containyng a great number of good prices, as wel of redy money as of plate, and certaine sorts of marchaundizes, having ben valued and priced by the commaundement of the Quenes most excellent Majestie, by men expert and skilfull; and the same Lotterie is erected by hir Majesties order, to the intent that such commoditie as may chaunce to arise thereof after the charges borne may be converted towards the reparation of the havens and strength of the Realme, and towards such other publique good workes. The number of lots shall be foure hundreth thousand, and no more; and every lot shall be the summe of tenne shillings sterling onely, and no more." Next came a section headed *Three Welcomes*. It concerned the first three persons to whom any lot should fall. The first one of all should "have for his welcome, (bysides the advantage of his adventure), the value of fiftie poundes sterling in a piece of sylver plate gilte"; the second "the summe of thirtie poundes in a piece of plate gilte" and the third "the value of twentie poundes in a piece of plate gilte." Next were given descriptive details of the prizes, "the greatest and most excellent" of which was to be of "the value of five thousande poundes sterling, that is to say, three thousande poundes in ready money, seven hundred poundes in plate gilte and wite, and the rest in good tapisserie meete for hangings and other covertures, and certain sortes of good linen cloth." Then twelve other prizes were listed of irregularly decreasing size, the least worth only £140, of which £100 was ready money.

So much for the first thirteen prizes. After that they came not singly but in groups: groups consisting as it would now appear of arbitrarily chosen numbers. There were twelve equal prizes of £100 value, for instance, followed by "twenty and four prices, every price of £50." Next came "three score prices of 4 and 20 poundes and ten shillings" with "4 score and ten prices every price of £22 10s." in the next lower group. As values descended group numbers rose, so that at one point "500 prices of 50s. in money" were followed by "2,000 prices of 40s. in plate." Lower down the list were actually "9,418 prices of 14s. in money." Even with these 9,418 prizes of 14s. only 29,501 lots were up to that point provided for, so that more than 370,000 lots still remained. In order, we may suppose, to fulfil the advertised promise that the lottery was to be

*Bill cited in full in *A History of English Lotteries*. By John Ashton. Leadenhall Press, 1893. Also in *The Loseley M.S.S.*. By A. J. Kempe, 1836.

"without any blankes" there followed the statement that "All the rest to the accomplishing of the aforesayd number of lottes, shall be allowed for every adventure at the least 2 shills and 6 pens in ready money." Even that unassuming statement would mean the disbursement of over £46,000. With this sum included, the total of the promised money prizes reached almost £90,000, while the value of the plate came to more than £14,000, the tapestry and linen being worth close on £7,000.

With more than £100,000 promised in prizes alone and no allowance yet made for expenses, it might be thought that the lavish bounty of the lottery would be brought to a close. It was far otherwise however. Further benefits were detailed "for the advantage of the Adventurers in this Lotterie, bysides the Prices before mentioned in the Charte." Although never actually stated in so many words it was implicit in the last dozen or so of the lottery's provisions that subscribers were not permitted to hold shares in their own names. Instead they were to make use of some chosen motto: "a devise or posie either in prose or poesie" under which they could claim any awards that might fall to them. These included not only the "welcomes" and prizes already mentioned, but in addition fifteen other money gifts were promised. These were destined for winners who might have several "posies or devises comming together successively and immediately one after another." For instance, "anyone having three such posies was to receive three poundes sterling over and bysides the price answerable therfore." Four such posies would bring an extra six poundes, five would give ten poundes, and so on in increasing value until, should eight such successive posies be drawn, the subscriber would receive an additional "two hundreth poundes sterling." Even that did not finish the matter. The last provision of all in the lottery actually promised that "so the posies or devises resorting together by increase of number, he to whom they shal happen in that sorte . . . shal have for every tyme of increase one hundred poundes sterling and the prices."

It was originally intended and so proclaimed that "the receipt and collection" of the lottery was to "endure for the rest of the Realme bysides London, until XVth day of April . . . in the yere 1568." For London the collection was to continue till "the first day of May next following," so as to be in time for the drawing of the lottery, on June 25th. On the appointed days, the proclamation went on, all the collectors were to "bring in their bokes of the collection of lottes to those appointed to receive their accomptes, upon paine, if they do faile to do so, to lose the profite and wages appointed to them for their travell in that behalfe." Finally it was plainly to be "understanded that hir Majestie and the Citie of London" would be responsible to "all and singular persons havynge adventured their money in this Lotterie, to observe all articles and conditions contained in the same from point to point inviolably." Strictly speaking this last statement was not final, for there occurred after it a short note stating that "the shewe of the prices and rewardes above mencioned" was to be seen in "Cheapsyde in London, at the signe of the Queenes Majesties arms, in the house of M. Dericke, goldsmith, servant to the Queenes most excellent Majestie." This note is more significant than at first sight appears, for M. Dericke was that Anthony Dericke who was Engraver to the Mint in the reign of Edward VI. He was reappointed to

the same office when Elizabeth came to the throne, and was the last goldsmith to hold that important post. He was a promoter of lotteries, so that we may conclude that he had a hand in setting up this lottery. He was also very probably among the "men expert and skilfull" who valued the various pieces listed as prizes.

Attractive as the whole scheme was intended to appear people were amazingly slow in their response. So few people had come forward in London by the September of 1567 that the Lord Mayor issued a special proclamation on the thirteenth of that month, reassuring citizens as to the validity of the undertaking. Early in the ensuing January Elizabeth herself issued a further proclamation, in which the date of the reading was postponed from June 25th 1568 to some time later in the summer. Then in July Sir William Cecil and the Earl of Leicester, as Lords of the Council, sent copies of a circular throughout the country stating that a Surveyor of the Lottery had been appointed. Even so money did not come in as freely as desired, though subscriptions seem to have speeded up somewhat owing to the efforts of various country gentlemen who were urged in the circular "to find ways of animating or moving the people and of putting the same in practise as soon as possible." Records have been preserved in various places as to the money subscribed to the lottery funds. From the Audit Book of Oxford* for 1567-1568 for instance, accounts of the "moneye gathered for the Lottarye, primo Apprilis anno domini millesimo quingentesimo sexagesimo octavo" show that the total then collected, though taken through all the four city wards and the suburbs, only amounted to £24 5s. 0d. Sums as small as half-a-crown and even a shilling were among the subscriptions. Consequently a "seconde gatherynge for the Lottarye was made in everye parishe of dyvers persons, as well howsholders as servantes" and brought in £6 6s. 8d. more. Thus with £30 11s. 8d. in hand it was decided "to lay into the lottarye in the name of Thomas Williams, Alderman, fyftene poundes, his poysye being *Oxonia petit equalia*. Also in Master Levens name fyftene poundes with his poysye *Aliis dat aliis aufert fortuna*," which left in "Master Williams handes eleven shillings and eighte pence." And what was done with that eleven and eight history does not relate. Perhaps it was because Oxford was a seat of learning that Latin posies were chosen, in which matter the city was like Queen Elizabeth. She chose *Video et taceo* for her device, which if one ponders it deeply is seen to hold a depth of meaning.

In July it was decided that the lottery should not be drawn until November 3rd, 1568, and a proclamation was issued to that effect. Almost at the last moment a further and final postponement of the reading of the lottery occurred. It was decided to begin it on January 10th, 1569. In connection with this decision a herald went riding into Oxford on November 2nd, and for his trouble he was given payment. Entered in the "Accounts of Richard Ladyman and Richard Browne, late Chamberlaynes. Ending Michaelmas 1569" is this: "*Imprimis*, payed to the pursyvaunt wch brought the proclamacion for prolongyng of the lottery untill the tenth day of Januarye iijs iiijd." Even this third postponement did not do for the funds what was hoped. Once more a proclamation had to be made

*Cited in *Records of The City of Oxford* (1509-1583). Edited by William H. Turner, 1880.

when the time of reading had arrived. It was to the effect that only one twelfth part of the sum aimed at had been collected, so that in consequence each of the prizes would be rateably divided in that proportion. All the necessary paraphernalia were got ready and, even than a day behind schedule, the "great lotterie, being holden at London in Poules Church yard at the west dore, was begun to be drawn the eleventh of Januarie and continued day and night till the sixt of Maie wherein the said drawing was fullie ended." * Both Sir William Cecil and the Earl of Leicester we may surmise had had a hand in setting up the lottery so that their disappointment at the comparatively small sum it managed to raise must have been very great. As for Elizabeth, she would be even more deeply disappointed; for, though these were yet early days, she realised that a time would almost certainly come when Philip II of Spain would have to be reckoned with. She knew only too well that England's havens ought to be ever ready to receive and refit her ships if the threat of Spanish invasion should eventually materialise. In one of her flights into poesie Elizabeth expressed her most earnest and deeply-rooted resolve in these words :

"No forreine banisht wight shall ancre in this port

Our realme it brookes no strangers force, let them elsewhere resort."
The identity of the "forreine banisht wight" is obvious, though almost twenty years were to elapse before he made his gigantic but unsuccessful attempt to land his forces in Elizabeth's much-loved England and "ancre in this port."

W. G. WILSON.

*Holinshed.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

RETROSPECT

THE first article of the present writer's series in this Foreign Affairs section of the Contemporary Review appeared in the January issue, 1923. The article now appearing is to be his last. For more than thirty-two years therefore he has commented month by month, and without a break, on the unfolding of a phase of history which has been singularly painful in its incident and yet reassuringly ordinary in its promise of the good that normally and inevitably, under God's mysterious contrivance, comes out of evil. The evil that men do, despite the famous apophthegm of Shakespear's Anthony, does not live after them, except in the transmuted form of good, and it is the evil, not the good, that is "buried with their bones."

A cursory glance over the developments of the past generation affords an eloquent illustration of that truth, which is the potent source of comfort, because it is of God, to those who suffer. The constant theme of these Foreign Affairs commentaries over the past generation has been the crying need of a christian motive on the part of those in control : a motive which has been almost wholly lacking. Yet God is not defeated by human perversity. It will appear in the retrospect that something near a miracle has taken place. A generation ago we were still reeling under the effects of a first world war which as we reflect upon it becomes more, not less, monstrous as an episode of human folly. It is hard in a sober mood of

reflection to believe that men could be so foolish, or so wicked, or so enmeshed in fear, that the governments of two leading countries in the western civilisation, built upon the christian tradition, should so far have lost their christian commonsense (commonsense being one of the main blessings of that tradition) that they plunged into a reckless, senseless, purposeless war from which have derived the main present disorders in the world.

In the essential retrospect it is not necessary to enter into the turgid detail of a period of restless activity, both military and diplomatic, which has engulfed the world. It is a salutary thing to ignore the detail, and to concentrate upon the plain and simple outline, which indeed stands out plain and unmistakable. At the beginning of 1923 it was becoming obvious even to those who had not retained the elementary commonsense to see it in 1914, that war solves no problem, that rather it creates new problems. The sacrifice of the dead in war is made in vain, except in the subjective individual sense that a man's motive and intention, no matter what be the result, are the factors that count in the formative substance of his own soul. It happened in the first quarter of the present century that a hard test—let so much be admitted—was given to the resource, intelligence and commonsense of the leading politicians who in effect ruled the world. Those politicians were centred in Europe, and particularly in Britain. The British Empire was the biggest single thing in world political affairs. Having the power, the privilege and the benefits of such an empire, with its industrial connotation of access to the main raw materials of the world, the leaders of British thought and action could not escape the corollary of their main responsibility for what took place in the world. An enterprising young Germany which coveted the British heritage and claimed its own "place in the sun" (a phrase which became a cliché of German propaganda) was the spearhead of the test that was applied to British intelligence.

In the light of christian commonsense, which includes charity—and charity is itself the greatest of the famous three gifts of God listed by Saint Paul in his first epistle to the Corinthians—there was no diplomatic problem incidental essentially or necessarily to the first decade of the century. Both prosperity and adversity are indivisible and of a mutual quality. If Britain had been willing to allow Germany her place in the sun—to which in all conscience and reason she was entitled—and if Germany had been less provocative and unpleasant in her demand for it, we should have been spared the historic cloud of adversity that descended upon the world in 1914, and which still envelops every nation impartially. There is no such thing, as Mr. Neville Chamberlain remarked in 1939, as victory in war; all the parties to it are losers. This is an elementary truth, elementary to all human experience. We sink or swim together. We prosper together, or we fail together. A prosperous Germany in the first years of the century, helped to be prosperous by an already prosperous Britain, would not have been a menace, but a further source of prosperity, to Britain herself.

By the operation of another of the elementary principles of human conduct, however, it came to pass that British intelligence had been undermined by British prosperity. Unless we bear in mind that all good things are gifts from God, and as such are to be used as a trust from God, we can be hurt, not helped, by the gifts themselves. At the turn of the

century British success, wealth and power were not accepted by the British leaders in the humble responsible spirit postulated by a loving and infallible God. Our intelligence therefore was undermined. We reacted to the German challenge—which indeed was a challenge only to our intelligence—by an unwise resentment and a mistaken sense of insult and offence. When Britain went to war with Germany in August, 1914 the die was cast for a long period of expiation through suffering for the blunder, the sin, thereby committed.

Now the devil, whose business it is to wander through the world for the ruin of souls—a function permitted by God for the ultimate good of our souls by reason of the only true victory that falls to man's endeavour—took his opportunity with alacrity. Under his empire, now given him by the folly of nations, science put into the hands of foolish men—"what fools these mortals be!" observed the Greek cynic, Lucian, fifteen hundred years before Shakespeare repeated it—the weapons which enabled them to make the most, the worst, of their folly. When mischief is afoot, it moves fast. The first world war started in 1914 with no aeroplane in the sky. It was only in 1909 that Blériot had succeeded in flying from Calais to Dover, the primitive aeroplane he used being unable to carry more petrol than was needed for the twenty-mile hop. Before that war ended in 1918, only four years later, there was a British Royal Flying Corps (as it was called) in being; bombs had been dropped on London by German aeroplanes, and the third arm had been added to navies and armies. Land, sea and air were now the scene of battle. By the time the second war started in 1939 (of course there was a second world war, the natural result of the inconclusive first, inconclusive despite the British paper victory) we had dug our underground shelters in advance, knowing in advance that the bombing of old men, women and children would be as integral a part of war as were the traditional operations of the armed forces. By the time that war ended, six years later, bombs were being dropped on cities without the need of an aeroplane, and the first atomic bombs—the new horror—had been dropped in Japan. Hydrogen bombs, cobalt bombs, quickly followed in the crazy cavalcade, threatening to destroy the world at the pressure of a button. The devil never had such a field day since the world began. The sad thought is that the destructive incentive of war should be so powerful a stimulus to scientific inventiveness.

There was a parallel and comparable development in the diplomatic field. Men's minds were disturbed, hearts were torn, and the materialist motive that had started the wars usurped the remaining functions of men's public activity. It was not Lenin who started this modern fashion of what we call with unconscious irony the materialist philosophy. What after all is "philosophy?" It is a human attempt to understand things which cannot be understood, because they are mysteries. Its main function is, or should be, to prove that without the grace of God, without the fructifying leaven of God's part in human affairs—offered as it is to man, but inoperative unless accepted by the free will of man—the working of the human mind is all sound and fury, signifying nothing: "sounding brass or a tinkling symbol," as St. Paul put it in the epistle above referred to. Man's mind cannot by itself explore the means of welfare or of happiness. It can only help a man to use his intelligence and thereby to accept the

free gift of welfare and happiness from God. Philosophy, unless thus subjugated to religion (but the yoke is sweet) is a snare, a delusion, at best a waste of time.

And when in his perversity a man so far misdirects his own philosophic bent as to qualify it as atheist, pursuing the will o' the wisp of a materialist welfare by denying and excluding the only true source of welfare, then the devil dances for joy in the same sort of abandon as Hitler showed when he danced on the Atlantic shore of France after June 16th, 1940. A fruitless and senseless dance, as already proved in the one case and in the course of being proved in the other. The essential simple fact is that when Britain and Germany went to war with each other in 1914, and in the due course dragged the whole world into the cataclysm, they abandoned their christianity and embarked upon an exclusively materialist trial of strength. Lenin soon jumped in where the fallen angels had not feared to tread. Before 1914 there was no such thing as communism as a political racket. It was only when the soi-distant christians had gratuitously opened the materialist door, that he and his companions rushed boldly in. Evil works fast. By the end of the first world war Russia was communist, by the end of the second world war half the world was communist, and the remaining "free" world was plunged into a maelstrom of materialist struggle, of communist infiltration and subversion on the international level, and of industrial strikes on the national level, all inspired by the unchanging motive of the grasping of the materialist spoils without reference to the true and only source of human welfare.

The so-called Welfare State is a modern monument to a materialist philosophy; in other words to the devil. Welfare results, not from political legislation, or industrial strife, but from human charity. If it be objected that there is no charity, then the answer must be that welfare is unobtainable by any alternative means. The fault in this matter, the lack of charity, has been the main initial responsibility of the capitalist employers. Capitalism is an essential instrument. It does not work however without charity.

Atheism in our time has become a deliberate cult, linked with and explanatory of, the hideous nonsense of the so-called materialist philosophy. There is no need in this now prevailing phase of the fall of man in an historic century, to pile example upon example of what takes place. It is the commonplace fact, well known to all and sundry, that the rudder has got mixed with the bowsprit, and the international technique of communist diplomacy has become entangled in the national technique of industrial warfare. A Roman pope in our time has condemned socialism because—and only because—it tended inexorably to communism. Kerensky was swept aside by Lenin. *La révolution dévore ses enfant*. The trades union "movement" in Great Britain is menaced by the "unofficial" strike leaders who are either openly or virtually communist-inspired. Mr. Deakin is a modern Kerensky, as was shown by his rather pathetic appeals to his defaulting followers during the recent dock strikes. The story, if not complete, is of a clear tendency.

During the past generation we have witnessed the unfolding of a distinctive episode in human history. Superficially it is a bad episode. But already the façade is cracking. It is seldom the case that a thing is too

good to be true. It is often, indeed always, the case that a thing can be, or appear to be, too bad to be true. The worst never happens. When we say that by God's omnipotent contrivance good is brought out of evil, we make a statement of fact deriving from faith and experience alike; when we go on to observe the workings of the mystery, we often observe the subsidiary fact that the supernatural is based on the natural. In other words we observe that by the very nature of things, evil encompasses its own undoing, while good is permanent and indestructible. Moreover, and this is the kernel of the mystery, evil tends unintentionally to enthrone the good.

This superb and engrossing truth can be applied and tested in a study of foreign affairs in our time, and especially during the past generation. If we look carefully at the matter we see that the very perfection of the instruments of destruction, as foreshadowed in the second world war, is the probable, the almost certain, instrument whereby war will be abolished from the devil-inspired habits of men. Indeed, it is not too long a jump to declare that but for the atomic bomb the apparently inextricable entanglements of high diplomacy since 1945 would have led by now to a third world war. There have been, and are, incidental "hot" phases of the diplomatic vendetta—in Korea and south-east Asia for instance—but they have stopped short of spreading into world war. That is a remarkable fact. The German invasion of Belgium in 1914 and of Poland in 1939 led instantly to the two world wars. The treaty violations by Germany were no more palpable than Russia's indirect and vicarious violation of the United Nations Charter. What has caused the difference? The answer clearly is the fact that war on a world-wide scale would, without the per-adventure or shadow of a doubt, involve the instant use of nuclear weapons which would destroy all parties promptly, impartially and irretrievably. Men hesitate, for instance the twelve men of the Kremlin hesitate, to embark upon open full war when they know that thereby they sign their own death warrant; and when they know, moreover, that talk of victory in war is even more unrealistic now than it ever was.

The real importance of that circumstance lies in its bearing upon the cause of disarmament. It need hardly at this day be argued that disarmament is the only safeguard against war. The atomic bomb makes disarmament possible, if not probable to the degree of certainty. So far in our diplomatic history all the proposals for disarmament, or even for the limitation of armaments, have failed because the nations, armed and sovereign, stand in fear of each other. They do not trust each other. No nation has been prepared to take the "risk" of disarmament because it fears that another nation might not play fair and might indeed take the occasion to steal a march. But if a respite could be arranged, during which every nation could count with confidence upon the respect of the truce by every other nation, then the opportunity would be given for drafting and putting into operation a full scheme of disarmament. Once put into practice such a scheme could confidently be expected to hold, because the entire world being unequivocally disarmed, the devil's instrument, namely fear, would be knocked from the devil's hand and no one would want to start again the insane habit of international war. The devil in short would himself be disarmed.

A scheme of disarmament would be the simplest thing in the world to elaborate with complete and foolproof perfection. Any child could do it. The necessary machinery has more than once been detailed in this section of the Contemporary Review. Its basis would be an agreement for total, universal disarmament, carried out, supervised and guaranteed by a permanent disarmament commission constituted in such a way as to make mistakes and dishonesty alike impossible. That is to say, the commission would have permanent representatives stationed in the capital of every sovereign state. Their only business would be to see that no armaments were manufactured in that State. The commission would be so constituted that in each capital its representatives would be drawn from every other country except the one being disarmed. In London for instance there would be no British representative, in Moscow, no Russian. Every representative therefore would know that his own country was being effectively and totally disarmed, as it were, behind his back, and that therefore it would be his responsibility to see that the country where he was stationed should be also and likewise disarmed. There would be a sort of competitive thoroughness. The incentive to efficiency and thoroughness would be foolproof. The only necessary prerequisite would be the respite from fear.

Everyone knows, and has known throughout the century, that the talks on so-called disarmament, whether at the Hague or within the confines of the League of Nations or the United Nations, have been doomed from the start because each of the talking Powers was sovereign, and could therefore in an emergency ignore any undertaking that had been given. There was no supernational authority that could impose obedience. Fear therefore ran rampant through every conference. No progress was made, or could be made, in such a circumstance. The difference now made is that the atomic bomb launches the greater fear that drives out the smaller. It acts as a sort of supernational deterrent and therefore as a supernational authority. It imposes upon all nations impartially the basic need to abolish all armaments because one of them, the nuclear weapon, which would inevitably be used in the event of war, would destroy all nations. As a first step in this natural climax it is already evident that the old conventional types of armaments—armies, navies and airforces—are an anachronism, made so by the overriding destructiveness of the nuclear weapon.

It is established that the destructive range of the cobalt bomb would encircle the earth, destroying every form of life in its path. Though the fact of the conventional weapons being now an anachronism be evident, yet, mortals being what they are, it is not yet generally obvious. Military experts go on speculating about the difference that is made to the technique of war by the nuclear weapon, but they do not yet see that the difference is total. They still postulate the retention of the conventional weapon. Human habits are tyrannical, the human mind is the victim of habit, and it takes a long time to dislodge prejudice. But the process has started. There are those in high places, though they be still in a minority, who see the light. It is soberly possible at this time to foresee the outcome of good from the evil; of a disarmed world resulting from the very perfection of armaments, the disarmament being enforced by the recognised significance and potentiality of the new atomic weapon. War was aforesaid thought

(nonsensically) to be a means of national self-defence. The avoidance of war through disarmament is now seen to be the only effective, and the only remaining, means of such self-defence.

This great truth, this upshot which smacks of miracle, but is merely an incident in a divine order which gives a bias to good over evil, is the central lesson, with its commensurate consolation of what we have experienced and suffered in the past generation. If men refused to use their own christian commonsense, given to them by a loving God for the purpose, to save them from themselves, then the results of their folly became, under the same providence of almighty God, the imposed means of salvation. War, science, armaments : an unholy trilogy ; but out of it came the armament that can banish armaments, so that war can be banished from the sum of human folly. A true example this of the divine providence which ordains that good not only comes from, but is produced by evil.

January 11th, 1955.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

CAVOUR AND GARIBALDI*

There is no more controversial chapter in the history of nineteenth-century Europe than the Risorgimento, which Italian Nationalists salute as Italy's finest hour and which many Catholics denounced and still denounce as involving a criminal attack on the Temporal Power of the Pope. Was Garibaldi the stainless hero of Dr. Trevelyan's colourful trilogy? Were Cavour and Victor Emmanuel splendid champions of the aspirations and interests of the majority of the Italian people? Did Pius IX, after a liberal start, degenerate into a stubborn reactionary leagued with the enemies—at home and abroad—of Italian nationhood? To such questions, as to so many others in history, no final answer can be given; everything depends on the colour of our spectacles. The primary function of historians is to investigate and interpret, not to make propaganda for their country, their class, their party or their creed. This modest but essential task has been conscientiously performed by Mr. Mack Smith in a massive monograph based on a wealth of new material from public and private archives. His detailed survey of the crowding events of 1860 in Sicily and on the mainland provides the fullest and fairest account of the crucial months in which Italy became a nation-state.

The familiar classification of nineteenth-century Italians into the friends and foes of national unity under the House of Savoy greatly oversimplifies a very complicated problem. That the standard-bearers of the nationalist cause were deeply divided by temperament and outlook is the main lesson of the book. The author sympathises with the emotions of the Risorgimento but he keeps his head amidst the clamour. Most of the glamour is gone, and there is none of the hero-worship common in the older narratives. "Garibaldi was no thinker, and indeed could not be called very intelligent, but he was a man of principle. He possessed almost childish illusions about human nature, and believed excessively in the good sense and resilience of the common people." Never an extremist, he was the unwavering champion of the House of Savoy. Here he differed from Mazzini, who vainly waved the Republican flag. But he also differed from Cavour in his conviction that Italy should be liberated and unified by Italians without delay or invoking the aid of foreign rulers and foreign

troops. While Cavour put his trust in diplomacy, Garibaldi looked exclusively to the people whom he loved.

Though Cavour, the liberal conservative, stood well to the right of Garibaldi, he was equally little of an extremist. When the soldier sailed with his Thousand Redshirts to aid the Sicilian rising in April, 1860, he trusted to his own magnetic personality and to the hatred of the Sicilians for their Bourbon rulers in Naples to turn his daring gamble into a spectacular success. Cavour, with far less instinctive understanding of popular feeling, frowned on the expedition, and, after Garibaldi's marvellous overthrow of the Bourbon régime in Sicily and Southern Italy, prevented him from marching on Rome, an enterprise in which he was secretly encouraged by Victor Emmanuel. The statesman dreaded foreign intervention on the sinister model of 1849, when French troops had entered Italy and destroyed the short-lived Roman Republic. While both men were patriots, the one kept his eye fixed on the European chessboard, the other exclusively on the peninsula. Each had and still has his special admirers, and rightly so, for their shares in the making of Italy were of equal importance. Neither could have succeeded without the other. Yet Garibaldi emerges in these pages as the finer spirit, more disinterested, more capable of inspiring love.

The title of the book *Cavour and Garibaldi*, 1860 pointedly omits the name of the King of Piedmont, and Mazzini's share in the later phases of the Risorgimento was as small as his influence in the earlier phases of the Risorgimento had been large. He was the prophet and thinker of the movement for Italian unity, preparing the way, mainly in exile, for the work of the master-builders who possessed the material means to carry out his plan. The collaboration of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour and Victor Emmanuel in the making of an Italian nation-state was the prologue to the still more important achievement of German unity by the partnership of Bismarck, King William, Moltke and Roon. Both dramas provide a fascinating study of divergent temperaments more or less fortuitously united in pursuit of a common aim. The book is a portrait gallery no less than a narrative, in which Crispi and Depretis, both destined to the Premiership many years later, occupy a prominent place.

The concluding chapter summarises the argument and should be carefully studied by those who lack time or inclination to read the whole of a very large book. Its most striking feature is the critical attitude to Cavour, who frankly acknowledged his debt to Machiavelli as a master of statecraft. "If we did for ourselves what we do for our country," he exclaimed, "what rascals we should be." Bismarck might have used the same language, and indeed both these makers of history used without scruple any tools that came to their hand. The one resolved to unite Italy under the House of Savoy, the other to unite Germany under the House of Hohenzollern. Cavour's adaptability and tactical resource, declares Mr. Mack Smith, were quite astounding. "At the very moment when he seemed most helpless between France on one side and of the advancing of Italian volunteers on the others, he had threatened Napoleon with Garibaldi and Garibaldi with both of them; so doing he had neutralised both of them, and had himself intervened as *tertius gaudens* to inherit the Papal States from one and the whole of Southern Italy from the other." Cavour, like Bismarck, envisaged politics as the art of the possible. While Garibaldi hoped to unify the peninsula in 1860, Cavour felt it wiser to postpone the seizure of Rome till all risk of French intervention was removed, and complete unification had to wait for the French garrison in Rome to be withdrawn on the outbreak of the war of 1870. That the Piedmontese Premier and the leader of the Redshirts should dislike and distrust each other was inevitable. "Cavour was sometimes treacherous, often uncertain, and always more or less hostile to Garibaldi, and one can almost say necessarily so. Fundamentally it represented the natural division between Left and Right, between rashness and caution, radicalism and

conservatism, between the method of the sword and the method of diplomacy. One side believed in all or nothing, while the other saw the value of circumlocution and gradualism. Yet both were necessary for the making of Italy."

Mr. Mack Smith's final verdict on Garibaldi is no less convincing, for, like Renan, he believes that *la vérité est dans les nuances*. "His chief service to his country was as a fighter. He still remains probably the greatest Italian fighter of modern times. In the eyes of the populace he was a hero who brought out the best in them. He stood for all that seemed good in the Risorgimento, all that was romantic, honest and popular in the sense of the people, while Cavour, for all his skill and success, stood for many of its worst aspects, for what was matter-of-fact, for duplicity, lack of generosity, for shady bargains with Louis Napoleon and all that was double-edged and deceitful." The young Cambridge historian deserves warm congratulation on his careful scholarship and his unflinching fairness of mind.

G. P. GOOCH.

*D. Mack Smith. *Cavour and Garibaldi* 1860. Cambridge University Press. 45s.

CHINA'S STATURE AND STATUS

Publication of this important and fascinating book, the first of seven volumes, none of which have anything to do with modern politics in any direct way, could, nevertheless, hardly have synchronized better with China's recognition as a great Power, a change in her international status consummated only last year at the Geneva conference; that landmark being preceded by the surrender of Western extraterritorial rights, and by China's inclusion amongst the founder-Powers of the United Nations. During the war Chiang Kai-Shek's China had furnished an important, if unreliable, make-weight against Wang Ching-Wei's, the traitor's area consisting of the maritime provinces, plus an indeterminate strip running along their Western borders, plus the province of Hopei. These areas became Japan's puppets, but when she was prostrated by atomic bombs they automatically released themselves from their artificial attachments and postures and resumed their normal relationships with the rest of China. Yet no country paid more than lip service to China as a political entity until her armies in Korea supplied the acknowledged proofs of international greatness by striking blows as hard as they received. As she seemed able and prepared to proffer similar credentials in Indo-China, she was admitted to the Geneva conference, her Foreign Minister, Chou En-Lai, sharing the limelight concentrated on our own.

As revolutionary a change in China's intellectual status amongst the Nations is now heralded by this book. This status, hitherto, has been appraised mainly in terms of art, literature, Confucian morality and Buddhist and Taoist religions and quasi-religious beliefs. In terms of scientific knowledge and technique China was not held of much account—except insofar as she successfully employed our own ideas and methods. The prevailing conception, indeed, was that such scientific knowledge as she showed had been derived from us, the incomparable West. This first, outline volume, modestly termed *Introductory Orientations*, though there are libraries of knowledge behind it—knowledge for the first time brought together and presented by a natural scientist with a mastery of both written and spoken Chinese—promises effectively to dispose of that cherished and typically insular illusion. As regards technique the following passage will surprise, indeed shock, most readers. "China produced a profusion of developments which reached Europe and other regions at times varying between the first and the eighteenth centuries, the square-pallet chain-pump; the edge-runner mill and the application of water-power to it; metallurgical blowing engines operated by water-power; the rotary fan and winnowing machine; piston-bellows; the horizontal-warp loom (possibly also Indian) and

the drawloom; silk-reeling, twisting and dousling machinery; the wheelbarrow; the vailing-carriage; the wagon-mill; the two efficient harnesses for draught-animals, *i.e.*, the breast-strap or postilion harness and the collar harness; the cross-bow; the kite; the helicopter top and the zoetrope; the technique of deep-drilling; the mastery of cast iron; the 'Cardan' suspension; the segmental arch bridge; the iron-chain suspension bridge; canal lock-gates; water-tight compartments, aerodynamically efficient sails, the fore-and-aft rig and the stern-post rudder; gunpowder; the magnetic compass; paper, printing and movable-type printing and porcelain. . . . Many more instances, even important ones, could be given."

This list becomes still more interesting when set against the history of ideas. How could it have been, the author asks, that the emergence of techniques was not prevented by the weakness of China in theory and geometrical systemization; by the fact that her science remained broadly speaking on a level continuously empirical? On the other hand, how was it that her backwardness in theory co-existed with the growth of her organic philosophy of Nature closely resembling that which modern science (with which, in the 17th century, her own began to fuse) has adopted? Volume 2 is to give us the history of her scientific thought; volumes 3 and 4 the history of her mathematics and physics, and volumes 5 and 6 that of the chemistry, biology, agriculture and medicine. So, in due course, the questions asked above, and others that suggest themselves, will be furnished with answers, to which, almost certainly, volume 7, comprising social, philosophical and ideological factors, will largely contribute. The publication of these volumes will certainly be awaited with the keenest interest. E. M. GULL.

Science and Civilisation in China. Vol. I. By Joseph Needham, I.R.S. Cambridge University Press. 52s. 6d.

DR. BENES' MEMOIRS

Eduard Benes was one of the most outstanding figures of the first half of the twentieth century. He was more than a Czechoslovak. He was a European. Indeed his personal reputation, like his political interest, was worldwide. The translation and publication of another part of his own story, therefore, available in Czech since 1947, was long overdue and is greatly to be welcomed. The sad thing is that this volume of his memoirs cannot be followed by many more. It concentrates on the period from 1938, when he came abroad after Munich, to 1943, when he signed the Czechoslovak-Soviet Treaty in Moscow. There is so much he could have said about events long before October, 1938, and long after December, 1943, if he had been spared that his death is to be doubly mourned. And if, as Godfrey Lias says—and as seems to be more or less the case—there is "in existence" a "comprehensive draft" of Benes's account of the Munich crisis, then it is high time that it was published. These memoirs, of course, are more in the nature of political accounting than personal reminiscing. Benes was still an active statesman when he wrote, and one of his aims in this volume was to inform the Czechoslovak people about his activities abroad between 1938 and 1943. What was required in this context was straightforward reporting of facts, and this he gave with meticulous and dispassionate care. It makes sober reading, yet it is all the more moving because of that. As an active statesman, too, he had to be cautious. Writing in 1947 he had to be much more reserved about Churchill and Stalin than about Roosevelt. Yet, where he felt a real need, he was remarkably outspoken, especially, strange as it may seem to some, concerning the communists. But this volume is, for all its matter-of-fact-ness, an absorbing one and, for all its cautiousness, a revealing one. It is, in addition, a testament of character. His integrity and honesty, determination and ability stand out on every page.

The book has a natural theme, the reversal of one Munich and the prevention of another. Benes accepted Munich, partly because he felt that to reject it would save neither Czechoslovakia nor Europe, and partly because he knew that it could not last since Germany was almost bound to provoke a general war soon. In this, as in many other instances, he showed remarkable foresight. But the reversal, however inevitable, still had to be worked hard for. To this work he set himself immediately on the occupation of Prague. It became his "only aim in life" and, in the end, he won complete success. In one way his task was easier than that of Masaryk and himself during the First World War. He had to restore not create a state. But in another it was more difficult. He had to make his first allies, the western powers, admit their mistake—if not much worse—of 1938. He had also to reckon with Russia. Benes was no supporter or abettor of communism, but he did believe the Soviet Union to be a great and growing power. It had to be taken into account. Moreover, it had been excluded from the Munich parleys and had not been directly pledged to Czechoslovakia, a situation which had to be remedied if there was not to be a second Munich. It was Munich which lay behind the Czechoslovak-Soviet Treaty, just as it lay behind that other controversial policy, the Sudeten German expulsion. But Benes was as well aware of the new danger coming from Russia as of the old one coming from Germany. The treaty contained a non-interference provision. But, although he allowed the Russians much sincerity (and they told him as much about Teheran as the British—nothing), he placed his main hope in the continued effectiveness of the Anglo-Soviet Treaty. "And so our answer to the question: West or East? is to say deliberately and plainly: *West and East*. In this sense—and in this sense only—did I sign and approve the treaty with the Soviet Union of December, 1943, *intentionally and consciously linking it with the Anglo-Soviet treaty of May 26th, 1942.*" In other words, Benes knew that the sole guarantee of continued independence for Czechoslovakia was lasting co-operation between West and East, a point which he stressed again and again. "At the time I firmly believed that this (Anglo-Soviet) treaty would continue in operation after the war ended. Was I right or wrong?" In the short run he may have been wrong, but in the long run he may prove to have been right. "Co-existence" might yet save his Czechoslovakia. At any rate, his book should be read for the future as well as for the past. His and Masaryk's moral principles may have passed away yesterday, but they will be reborn tomorrow.

WILLIAM V. WALLACE.

Memoirs of Dr. Eduard Benes: From Munich to New War and New Victory. Translated by Godfrey Lias. Allen & Unwin. 30s.

THREE POETS

While it is still too early to assess, for the 1914-1918 poets, their abiding position in the English tradition, the name of Ivor Gurney is already an honoured one, and all lovers of that tradition will be grateful for the present collection, "principally selected from unpublished manuscripts." Mr. Blunden, in his sensitive, discriminating and exquisitely expressed memoir—what joy to read a poet on a poet!—reminds us that Gurney's was one of the rare examples of the two-tongued gift of music and poetry. But what the poetry lover will chiefly remember are two small volumes, "*Severn and Somme*," (1917), and "*War's Embers*" (1919). Gurney's history, as Mr. Blunden reminds us, links him irrevocably with those of our young poets whose memories evoke "... what is pathetic, tragic, admirable, and vital." He was wounded on the Somme, gassed at Passchendaele, and discharged from the army a month before fighting ceased. Mr. Blunden evokes for us the brilliance of Gurney's talk in the post-war years; a brilliance which, for those tuned to recognise it, must, even then,

have conveyed a hint of the pathological. From September, 1922, until his death from tuberculosis, in 1937, Gurney was a mental patient. Once more, Mr. Blunden has caught at the heart of the matter in a memorable phrase. Gurney's daily round, with the unavoidable presence of many other people "was a weight upon his nature." One imagines that such a weight must have been insupportable for such a nature.

Selection must have been difficult, for a great deal of unpublished work was left—that it is available at all is due to the poet's faithful friend, Miss M. M. Scott, and in revealing this Mr. Blunden also indicates the peak of Gurney's tragedy. It appears that his "... poetical resources and idea of poetry are ... decidedly greater than in ... published volumes, but ... spoiled by ... incoherence ... confusion. ..." In the present book are poems which clearly manifest this anguished conflict between the poet—the "maker"—and a disintegrated mind. Inevitably, Gurney has been compared with Smart and Clare, but the likeness is rather in the circumstances than in the poetry. This is not simply because Gurney's poetry bears traces of the influence of modern innovators whom the other two could not have known. It is rather because Gurney himself evolved a quite original poetic ring. The union in him of musician and poet has resulted in a peculiarly aural use of language. He uses words like harmonies, he "strikes" on them, so that, underneath, there are echoes of other sounds. One catches this sense of music and poetry interfused, particularly, in the poems which sing of the life of the 1914 infantry-man; a kind of harmony, a held poetic moment where music almost intervenes. But at its best this poetry is notable, above all, for its power of uniting the experience of past and present into a poetic whole. Severn and Somme—and later—have fused to make a poetry of compassion, love, indignation, and a sort of broken understanding. Mr. Blunden, one imagines, must have picked his way very carefully through the manuscripts, for, not infrequently, one meets, in this book, poems achieving this strong, sane synthesis between those battle-field and West-country memories which so stirred Gurney, and the betrayal of himself—as it seemed to him—by the England he so loved. But too often, of course, there intervene the incoherence and confusion of break-down.

"The splendid fragments of a mind immortal,

With rubbish mixed, and glittering in the dust"; quotes Mr. Blunden in his most moving tribute.

Mr. Sergeant's book contains two poem-sequences—"The Leaves of Europe" and "The Headlands"—of considerable interest; and also some graceful individual poems. Though there is still a touch of conscious contrivance at the surface of this poet's work, there is no mistaking the true poetic impulse and experience beneath. Mr. Betjeman and Mr. Piper have, between them, concocted a charming trifle, which many people will love to get as a Christmas card, sizeable booklet as it is.

LOVEDAY MARTIN.

Poems by Ivor Gurney, with a Memoir by Edmund Blunden. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

The Headlands. Poems by Howard Sergeant. Putnam & Company, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

Poems in the Porch. By John Betjeman. Illustrations by John Piper. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 2s.

WORLD CITIZENSHIP

In this stimulating, closely argued book, the author, who is Lecturer in Philosophy, Queen's College, St. Andrews University, has performed a valuable pioneer task. He discusses the problems basic in a developing international community of what principles common to all peoples can be appealed to in the conduct of international arguments and the evolution of international law. In his search for an international philosophy, he has given the name of "mundialism" to those social policies which are entailed by respect for international law, the

criteria of which are in universal esteem. In order to ensure that principles of social policy shall be readily acceptable to reasonable people throughout the world he propounds three tests or "precepts of philosophical method," each of which must be satisfied if the world community is to develop. Firstly, matters of common concern will require for their fruitful discussion a framework of thought which is actually or potentially common to all participants. Secondly, those policies consonant with generally accepted thoughtways which are mutually consistent, should be selected. Thirdly, that system of thought should be cultivated which most assists the reasoned discussion of conflicting social policies, "What we need now is not a new theory of political obligation, but a disclosure of the few common thoughtways, which make possible the organised co-existence within one world community of armed governments adhering to conflicting principles of political obligation. . . . We should accept the large area of discord which we cannot alter and seek to cultivate whatever common ground our thought shares with that of our neighbours."

National sovereignty is today no more than armed domestic autonomy within the world community. Just as there are no longer any truly sovereign states, so the world community is not yet sovereign. Thus, although the world community lives under a regime of law, it is polycentric in organisation, just as medieval Europe, though not a sovereign state, lived under law despite the unstable equilibrium between its various centres of judicial power. Being all co-citizens of one polycentric community, we owe a loyalty to its law and institutions which should override our other social loyalties whenever they conflict with it.

The goal which the author sets before us is that of world federal government, the constitution of which must be as neutral as possible with regard to the liberal, socialist or mixed policies which national governments severally choose to pursue in their domestic affairs. "The organisational structure . . . must incorporate a complex, multidimensional balance of power, in which no organised interest need feel devoid of allies and none can permanently dominate the rest." The mundialist "is committed to supporting the balance of world power which will best permit the reasoned discussion of conflicting social policies to continue." This is all very much to the good. But the author reveals, in the opinion of the reviewer, a certain inconsistency when he writes, "plans for a European federation or an Atlantic one have nothing whatever to do with world government." Surely, the whole intention of such plans is tentatively to maintain, within the United Nations, precisely that balance of power for which the author asks.

GORDON EVANS.

The Principles of World Citizenship by L. Jonathan Cohen. Basil Blackwell. 10s 6d.

* * * * *

A History of the Working Men's College, 1854—1954, by J. F. C. Harrison (Routledge & Kegan Paul. 18s.) describes in detail one of the most useful creations of the Victorian era. The oldest adult education institution in the country was founded by F. D. Maurice and a group of friends soon after the Chartist scare of 1848 in the conviction that it was never too late to make up for the lack of schooling in youth, and it has maintained the blend of idealism and practicality unimpaired for a century. In this record of voluntary pupils and voluntary teachers we meet many well-known figures of Victorian and post-Victorian times. The social side of the College has been carefully planned, for, unlike a school, many of its members remain connected with it through the Old Student's Club and other organisations throughout life. This admirable volume, based on the College archives and written from first-hand knowledge, should win new friends for a centre of learning and good fellowship which has always inspired genuine affection in teachers and scholars alike.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

If ever, as William Blake insisted,
 Under every grief and pine
 Runs a joy with silken twine,
 it is now—when these three pages
 sorrowing for the passing of THE
 FORTNIGHTLY find themselves within
 the hospitable covers of THE CON-
 TEMPORARY REVIEW. Here the little
 lamp, kindled at the great torch of
 criticism first carried in the 1860's by
 Swinburne, George Eliot, Meredith,
 John Stuart Mill, Colvin and Anthony
 Trollope, is to be humbly tended still.
 This indeed is silken twine.

A minority occupation

The future of reading is the theme
 of A SMALLHOLDING ON PARNASSUS
 (Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.),
 Sir William Haley's Book League
 lecture. The title is from *A Writer's
 Notes on His Trade* by C. E. Montague,
 in the long-revered passage which
 begins: "If you want to share the
 joys of the intensive reader you must
 almost abandon hope of being a really
 extensive reader too." So Sir William
 invites us to look at the whole mountain,
 and by simple multiplication demon-
 strates that the most we can hope "to
 get shooting rights over" in sixty
 years of reading is 9,000 volumes.
 Therefore he pleads for some kind of
 loose system in the process: associa-
 tive, to become acquainted with the
 circle of a writer; choosing authors,
 like Jane Austen or the Brontës, whose
 works can be assembled and seen as a
 whole; founding a small library on a
 single subject; putting initially dis-
 appointing books as an investment on
 the shelves. A recent Director-
 General of the BBC, he knows that
 broadcasting has been a powerful
 patron of writers and booksellers. With
 television as it is developing there is a
 greater threat of passivity, but statistics
 give him hope that the tendencies of
 the second half of the century will not
 discourage reading—contrariwise, and
 we shall be a nation of morons.

False innovations

Resisting any contemplation of this

possibility, we warily approach THE
 DEMON OF PROGRESS IN THE ARTS
 (Methuen. 12s. 6d.), to find Wyndham
 Lewis reassuringly asking us to take on
 trust that he "can see the line beyond
 which the extreme is the nonsensical."
 Fair enough, because before laymen
 have reached his book's end they too
 will feel equipped to analyse the
 impulses and manifestations of "ultra-
 modern art" and their own reactions
 of bewilderment or disgust as well.
 Those who were dazed by the £4,500
 prize that went to Reg Butler's
Political Prisoner in wire, believing it to
 be yet another symbol of outrageous
 "advancedness," will have arrived at
 the same conclusion as Mr. Lewis:
 it "is not at all a novelty . . . this
 simple little stunt . . . and there is not
 much more that can be done in
 senseless progress." All the greater
 then the gratitude that he has in-
 cluded reproductions—especially
 Michael Ayerton's superb portrait of
 Sir William Walton—to illustrate the
 quality of some now engaged in the
 fine arts. Francis Bacon's *Man in the
 Chair* encourages a latent appreciation
 of Graham Sutherland's Winston
 Churchill painting, and *The Gamblers*
 by John Minton, of last year's Royal
 Academy, here in black and white
 points to the Cross traditional as a
 Cimabue. But fundamentally Mr.
 Lewis is less optimistic than Sir
 William Haley and holds the great
 suspense in which we live to be "a
 factor of daily, unrelenting ruin" and
 the book trade "fallen to the same
 abysmal level as the cinema."

The novelist's task

Wyndham Lewis is to be met with
 in the company of Smollett, Marryat,
 Dickens, Wells and Joyce in THE
 ENGLISH NOVEL, by Walter Allen
 (Phoenix House. 18s.). The sub-title,
 A Short Critical History, indicates
 those amiable wrangles that the literary-
 minded are fond of starting with all
 who write books about books. But
 Mr. Allen's wide reading and un-

obtrusive research and his comprehension of the evolution and shapes of the novels he cites, command and keep respect. Moreover, he avoids psychological broodings, and he sticks to a programme that surveys the eighteenth century, the first generation of the nineteenth, and the early and later Victorians, so that we are neither side-tracked by muddy speculation nor dizzily flashbacked in time. For the beginnings, he contends that Chaucer and Cervantes influenced our novelists only after the novel was an invented form, and that although Elizabethan playwrights, nearer perhaps to opera, could create the kind of characters we know to-day, they moved in "worlds that are largely non-realistic." To Mr. Allen then, the novel proper that began with *The Pilgrim's Progress*, emerged with *Robinson Crusoe*, and flowered with *Pamela*. He traces the many changes (stressing that art unlike material progress has little to do with getting better and better) to "1914 and After" where perforce the factors of scale and length call a halt. We must await the more difficult examination—contemporaries being notoriously hard to see—of an Elizabeth Bowen, a Joyce Cary, a Graham Greene, a James Hanley, and the rest, in another book. This one, stimulating and satisfactory to student and to voracious or discriminating novel reader alike, makes the waiting tedious.

Eminent days

That the world portrayed in fiction by a Thackeray or a Trollope was indeed static and secure, is itself a pleasant fiction manufactured in the last forty years to point the horrific contrast. On the other hand, those who belittle the achievement of nineteenth-century Britain on the Lytton Strachey biographical pattern, are sadly out of date. For all who have wandered too near these extremes, *VICTORIAN PEOPLE* (*Odhams*. 18s.). with its reassessments of people, institutions, ideas and events from 1851 to 1867, should be a useful guide.

Eminent ways

This is an enriching book of Asa Briggs, and not less so for its entertainment value, to which his contemporary illustrations add their lively share. He finds dominating the period the symbol of the Crystal Palace, so frail seemingly that the first hailstorm would shatter it: "Instead it was moved from Hyde Park to Sydenham in 1854 and lasted for 85 years until fire destroyed it." Coming so soon after the prosperities of the Great Exhibition, the Crimean War proved to be one of the severest of hailstorms, and Mr. Briggs shows how John Arthur Roebuck, M.P.—who asked the House of Commons to set up a Select Committee to enquire into the condition of the Army before Sebastopol—weathered it. Similar analysis and discussion against the human background are used for Bagehot and the English Constitution, Samuel Smiles and the gospel of work, Thomas Hughes and the public schools, Robert Applegarth and the trade unions, John Bright and the creed of reform, Robert Lowe and the fear of democracy, Disraeli and "the leap in the dark" that extended the franchise. Thus, the Oxford University Reader in Recent Social and Economic History has been able to disclose the panorama glimpsed beyond the great "Lives" of the era; he has also scraped off some vicarious pitch and whitewash.

Shelley plain

The one, labelled "Atheism," stuck to Shelley in the early years of the last century; the other, splashed on top, took the form of fanatical, uncritical devotion that naturally failed to wipe out the perplexing black streaks. Sylva Norman in *FLIGHT OF THE SKYLARK* (*Max Reinhardt*. 25s.) grasps at the "Shelley legend" firmly and her readers behold something tangible in her steady and sensitive hands. Yet this is no conjuring trick; she knows the difference between myth and invention, and as she never confuses the two nor does she us. To her the "popular conception encircles

a nucleus of truth" and her purpose, triumphantly accomplished, is to expose the heart of the matter. It is easier to find than Shelley's, by the way, which "had a dreary and knockabout sort of after-life" in Miss Norman's phrase: after its removal from the funeral pyre, "'where is the heart buried?' became almost a parlour game." Lightheartedly she blows dust off controversies, undermines theories and reputations, upsets apple carts, and exercises a keen sense of the ridiculous on the sillier hero-worshippers and the rogues who forged Shelley's letters; and one presumes that irony crept into the titling of her book.

Shelley living

With all this, Miss Norman's reverence for the man as poet shines through, divesting her study of offence to those who have grown up on the tradition fostered by André Maurois, and on "the winsome face of a child" Francis Thompson conception. It was a bright thought—but not perhaps surprising in the Shelley scholar she has already proved herself to be—this tracing of the development of Shelley's reputation in a chronicle that begins at the other end. So often knowledge aching stops with death, especially young and tragic death. Here he has duly been awarded "immortality, not in the sense of godhead or impregnability, but on the grounds of staying power." The University of Oklahoma Press is to be sincerely thanked for publishing the book, aided by a grant from the Pforzheimer Foundation. By the same token, American spelling scattered throughout Miss Norman's shapely English is uneasily forgiven.

"Drink to me only. . ."

Words like "defense" and "labor" and a dedication to the New York Public Library also impart a transatlantic air to the story of one who, too, dropped a letter—from his name, BEN JONSON OF WESTMINSTER (*Robert Hale*. 18s.). Marchette Chute has written a biography that reads smooth as a novel, her central character sharp in the coloured setting of his times;

that it cost her laborious factual preparation the index and exhaustive bibliography more than hint. The "great lyric poet when he permitted himself to be" was fortunate in having William Camden, the antiquarian, as a master at school, who imparted such a vision of the ancient world lit by reason and order that Jonson became the one Elizabethan dramatist who worked in its spirit. The youngster passing each day the Queen's banqueting hall was later to have his masques presented there and to be attended by respectful younger poets. He became a Jacobean, saw his play *Staple of News* performed by the King's Men company just after the coronation of Charles I, and lived on to the brink of civil war, ill, in part neglected and returned to the half-poverty he knew as a child.

Safely through the world

"Rare Ben", the Roman Catholic schoolboy of Westminster (albeit to be buried ultimately in its Abbey) would have settled down just as happily within the walls of St. Gregory's in Flanders, before the French Revolution caused the teaching staff to move to England and found the Abbey and College of Downside. And Jonson would have noticed nothing unusual in the prefect's shout: "No washing to-day, boys, everything frozen, *Benedicamus Domino*." How some of the trappings have changed, leaving the essentials intact, is recounted in *Downside By and Large* (*Sheed & Ward*. 21s.). Hubert van Zeller, who recorded his own boyhood there with the delightful *Willingly to School*, in a burst of even higher spirits has now written the long history of the place. In "a double fugue of things lasting and Gregorian" the small world of a great public school—with work and games, prayer and play, customs and even phrases—is to be heard, swelling out in preparation for manhood's larger but hardly deeper spheres. Old Boys may take this book as compulsory or as a holiday task, but outsiders will find it reading for fun.

GRACE BANYARD.

Contemporary Review

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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

46-47 CHANCERY LANE • LONDON W.C.2

FORMOSA

FORMOSA on which the eyes of the world are fixed to-day is a small island on the tropic of Cancer about 90 miles from the coast of China.

It has an area rather less than half that of Ireland and a population now estimated at from eight to ten millions. It has had a chequered history, for successive governments have had to deal with wild indigenous inhabitants and with the rugged and inaccessible regions in the island. Though a large proportion of its present population is Chinese there have been long periods during which it has been under the domination of other foreign countries. In particular the Japanese held it during the half century from 1895 to 1945.

How has it come about that this tiny spot on the map of the world should to-day have assumed such supreme significance? It is not coveted for its natural resources. It is not a delectable place for colonisation. It is not adjacent to the main territory of any of the Great Powers other than China and Japan. It is in fact some 3,000 miles from Australia, about the same distance from India (by sea) and no less than 8,000 miles from the U.S.A. It is safe to say that up to a few years ago the great majority of Europeans and Americans knew of it, if at all, by name only. So much was this the case that when in November 1943 the Allies in the Cairo Declaration recorded their intention that Formosa should be restored to China, and at Potsdam in July, 1945 laid this down as one of the terms for peace with Japan, few people took any particular note of the fact.

But before the Japanese Peace Treaty was actually signed in April, 1952 much had happened in the internal affairs of China. In January, 1949 Chiang Kai-shek who had been not only General of the Army but also President of China resigned from the latter office and during the year the authority of his Nationalist Government rapidly declined as province after province of China fell into the hands of Communist forces. By January, 1950 little territory was left to Chiang Kai-shek except Formosa* itself and one or two neighbouring islands and thither he betook himself with what was left of his army. Meanwhile the communist "People's Republic of China" had been set up on the mainland and was recognised as the Government of China by the U.S.S.R. in October, 1949 and by the Government of India. *De jure* recognition was accorded to it by the United Kingdom in January, 1950.

On the other hand the United States, which had been contributing arms on a large scale to Chiang Kai-shek in spite of his declining fortunes, continued to support his régime and refused to recognise the "People's Republic". In deference to their view the United Nations has allowed the seat on the Security Council allotted to China to remain to this day in the nomination of Chiang Kai-shek. On June 27, 1950, following on the invasion of South Korea by North Korean forces President Truman announced that the United States fleet would resist any attack upon Formosa.

* "In September 1945 the administration of Formosa was taken over from the Japanese by Chinese forces at the direction of the Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers; but this was not a cession nor did it in itself involve any change of Sovereignty. The arrangements with Chiang Kai-shek put him there on a basis of military occupation pending further arrangements and did not of themselves constitute the territory Chinese". (Anthony Eden in a House of Commons Written answer Feb. 4, 1955).

But the other non-communist members of the United Nations (including the United Kingdom) who were joining in the defence of South Korea did not adopt the same attitude.

The advent to power in November, 1952, of the Republican Party in the United States further accentuated the divergence between the views of America and her Allies. In the campaign which preceded the election the Democratic Administration was strongly attacked for its reluctance to give to Chiang Kai-shek a hundred per cent support. Anti-communist feeling was at that time running very high in the U.S.A.; the heavy casualties suffered by American troops in their gallant defence against communist advance in Korea naturally influenced public opinion; the "China Lobby" was pressing for a "preventive" war; and speeches were made by prominent members of the Republican party promising bold militant action to halt Chinese aggression in the Southern Pacific. President Eisenhower whatever may have been his personal opinions did not either during the campaign or for some months after his election feel strong enough to repudiate these extreme utterances, and though when forced to make a decision he declared himself against a preventive war, he continued to hand out to Chiang Kai-shek vast military supplies including aircraft; as recently as last Autumn he expressed his satisfaction that the Nationalist leader would be in a position in 1955 to make an onslaught upon the mainland of China.

It is necessary to understand the intensity of the feeling in the U.S.A. if we are to form any true appraisal of the factors involved in the Formosan issue—still more if we are to formulate any specific proposals for reducing the world tension arising therefrom. To most Americans Communism is the arch-enemy of mankind. Godless, brutal, disruptive it has to be destroyed root and branch. Any compromise with it, any trade with it which may help it to survive, any further recognition of the sovereignty it exercises, is trafficking with the evil thing and as such not merely a blow struck against civilisation but an immoral action and even an affront to God himself. Every one who supports it or who has a good word to say for it, every one who is not prepared to join in a holy crusade against it is *ipso facto* a traitor to the world of decent men and women. Every one who is prepared to join in the attack upon it is a friend to be supported liberally in order to help him to overthrow it.

Other non-communist members of the United Nations without denying that there is some justification for the attitude of Americans do not endorse in its extreme form their major premiss, nor are they prepared to carry it to the logical conclusion in action which American public opinion would appear to favour. They recognise that it is necessary to resist the advance of communism and that for this a prerequisite is military strength so that the free world can face the communist States on equal terms. But they do not believe that the main weapon with which to fight communist ideology is force of arms but rather such social and economic betterment as will check the infiltration of subversive ideas. In the matter of China they feel that it is a denial of plain fact to continue to give the China seat on the Security Council to the remnant of the Nationalist Government in Formosa and to deny it to the Government which holds the whole of the mainland and rules some 600 million of the world's inhabitants. They

point out that the U.N. was never conceived of as a body of like-thinking brothers but as a meeting ground for rival and contending States, each out for its own advantage but willing to argue and discuss in an international forum before (even if not instead of) resorting to arms.

This moderating view coupled with the logic of events has already had considerable influence on the United States Administration as witnessed by the recent *démarche* of a few weeks ago announcing an American treaty with Chiang Kai-shek and asking Congress for specific powers. Reading between the lines of the somewhat bellicose statement it is clear in a speech on February 16th, Mr. Dulles has thrown some doubts on this interpretation that the purpose was to limit American responsibility and to tell the American people (and incidentally the Chinese Government) that President Eisenhower was not prepared to go to war with Communist China over the Islands around the China coast other than Formosa and the Pescadores, and that it was proposed to make a strategic disengagement from other islands. There is good evidence that this policy is understood and approved by a considerable section of thinking Americans. Since then steps to effect this have in fact begun to be taken. This however has not prevented Chiang Kai-shek from repeating in the most violent form his threats to take the initiative at his own time and place to invade the mainland and to bring the whole of China once more under his domination.

It was a good move therefore for New Zealand, with the backing of the United Kingdom Government, to try to bring about a cease-fire in which the contending parties could meet round a conference table to discuss the situation without being called upon in advance to abate any of their claims. It was natural to suggest that the *venue* for this discussion should be the seat of the U.N. in New York and to invite China to send a representative there for the purpose. We are told that many people in high places were woefully disappointed when the Chinese Government sent a firm refusal to attend. Personally, though I should have greatly rejoiced had they accepted, I never thought it at all likely that they would do so. It is just as well to be realists and to try to understand their case.

Broadly I think it is this:—"We are the rulers of a country as large as Europe with a population far greater than that of any other nation in the world. You say we are aggressors but we say that the boot is on the other leg. You have admitted that all the islands in the immediate vicinity of our coast properly belong to China. But you not only prevent us from occupying them, but you groom the present occupier of Formosa to open an attack upon us which he is constantly threatening to do. If ever he does this on a large scale—and he is already sinking our ships and killing our people—you know that it will be with the planes and the arms you have given him that he will do so. Finally as to our coming to the United Nations to argue our case you refuse to allow us to come in at the front door and now you ask us to come in at the back door. And we say 'no'".

I think it must be assumed that this specific refusal rules out the U.N. as the convenor for a Cease Fire Conference. But it does not rule out the possibility of such a conference, under different auspices. It is evident that several of the Powers, including the United Kingdom and the U.S.S.R., have been in consultation about this ever since the Chinese answer was received. As these lines are being written the Russian proposal for a

meeting in Asia for this purpose has been made and is being canvassed. There will no doubt be considerable discussion both as to the *venue* and as to who shall be invited to take part. I shall be surprised however if these matters are not in the end satisfactorily resolved and a workable compromise effected.

If so the first move towards a cease-fire will have been taken and the parties got together round a table. Unfortunately this does not mean that the fighting will have stopped or that the prospect of a lasting peace will be imminent. The most that can be hoped for is that a temporary solution for the island of Formosa will be agreed upon which will not prejudice the claims of either side as to its ultimate future. This would require some form of neutralisation of the island for a period of years or until a full peace treaty is made. Of course the condition of this neutrality would be that it would not be used as a base from which to open attack upon its neighbours. If agreement on this question could be reached there would appear to be no other major issue to prevent the conclusion of a cease-fire settlement leaving the ultimate solution to be thought out at a later date.

PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

MENDÈS-FRANCE AND AFTER

THE defeat of M. Mendès-France put an end to a remarkable experiment in government. It lasted less than eight months, but they were months of bold and sometimes dramatic action in every field. It would be a mistake to regard his Ministry as just one more in the series of unsteady and short-lived governments, of no more importance than the rest. When he took office last June drift and hesitancy—and the formidable pressure of events—had accumulated a mass of grave problems demanding solution. The question of Europe and the E.D.C. was marking time. The situation in North Africa was disquieting and Indo-China was on the verge of catastrophe. In these affairs the Mendès-France Government was a Government of action, and that by itself distinguished it from its immediate predecessors. Its handling of these questions was its most visible work. But its fundamental aim, more ambitious if less apparent, was nothing less than the revitalising of the laggard French economy. Through all the discussions of international questions the Prime Minister never ceased to assert this as his capital purpose.

It was his policy in North Africa which provided the occasion of the successful attack, but it was the spirit of his action which was criticized. His chief assailant, M. René Mayer, a fellow Radical, said he could not believe that a policy of movement could “find no middle term between immobilism and adventure”. The Prime Minister replied that there were two alternative policies: accommodation and reform or repression and force. The Government had chosen the first. In fact, no specific alternative to the Government’s policy was put forward during the debate. The motives of discontent among various sections of the Assembly were various. Perhaps the most important was the persistent division of opinion on Europe and German rearmament. The rejection of the E.D.C. still rankled in the minds of the “Europeans” of the M.R.P., who this time

voted almost solidly against the Government, although they favour a liberal policy in Tunisia, while the Paris Agreements disaffected other supporters of the Ministry, equally favourable to the Tunisian reforms.

A policy so active and decided in the vast area of international and empire affairs as well as home affairs should clearly be the work of a strongly organized government with a coherent majority behind it. A political broker who forms a governing coalition in the French Parliament is always driven sooner or later to depend on the support of regular and sufficiently powerful groups. M. Mendès-France's Ministry, as he formed it on investiture, was a mere scaffolding. He was aware of this sketchy construction and at the beginning reserved several offices to be offered to members of the M.R.P., who had not voted for his investiture. Some dissident members of that group actually joined the Ministry without permission of their leaders. The main body of the group, which he had hoped to bring into his regular majority, were soon, after the rejection of the E.D.C., among his bitterest enemies. The Prime Minister later offered posts in his Government to six Socialists, whose party had consistently supported him, but this collaboration also was refused. In spite of three or four reshuffles the Ministry kept the appearance of a scaffolding to the end. The majority was itself scattered over the Assembly and precariously dependent on the loyalty of small factions. The makeshift appearance of the Ministerial team and the dispersion of the supporting forces weakened the standing of the Government. It also placed a crushing burden on the Prime Minister, which, in a more normal combination, would have been spread more broadly over the Cabinet. Two capable Ministers, M. Mitterand at the Interior and M. Edgar Faure at the Ministry of Finance, enjoyed the respect due to their position in their own groups, but the Prime Minister personally was in an unusual measure the target of attack.

Throughout its career the Government lived dangerously. It seemed to keep afloat only by the sheer impetus of its action, surviving successive votes of confidence though its majority was not always of the same size or of the same composition. The Government owed its safety in some degree to the support of large sections of public opinion outside Parliament. Every Saturday evening M. Mendès-France broadcast an account of the week's events. He regarded it as an essential part of the work of revitalising France that public opinion should be kept aware of what was being done, and should be closely associated with the effort. For all the protection which this gave him for a time inside Parliament, in the long run many Deputies came to resent the broadcasting as a manner of appealing to the country "over their heads". The Government was latterly accused in debate of abusing its opportunities of propaganda.

In eight months M. Mendès-France's ambitious plans could not be carried to final conclusions in any line of advance. The negotiations for the convention to regulate Tunisian autonomy were still unfinished when the Government fell, though many important points were settled. The outbreak of disorder in Algeria tempted critics to throw doubt on the general policy of the Government in North Africa. The future of Indo-China is obscure and a subject of anxiety. The armistice was generally approved as a military necessity at the time it was signed, and the cessation of the war is still a cause of satisfaction, but there are nationalists who do not

think that some of the disagreeable results which have followed were unavoidable. Such critics—and this is particularly true of members of the M.R.P.—dislike the “style” of M. Mendès-France, and especially his supposed inclination for the spectacular. According to one critic these impulsive gestures, which give for the moment the impression of being solutions, leave the problem unsolved. In the case of the famous visit to Tunis M. Mendès-France could reply with justice that the spectacular style was intentional, that its purpose was to produce a psychological shock. After so many promises had been made by previous governments without following them up, it was necessary to show in the most striking way that the new Government meant business.

On a general view of the Mendès-France experiment the crucial question is whether it has succeeded in awakening opinion to the necessity of a vital effort to renovate the French economy. Under the special powers granted to the Government action towards this end has been started in many directions. In connection with the liberation of foreign trade exchanges measures have been taken to help in the reconversion of manufacturing concerns which are really redundant and only kept alive by tariff protection at the nation's expense. Financial arrangements have been made to encourage industrial enterprises to increase their investments for expansion. A courageous attack has been launched against the abuse of alcohol. It was an essential part of the scheme for renovation that the standard of living should be raised simultaneously with its progress, and the recent increase in production was marked by a rise in wages, particularly among lower paid workers. It was only just before the fall of the Government that the Premier was able to leave the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in order to give his chief attention to the economic efforts, and the scheme had not then attained the amplitude intended. Nevertheless, the 18 months plan of industrial expansion devised by M. Faure at the Ministry of Finance had, with the aid of favourable factors in the general trading situation, resulted in a steady improvement during the last few months in industrial output. The improvement was chiefly in the production of consumer goods, but there was hope of its extension to production generally. On the whole, while it cannot be said that a profound and general revival has yet shown itself convincingly, the continuous progress is promising. In recent months the index figure of prices of 213 articles of family consumption has been very slowly rising. This shows that precautions are still necessary in an economy still in convalescence and not assured of an invincible power of resistance to inflation.

Under the amended Constitution M. Mendès-France's successor had to form his Ministry before presenting himself to the National Assembly for investiture. M. Pinay, the leader of the Independents, who was first called upon, therefore returned to the orthodox course—neglected by M. Mendès-France—of consulting Parliamentary groups as groups. In such negotiations an important fact has now to be taken into account: the next general election is due to take place next year. All groups, and even many individual deputies, will consider their attitude towards any enterprise in government with that consideration in mind. M. Pinay was obviously the first man to approach in the crisis as the leader of the most auspicious opposition force. In some ways he is a very different personage from any

of his immediate predecessors, more definitely on the Right than any except M. Laniel. But he has always given the impression of being a man of independent character who does not covet office merely for its pomp. So much of his intentions as was revealed in his early consultation went to indicate that he would take into account the great change in the political situation resulting from the Mendès-France experiment. He seemed to contemplate a Government more broadly based than those of a year or two ago, and he is reported to have informed the Socialists whom he consulted of an interesting design to take counsel with Opposition leaders upon any grave decision to be taken on a matter of importance in international or domestic politics. To judge from his past actions in office, and his general views on economic policy he would be unlikely to take over so dynamic a plan as that of M. Mendès-France to transform the French economy, and he has on occasion expressed confidence in the power of the economic system to recover if general good will were forthcoming.

After extended consultations with group leaders and individual Deputies M. Pineau, a Socialist, composed a Ministry based mainly on the Left and Left Centre, before submitting himself for investiture. The M.R.P. lent themselves readily to a combination which associated them with the Socialists. Whatever may be the fortune of the new Government the M.R.P. thus obtained a kind of certificate of their quality as social reformers which next year may bring them an electoral advantage. With their adhesion M. Pineau had an advantage over the preceding Government, which never obtained their support. On the other hand the attitude of the Gaullists, who had helped M. Mendès-France, was less surely favourable towards M. Pineau. In his negotiations M. Pineau acted with skill and determination and enjoys a good personal standing in the Assembly. The disconcerting problem of this Assembly remains: the question whether any stable majority, whether based mainly on Right or Left, can be formed in the presence of nearly a hundred Communists voting with its adversaries.

Vernon, Eure.

W. L. MIDDLETON.

RUSSIA AND YUGOSLAVIA

THE recent dramatic change in the Soviet attitude towards Yugoslavia may be part and parcel of the new trends in foreign policy that have become manifest since Stalin's death; it is, nevertheless, a wonderful vindication of the course pursued with such courage and determination by the Yugoslav people and their leaders during the last six years. Although the Yugoslavs have every right to be proud, there is not much room for complacency, nor, judging by their record so far, are they likely to be complacent or unrealistic now that they are faced with a new situation.

Whan Saburov, the Soviet spokesman during the recent celebrations of the Bolshevik revolution anniversary, said that the Soviet government would continue to work for "the full normalization of Soviet-Yugoslav relations . . . (and) the strengthening of the old friendship of our peoples

with the brotherly people of Yugoslavia", and when, shortly afterwards, Malenkov himself visited the Yugoslav embassy in Moscow and drank a toast to "Comrade Tito, the Communist party of Yugoslavia and the Yugoslav people", they were merely proclaiming, publicly and formally, the complete failure of the old dictator's policy of coercion. But the first signs indicating that the new leaders intended to abandon that policy had appeared much earlier.

The initial approaches on the subject of ending frontier incidents were made to Yugoslavia by the satellite governments during the summer of 1953. Special border commissions were set up to deal with problems which had accumulated over a number of years. After the easing of the frontier situation, the next step was the restoration of normal diplomatic relations. This has been a slow and prolonged process. The first countries to resume relations with Yugoslavia were Bulgaria and Albania, then Hungary and Rumania, and finally Poland and Czechoslovakia. This campaign, obviously set in motion and co-ordinated by Moscow, was taken several steps further by barter and trade discussions between Belgrade and various European capitals of the Soviet bloc, by the cessation of anti-Yugoslav propaganda, and by the Soviet approval of the Trieste agreement between Italy and Yugoslavia.

The fact that the new Soviet leaders have come to accept the obvious truth that Stalin's military, ideological and economic blockade has failed to dislodge Tito and his regime does not, of course, mean that they have reconciled themselves to Yugoslavia's present position in south-eastern Europe. They are particularly unhappy about her military alliance with Greece and Turkey. Although propaganda directed to Yugoslavia has become more reasonable and circumspect in recent months, there has been no change in the Soviet attitude towards the Balkan alliance. This is still considered to be an instrument of aggression and an offshoot of the western defence system. The three allied countries are indeed much too near the European frontiers of the Communist empire for the Soviets to ignore their close military co-operation, even though this may be an outcome of Stalin's policy. Russia has tried to undo some of the harm done by this policy by renouncing all territorial claims made against Turkey in 1945 and 1946. Similarly, she is trying to assure the Yugoslavs that just as there are no real grounds for any unfriendliness between them and their Cominform neighbours, there is also no justification for Yugoslav military ties with Turkey, Greece and the western powers. But unlike the Soviet approach to Turkey, the approach to Yugoslavia can be made on a number of levels. The Russians may hope, in the first place, to score by appealing to the Slav solidarity that was stirred during the last war and which has fairly deep historic roots, particularly among the Serbs and Montenegrins. In fact, the Soviet Government is not far from fancying itself at this particular moment in the role of "Mother Russia" protecting the Slavs from the dangers of a new Germany rearmed by the western powers. Another level of approach is the Communist one, and it may prove more rewarding from the Soviet point of view than one imagines. For in spite of the many important changes and reforms that have been carried out in Yugoslavia since 1948, the essential structure of her Communist party still bears a good deal of resemblance to that of the Soviet

Union. Moreover, there are still many Yugoslav Communists in responsible positions who are the spiritual children of Soviet, and even Stalinist, ideology. If Moscow could have their ear she might well cause Tito a lot of worry by setting up internal strains and stresses within the regime.

We come next to an approach which Moscow believes to be one of the inseparable virtues of "peaceful co-existence", namely, her own right to put her case directly to the people by means of the "peace movement" and various cultural and sports activities sponsored by pro-Soviet organisations. This is what Molotov had in mind when he said recently that "peace can be preserved if the peoples take the cause of peace in their own hands". It is, however, unlikely that the Yugoslav government, with its strict control of all the media of publicity and propaganda, will give the Soviet authorities those facilities for pursuing their line of policy that they are at present enjoying in some of the countries of western Europe. There have been certain rumours in recent weeks to the effect that Russia may suggest the formation of a Balkan federation between Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Albania. One cannot tell whether such a proposal will be put forward or not; on the other hand it would be the kind of clumsy manoeuvre to which the Soviet government might resort in order to spread confusion in people's minds and divide Yugoslavia from her allies, should the more straightforward methods produce no results. But the Yugoslav leaders are certainly not likely to fall into such a trap, for they must have vivid memories of Stalin's post-war federal intrigues.

It will be remembered that during an official visit to Rumania at the beginning of 1948, Dimitrov made his famous declaration of faith in a comprehensive east-European union. He was immediately attacked by *Pravda* and the very idea of such a scheme was mercilessly scotched. Vladimir Dedijer tells us in his book *Tito Speaks* (1953) that shortly afterwards high-ranking delegations from Bulgaria and Yugoslavia were summoned to Moscow where Stalin again reprimanded the Bulgarian Communist leader, who appears to have apologised profusely. Nevertheless, on this very same occasion Stalin perversely urged both countries to unite without delay and include Albania in the new federation. The Yugoslavs received the proposal coolly, as they suspected it was aimed at their own national unity. Their suspicions had already been roused a few days earlier when Stalin had told Milovan Djilas that Yugoslavia was "free to swallow up Albania at any time she wished to do so". Consequently, the projected union came to nothing, and a few months later Yugoslavia was expelled from the Soviet bloc.

The task of protecting the Balkan alliance from all dangers that beset it does not, of course, fall upon Yugoslavia alone. The harm done to the friendly relations between Greece and Turkey by the recent discussion of the Cyprus question in the United Nations is an alarming example of the kind of danger that can suddenly crop up from unsuspected quarters. The alliance would have a better chance of surviving the difficult period that lies ahead if it enjoyed a reasonable measure of support among the people of all the countries concerned. One way of securing this is by explaining over and over again the absolutely vital issues that are at stake in clear, simple and realistic terms.

ANTON LOGORECI.

PROSPECTS IN CYPRUS

AS WAS clearly foreseen by shrewd and well-informed observers of the Cyprus scene, the virtual shelving, "for the time being", of the Greek motion before the United Nations has by no means put an end to the demand for self-determination or the issue of Enosis itself. On the contrary, the inconclusive result of the Greek appeal, brought about by "behind the scenes" pressure of the United States and Britain in order to maintain Anglo-American unity in face of possible Russian aggression, was only the ending of the first phase of what has every prospect of being an intensified and unrelenting struggle until Britain, in her own interests and that of Western defensive strength as a whole, yields. The New Zealand motion in December saved the British delegation from walking out and refusing to discuss the principle on which the Charter of UNO is erected. Moral principle was sacrificed for political expediency.

As the *Manchester Guardian* commented: "In spite of the outcome of the United Nations debate, we have not cut a very glorious figure in it. . . . We have—as Colonial Powers usually have in such cases—good legal ground to stand on; and this, with the strategic importance of Cyprus, has led the United States to support us. But the letter of the law and military expediency are not everything that "experts" sometimes think they are. The fact remains that most Cypriots want to be united with Greece; until we acknowledge this in some way we shall go on having trouble with our friends in Greece, and with those whose help we may need in the island itself". This realistic view of a great Liberal newspaper, with that of the Liberal Party itself, which has called for self-determination for the island; and the promise of a more enlightened policy by the Labour Party, to say nothing of the favourable comment of a large section of the British Press—Archbishop Makarios assesses it at no less than 80 per cent—presents a strange contrast to the observations of the two main Colonial officials concerned once the UNO decision became known. No responsible person would confirm Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, in his contention that "the Government's views on sovereignty have recently received strong moral backing by the United Nations"; still less the claim of the Governor, Sir Robert Armitage, in a broadcast: "The result of the motion stands as a moral mandate for us all to press on with our own urgent tasks".

The stark truth which successive Colonial administrators have failed to grasp is that co-operation merely for self-government within the British Commonwealth, no matter what "boom conditions" may be visualised by the Governor, is an illusion. It fails to take cognisance of one cardinal fact at the heart of the Cyprus problem—the Hellenic character of the people, and the hereditary spiritual impulses which produce the urge towards union with Mother Greece. The Cyprus question has not only been bedevilled by an extraordinary solicitude for the Turkish minority and for what Turkey might do in the event of a change of sovereignty; by gross distortion and misrepresentation of the strength of doctrinaire Communism, really negligible, on the island; but by those incredible people who suggest it might be possible to create an independent "national consciousness"

among the Cypriots who might accept a constitution on the Malta model or some other makeshift pattern.

It has been said of the Greek of the mainland and the Greek islands that so innate is his love of learning that "he thinks of his child's education before he thinks of his own breakfast". Unless the Cypriots be really "Asiatics" and not Hellenes, as one ex-Governor is never tired of asserting, they will go on agitating for Enosis until the Greek Kalends. It does not seem to have occurred to the "Asiatic" school of thought—a very limited coterie—that an admission of this source of origin does not rule out Greekness, since Greeks had inhabited the Asia Minor littoral from the time of Alexander and before down to the 1922 débâcle, and that the greatest school of Greek philosophers came from the Pontic shore; nay, that the very name of Asia Minor—Anatolia—is Greek. Incidentally, these facts make nonsense of the idea that, if there were to be a change of sovereignty in Cyprus, the island should be restored to Turkey, "its rightful owner". There would be more justice in a Greek claim for that slice of Asia Minor, including Smyrna (now Izmir), from which the murderous assault of Mustapha Kemal Pasha drove 1,500,000 Greeks. Turkey might with as much logic, or the lack of it, claim the return of the whole of Greece, which she occupied for nearly 400 years.

The Greeks and the Cypriot Greeks protest that the Turkish opposition has been instigated by Britain to bolster a case which has no moral basis, and where even "military strategy" arguments fall down in the face of the offer to lease bases to Britain. Certainly Greeks and Turks live on the friendliest terms in Cyprus, where there are many mixed villages; in Crete, the Dodecanese, in Thrace and elsewhere. It is curious that whereas the Mufti of Cyprus (Mehmed Dana), in his B.B.C. interview, spoke of "intolerance" of the Greeks of Thrace in relation to the Turkish community there, the Greek Consulate-General in Istanbul announced about the same time that 300 Turks from Greek Thrace, who had for various reasons previously gone to Turkey with the intention of settling, had applied for repatriation and had returned to Greece. Moreover, the Mufti of Rhodes has expressed his thanks for "the complete freedom and equality" enjoyed by the Turks in the Dodecanese. In any case, as Sir Compton Mackenzie has lately said elsewhere, we owe an immense debt of gratitude to the Greeks for their courageous stand by our side at the darkest hour of the war; expert military opinion is that the Greek stand delayed the German attack in Russia by at least two months, and probably saved the Allies from defeat. But we owe nothing to the Turks, whom a perverse and entirely self-interested British policy has propped up for practically a century. They fought against us in the first world war, they sat complacently on the fence in the second, and I share Sir Compton's view that, in the unthinkable event of a third world upheaval, we could place no great reliance on them. The probabilities are that, in the early fateful stages of a nuclear clash, were the portents set against us, they would quickly jump aboard the Bulganin bandwaggon, preferring communism to extinction.

There is a more serious and immediate aspect of the British and American agreement to stop the discussion of Cyprus at the United Nations last year, partly under the pretext of possible repercussions in Turkey. The future alone will show whether Britain, if she follows an adamant

policy of holding on to Cyprus at all costs, is not grasping the shadow and losing the substance of a really effective Middle East defence. The violent anti-American riots in Athens, following on the UNO decision, came as a surprise to the State Department, and were the first vivid warning that there might be a more serious danger to the Balkan Tripartite Pact from injury to Greek feelings and sentiments than any imagined grievance of the Turks. Greece is the corner-stone and inspiration of the military alliance; her withdrawal would mean its collapse, for the whole of Greece is a vital strategic area in a more important sense than Turkey. With such slogans by the demonstrators as: "We prefer obvious enemies to friends like you Americans", influential Athens newspapers sharply reacted to the UNO affront by asking: "Is there any purpose in our remaining in the United Nations since we are no longer trusted?"

Here is the kernel of the problem. It gives point to the argument of Sir Compton Mackenzie (who was in the British Intelligence Service in Athens in the first world war) that "Cyprus would be a much more effective strategic centre attached to Greece than under British colonial rule". All Greeks find it incomprehensible that while the Americans can apparently trust the Spaniards by leasing of bases in Spain, and put similar trust in the Greeks in respect of their air bases in Crete, the British show no comparable trust in the case of Cyprus. Indeed, the very condition which rules out Cyprus as an effective military base, if it is to remain under Colonial suzerainty, and if we take Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Attlee at their word—a hostile population—now exists there. With an amazing lack of understanding of the true nature of the Greek Cypriot, and of his undying love of Greece, it is too readily assumed that the friendly feelings of the people for the British in their midst gives tacit assent to British plans, just as I have heard criticism in Athens that the Churchill Government, in its best flat-footed style where Colonial issues are concerned, seems to have assumed an inexhaustible fund of Greek tolerance "which simply does not exist". It is a tragic fact that, since the withdrawal of British troops and most of the Service missions from Greece, and with a steady decline in the economic links of the two countries, relations between Britain and Greece have reached a point where little more than romantic sentiment binds them together.

It would be colossal folly to shape our policy in Cyprus on the crude statement and belief of Mr. Lennox-Boyd and other Conservatives that the riots in Cyprus, Athens and Salonika which followed the UNO decision were the work of "hooligans and Communists". Even if history did not have plenty of examples of the grim truth that where nationalist movements are suppressed by force riots inevitably result, the facts would prove the Colonial Secretary dangerously wrong. The first and essential truth to be grasped by the British Government is that Cyprus has become an irredentist question for Greece; that means, for the Greek people, that a branch of the Hellenic race is living under foreign rule. The issue is no longer one concerning the older generation of Greeks; it is a burning question for the up and rising generation, who can no longer tolerate 19th-century colonial conceptions. Athens University students have made an appeal, and circulated a pamphlet, to 3,000 universities throughout the world. The same nationalist fervour permeates the student organisations

in Cyprus. The intellectual fight will increase, not diminish. But that is by no means the whole story of the mounting opposition to British Colonial rule, nor the only danger. In their preoccupation with conjuring up a Communist menace in Cyprus which, in fact, does not exist (an official estimate of the hard core, as I previously mentioned, is 200), both Britain and America have surprisingly taken little account of the possibilities of Communism in and around Greece cashing-in on the line-up of the two great democracies against the principle of self-determination, for which two world wars have been fought, and a principle which is certainly enshrined in the Charter of UNO. For, despite the substantial majority of the Papagos Government, the volatile Greeks are so sensitive on questions of justice and freedom that any government which failed to keep in step with the national will would quickly be swept from power. And while the strong individualism in the Greek character might save the country from Communism, the resulting confusion could hardly benefit Anglo-American policies, or strengthen Western defence.

For these reasons the Greek Prime Minister has declared: "There will be no deviation from the Greek Government's policy on Cyprus", and King Paul, in a broadcast to the nation, has reiterated this resolve whilst appealing for objectivity and calm. Although expressing gratitude to "the friends who guarantee our security, as in the past", the King, with the obvious consent of the Greek Government, said further: "The Cypriots proclaim their indomitable will to obtain the right to determine their own fate, and there is no power on earth that can check the natural development of this desire of all Greeks within our country and outside it". Despite the apparent Turkish agitation, Greek political trends have caused genuine alarm to Mr. Menderes, the Turkish Premier, who, in an interview in Ankara with the *Manchester Guardian* diplomatic correspondent, said he attached the greatest importance to the Greek alliance, and that he would not allow the Cyprus question to become an embarrassment to it. The Turkish Government, he said, "is genuinely distressed at the possible effect of the Cyprus question on Turco-Greek relations".

As a result of Britain's refusal to discuss Cyprus with the Greek Government, the dispute has moved permanently from the domestic plane, on which the British Foreign Secretary and the Colonial authorities sought to keep it, into the international field, with the overwhelming bulk of the world Press supporting a solution on the principle of self-determination. The *Christian Science Monitor*, most influential of the American serious newspapers, thinks more realistically than the American Government in expressing the view that the union of Cyprus is inevitable. And the reason?—"the trend of history". Far from the issue being closed, it is again to be raised before the United Nations in the autumn unless in the interval Britain shows herself disposed to consider a compromise. On this occasion the case will be sponsored by a group of nations, including Greece, and the emphasis will be on self-determination. Archbishop Makarios, on his return to Cyprus from Athens after the UNO decision, made it clear that no Constitution would be acceptable that did not provide for this. The Archbishop informed me that he was confident that the United States attitude would be more favourable when the matter was again before UNO—the American people have undoubtedly been deeply shocked by the anti-

American demonstrations in Greece—and Mr. Alexis Kyrrou, who led the Greek delegation, and who scathingly referred to “the exclusive club of colonists in the United Nations”, also thought the United States would change its opinion under pressure of events.

Meanwhile, I think that our Colonial administrators might with profit try to find out just what the American people are thinking about Cyprus, as distinct from the American Government, instead of inducing the British Government to send out two members of the British Intelligence Service to Cyprus, as the Archbishop declared in an address from the pulpit in Nicosia. The American people are most certainly not in favour of Colonialism. The two great American trade union confederations, I understand, may shortly declare themselves in favour of self-determination for Cyprus. The *New York Times*, on two dates recently, carried a full page “Declaration in Support of the People of Cyprus”, published by the National Advisory Board of the Justice for Cyprus Committee, and bearing the names of 34 senators, 127 members of the House of Representatives, 29 Governors of States, two ex-Ambassadors, more than a score of judges, numerous State officials, Sheriffs, Mayors, University professors, doctors, police chiefs, presidents of corporations, editors and publishers. The Advisory Board includes no fewer than 181 persons who are either senators, members of the House of Representatives, Governors or Mayors. About 20 Greek-American Societies, drawn from the million Greeks in the United States, are also behind the freedom movement.

I write before the new and “much more liberal Constitution” has made its appearance. Athens radio is reported to have hinted to the Cypriots that they can accept the new Constitution “if it provides for self-determination after a brief period”. There will be no yielding beyond this. All else is hopeless, unless the proposal of a group of Conservative M.P.s that Greece should become a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations were to succeed. It is assumed that if this were achieved, the union of Cyprus with Greece would present no difficulty. It is an idealistic conception, but it is worth pursuing, and it would have the undoubted advantage of renewing and cementing the friendship of Britain and Greece. The Cyprus question is full of inconsistencies, and such deprive the British case of any moral basis. Not the least of these is Sir Winston Churchill’s admission that the hydrogen bomb has altered the entire outlook with regard to “strategic bases”. Nevertheless, we hang on grimly to the sovereignty of an island, in moving to which, as Captain Waterhouse told the Commons, we have gone “500 miles nearer to the potential enemy”. Finally, as Major-General Sir Francis de Guingand said on his return from the United States, where he had a talk with the President: “Americans find it difficult to see why independence should be given to the Gold Coast while Cyprus, with its developed people, should be refused self-determination”.

THOMAS ANTHEM.

A VISIT TO PORTUGAL

A VISIT to Portugal ought to begin in the lost and mysterious region called Finistère—*Finis Terrae*—some hundred miles to the north of the frontier. Here you can get used to things Portuguese slowly and gradually. To the language also, which is that of one of the finest classics

of European epic poetry, but which nevertheless sounds the strangest of the Latin idioms, only to be understood at the end of the earth. The difficult dialect of Galicia, printed in the books of the local *Galiegos* authors, looks more Portuguese than Spanish. For streets in Santiago are not called *calles*, but *ruas*, as they are further south in Portugal. The peasant houses are here whitewashed more brightly and villages are built on both sides of a single long road the nearer you approach to the frontier. Once across it you notice the barefooted peasant women and children—that most characteristic feature of Portugal.

The train from the North, from La Coruna to Lisbon, has some inconvenient points about it, but it is worth taking. No Spaniard can imagine anyone lunching before 2 p.m., and therefore the Spanish railways do not attach a restaurant car to a train which arrives at the Portuguese frontier at lunch-time, whereas the Portuguese suppose that travellers have eaten at European hours and thus only serve food from Oporto onwards, where the train arrives at 6.30 p.m. Against this there are advantages in slow travelling, which is so unpopular among our contemporaries. For a few hours you may contemplate the ocean from the train window and meditate on the fact that you are on the extremity of the Old World and that beyond this immense stretch of water the New World begins. All this may mean little in this century; it represented a great dream once upon a time, when Vasco da Gama and Christopher Columbus supposed India and all her fabulous riches to lie beyond this sea, with all her Pagans waiting for Christ. Much can be understood of the soul of Spain and Portugal by a vision of this Western coast of the Old World and its immense perspective, and much can be understood of the history of the peninsula by the sight of the huge estuaries at Valenca do Minho, at Oporto and finally at Lisbon itself.

At the time of her dynastic connection with the Empire in the centre of Europe and her still unchallenged possession of the New World, Spain might have been the greatest power in the world. This immense power lacked one thing only, the estuaries of the Minho, the Douro and the Tagus. Rivers in Spain dry up from the early spring to the late autumn. Only the estuaries of the West coast could have harboured a powerful navy from drought, from storms and from enemy attack. But these harbours were closed to Spain. Her world position, built up by Charles V and Philip II, suffered a blow with the defeat of the Armada, but it had a more permanent weakness in the fact that the Spanish Habsburgs failed in their various attempts to include Portugal in their orbit. At the height of the Anglo-French rivalry in the eighteenth century, naval supremacy went to the nation which succeeded in building up a permanent alliance with Portugal; while Spain was their rival, both England and France sought such an alliance. Centuries of European history can be understood at the sight of the living geography lesson which the traveller sees, as he stands high up in a coastal town of Portugal built on an estuary.

These huge water reserves at the extremity of a dry and very hot peninsula have their influence even today. Portuguese coastal towns have big industrial plants dependent on water-power, whereas in Spain hydraulic energy cannot be accumulated in sufficient quantities, so that the use of electricity is often a problem. Thus even at first sight, Portugal has a certain modernity and efficiency which some people may miss in Spain.

Despite the barefooted peasants in the country, Portugal has a broader industrial working class, and while in Spain the middle-class is still dominated by the intellectual professions, Portugal strikes the observer as being the country of the small business-man and the commercial employee, the "white-collar workers."

This perhaps accounts for the fact that the Liberal and Radical era was more short-lived in Portugal than in Spain and that Portugal felt the need for social reform earlier. The Portuguese may have at present a social dictatorship rather than a social democracy, but their system excluded theoretical and ideological arguments more quickly and more thoroughly than in Spain, in order to concentrate on practical and social concerns. Tranquility and security are essential for the class which lives on industry and trade, and this was realised in Portugal long ago. In few countries have the modern revolutions died down as completely as in Portugal, although they began indeed earlier than almost anywhere else and at a certain moment had greater triumphs than in any other country. Elderly people living on this West coast of Europe can remember that on the eve of the first World War, in 1910, Portugal saw a violent, and at the time an isolated, revolution against a Monarchy in a Europe which was still entirely monarchical. Now there is hardly an exiled European dynasty unrepresented among the inhabitants of sea-side villas in the suburban resorts of Lisbon; Bourbons, Habsburgs, Savoias and Braganzas have chosen this quiet corner as a residence and a remnant of "good, old Europe."

But the Revolution of 1910 was not the first but the last in a long series of Portuguese revolutions. A full generation before 1789, Portugal had her Revolution under the Marquis of Pombal, who left the Monarchy intact, even claiming to make a powerless King "absolute," but not unsuccessfully broke the power of the aristocracy and the political power of the Church. Many of the Portuguese nobility perished on Pombal's scaffolds thirty-four years before the first guillotine was set up in Paris, while the clergy, above all the Jesuits, languished in Pombal's dungeons a generation before the Conciergerie became a dreaded name all over Europe, and the Civil Constitution of the French Clergy a cause for the excommunication of some priests and an occasion of martyrdom for many of them.

It was round these estuaries that Napoleon made the most elaborate attempt to break British sea-power. He was repelled and the Peninsula War began with his expedition to Portugal. Yet the British of the time were no little surprised when "enlightened" Portugal, broken in spirit by Pombal in the previous generation, offered relatively little resistance, whereas Spain, believed to be "benighted" and "backward" by all Liberals and Protestants of the age (despite the fact that in Spain under Charles III the Jesuits had hardly fared better than the Portuguese ones under Pombal) rose in a magnificent defence of her traditions and especially of the people's Church.

The modern period of Peninsula history began with the Napoleonic War, and even in judging the contemporary scene in Portugal and Spain this should be borne in mind. With the resistance against Napoleon, forces arose in the Iberian world which have only reached their equilibrium in the last thirty years. Pombal broke the old order in Portugal, Charles III in Spain. What remained of it in Spain came to a shameful end with Godoy's

corrupt regime and continued subservience to French interests, despite the Revolution and the fall of the French Bourbons. Then came the great turn in Spanish and Portuguese destinies. The old feudal leadership came to an end, a new one arose from the younger elements of the Army, the secular Professors and students of the Universities and the lower ranks of the clergy. It was by their devotion that Spain was saved, and Portugal felt the effects of the Spanish evolution.

It was obvious however from the first that the new leadership was divided by conflicting ideas. The religious emotion was still taken for granted, thus the lower clergy were the least well organised of political and ideological factors. More coherence and more conscious ambition was shown throughout the next four generations by the other two groups, which may be described as the military and the academic party. For a hundred and thirty years Portuguese and Spanish history consisted of violent but regular alternations in power between the military and the academic parties. Both were imbued with the constitutional-Liberal ideas of their British ally in the Napoleonic war, which were expressed in the Cadiz Constitution of 1812 and a little later in the charters restoring the Braganzas and the Bourbons to the throne. Both had extremists and moderates within their ranks; both were divided on the dynastic question concerning the Braganzas and the Bourbons. Both had intermittent conflicts with the Church. Meanwhile every military dictator tried to group around himself an intellectual leadership, and every academic leader needed one or two popular Generals to support his regime—usually Liberal or "Progressive" ones. Military dictatorship was usually followed by a sort of intellectual government, which was subsequently overthrown by a military movement, or else it called in a military leader to support it in its tribulations. The Peninsula scene was for these reasons extremely chaotic, almost the only chaotic one in Europe on the eve of the first World War, which did not affect it. In the generation following the first World War, the Peninsula crisis drew near to an end. Both the academic regime in Portugal and the military one in Spain became crystallised and consolidated when Dr. Salazar came to power in 1926 and when the Spanish Civil War ended in 1939.

The present regime in Portugal can look back on a generation of solid achievement. The most important from a general European point of view is the consolidation of Portugal's relations with Spain, which found formal expression in a treaty of friendship on the occasion of the visit to Madrid in May, 1953 of the Portuguese President and Dr. Salazar. One of the reasons which moved Dr. Salazar to support General Franco in the Civil War was little understood abroad: it was that Spanish Conservatives showed a greater understanding of Portuguese independence than did the Spanish Radicals. Though autonomous and even separatist elements in Catalonia and in the Basque country supported the Spanish Republic, Spanish Radicalism on the whole was Pan-Iberian, just as German democracy and Socialism had been Pan-German ever since 1848. The Portuguese Republicans of 1910, men like the former President Bernardino Machado, who for some years after 1926 was the sharpest opponent in exile of the regime of General Carmona and Dr. Salazar, were Pan-Iberian, just as Austrian Socialists were the first advocates of the *Anschluss*.

The whole Republican idea came to the Peninsula from the separated American colonies, and this separation of the Americas was for a long time the principal grievance of Portuguese and Spanish nationalism against the Braganzas and the Bourbons. As far left as the Anarchist Union centres in Barcelona, the adjective "Iberian" was popular: the doctrinaires of the Republican and Socialist parties expounded for many years the theory that division by frontiers was a dynastic-feudal survival and an anachronism in a natural ethnographic entity, the "Iberian people." In reality the union of Spain and Portugal would have been highly unpopular in the latter country, richer in water supplies and thus in industries, richer in merchant navigation and easily accessible colonies, and thus the obvious loser in any amalgamation into a Socialist Iberian Republic. A forced union by military coercion is no threat to Portugal now; the Spanish army would never be strong enough or adventurous enough, and on the present basis of traditional and conservative patriotism, it is easier for the two countries to live on good terms, with a reasonable degree of union, but one not based on any political and ideological fanaticism, which could have turned some Portuguese Radicals into enemies of their country's best interests in the same way in which various Austrian Radicals were.

The growth of Spanish Radicalism throughout the 1920s was one of the reasons why Portugal turned towards the traditional and religious pattern in 1926. From the proclamation of the Spanish Republic onwards, the Church in Portugal recovered her position of national leadership and became a safeguard of the national independence against an anti-clerical Republic and its "ethnographic" aspirations, which had no time to develop fully, but which we know from the tragic story of Central Europe between the two wars, and which Portugal now knows from the attitude of Mr. Nehru's nationalist-democratic regime in India towards the minority in Goa. General Carmona preserved the Republican form of the state, which still survives in printed documents, contrary to Spain, where the principle of Monarchy has been restored. Though the present regime was founded by a General, its military character quickly receded and the real leader became the Professor who was the head of the academic party and whose main task, now successfully accomplished, was the financial and economic rehabilitation of Portugal. The transition from a military to an administrative and academic leadership is considered by some observers as a possible future pattern for Spain.

Still, the government in Portugal is administrative and academic, rather than political and ideological. It has solved a great many problems and eliminated many difficulties; it has not synthesised all the ideas and energies which may arise in the present generation. As far as it is a dictatorship, it is undoubtedly one of the mildest possible, not excluding some amount of independence and criticism from its consultative Parliament and its official "National Union." It is however more dependent than almost any other regime in Europe on a personality of great merit, but whose succession will nevertheless be highly disputed. Some ideological struggle may prove inevitable. It will not resemble those of the past and it may not endanger the results of the Salazar era. It is almost certain that it will cause some institutional changes. The Monarchist group which considers Dom Duarte de Braganza, heir of the Miguel-line, as its candidate is

active and strong, especially among the intellectuals and the universities, where it began to be organised thirty years ago. There are also, among the most loyal followers of Dr. Salazar, men who want more life, more activity and more open discussion within the framework of the existing but controlled institutions, the provincial assemblies and the central Parliament. On the other hand, the social and cultural reforms which Dr. Salazar began are by no means yet terminated. One still sees signs of a degree of poverty in the big towns and in certain regions which modern economic and administrative means must be able further to reduce. For a long while Portugal will have to concern itself with practical measures rather than with general ideas.

BÉLA MENCZER.

MME. DE POMPADOUR—IV.

AT THE opening of 1757 the position of the Favourite was threatened, not by the appeal of another pretty face but by the dagger of an assassin. Louis XV had long believed that he was destined to the fate of Henri IV, and it now seemed as if his dark premonition was to prove correct. We can follow every phase of the Damines incident in the sober journal of the Duc de Luynes. "Today," runs the entry of January 6, "after dinner, the King returned from Trianon to see Mme. Victoire who was not very well. Having given orders to drive back to Trianon at 5.30, he came downstairs at 6, the Dauphin at his side, the Duc d'Ayen behind him, and four other attendants close at hand. He had reached the bottom step when he felt a blow on his right side and exclaimed; I have been struck. There stood a man of about forty-five, in brown clothes. One of the guards knocked his hat off, another seized him. When the King put his hand to the wound between the fourth and fifth rib it was covered with blood. I am wounded, and that is my assailant, he exclaimed; keep hold of him but don't kill him. Why do they want to kill me? I have harmed no one." Though bleeding freely he walked upstairs without support. The first surgeon was summoned and discovered that the wound—about four inches long—was not deep, for the knife was small and the victim was in his thick winter clothes. Obeying the first maxim of eighteenth century medicine the doctors bled him. Though the first night was disturbed he was never in the slightest danger. The doctor declared that an ordinary mortal would have been allowed up in his dressing-gown on the following day, and that convalescence was only a matter of two or three days. The Queen had merely been told that he was ill, and when she reached the bedside he greeted her with the alarming words: *Je suis assassiné*. Convinced that he was in mortal peril he asked for extreme unction, and a priest spent part of the first night at his bedside in earnest conversation and fervent prayer. He said he forgave his assailant and would take no part in deciding his punishment.

The King named the Dauphin as his lieutenant, empowering him to summon the Council and to preside. "I leave you a troubled kingdom," he remarked; "I hope you will govern better than I." Henceforth the heir, who had long been present at the *Conseil des Dépeches* without being permitted to express an opinion, was allowed to speak. His tactful conduct

during these hectic days earned general respect, for he showed no indecent haste to seize the reins. Even d'Argenson admitted that he presided at the Council with an intelligence, dignity and even eloquence one did not expect. "So now he is associated with the Government, but do not let us expect too much, for he is surrounded by wretched bigots. We shall see if his influence leads to a religious pacification or to even more odious measures against the Magistrates. He is very unpopular. He is bigoted, ruled by intriguing bigots, hard, inhuman, caring nothing for pleasure, obstinate, with only half the brains of the King." D'Argenson's anti-clericalism, we must remember, rendered him unjust to anyone who passed for a *dévo*t. Every day he reported the deliberations of the Council to his father and asked for orders. In the words of Bernis no one could have shown more prudence and filial respect. When he asked the patient on the morning after the attack if he was suffering, the King replied: "I should suffer much more if it had happened to you." The two men, so different in character, only came close to one another when one of them was ill. Prayers were ordered in the churches, and the Duc de Luynes pronounced the affection and anxiety of the people to be as great as during the critical illness at Metz thirteen years earlier. "At bottom," commented d'Argenson in his Journal, "the King is loved by his subjects and everyone is touched." The crime was the talk of Europe, and Choiseul, French Ambassador in Rome, described long afterwards the consternation it aroused. "The servant who dressed me to visit the Pope wetted me with his tears so that he could not see what he was doing. Nothing was more touching than this universal grief. I have since often thought of my impression when I saw the man who caused it and realised that if half his subjects, those in closest contact with him, myself in particular, were to perish, our loss would not affect him in the least. I have learned that one loves one's master, above all Louis XV, when one forms an image of him and does not see him in the flesh." It was the last occasion on which his subjects cared whether he lived or died.

For eight days the King lay silent and depressed behind the curtains of his bed. "The first time we saw him," testifies the Comte de Cheverny, the *Introduit*eur d'Ambassadeurs, "this handsome man looked at us with such sadness, as if to say: Look at your King whom a wretch wished to assassinate and who is the most unhappy man in his kingdom." On the fourth day he felt well enough to receive the diplomatic corps, though not a word was uttered on either side. Meanwhile the usual attempts were made with the aid of torture to extract information from the assassin, formerly an employé in a Jesuit college in Paris. Though he occasionally spoke of 'nous' he refused to divulge any names, and it was generally believed that there were no accomplices. His assertion that he had not desired to kill was treated with contempt.

No member of the Royal Family had such cause for anxiety as Mme. de Pompadour whose whole future was at stake. On his first visit after the incident Bernis found her in despair. "She threw herself into my arms with cries and sobs which would have touched even her enemies, if courtiers were ever touched. I urged her to be prepared for anything and to submit to Providence. As the friend of the King, no longer his mistress for several years, she must await his orders to leave, since the possessor of

state secrets and letters of the King could not be a purely private person. I promised to keep her informed and to divide my time between my duty to the state and the claims of friendship." Bernis passed the night in attendance on the King, slipping away at frequent intervals to report. His picture of emotional collapse is confirmed by Mme. du Hausset, who records that people called to see how she looked and that she did nothing but weep and faint. It was in vain that Dr. Quesnay assured her that the royal victim was not in the slightest danger, and that he could go to a ball if he were not a King. Death was by no means the only peril; for might not the ominous silence from the sick-bed portend that his thoughts were turning to piety as they had done at Metz? That he was spending a good deal of his time with priests was a bad sign, and her arch-enemy the Dauphin was frequently at his side.

The reassuring bulletins from the sick-room increased the probability that the dreaded decree of banishment would never come, and the Favourite believed that the King would never act unless he finally despaired of his life. After all, why should she be dismissed? At Metz Mme. de Châteauroux was the *maîtresse en titre*, a post which in 1757 had long been vacant. In the words of Bernis, she was the custodian of all the secrets of his soul and knew all his affairs—no longer a mistress to expel but an irreplaceable friend. Though the King knew that Bernis was her intimate friend her name never passed his lips. For eleven days not a word reached her, and the palace buzzed with rumours of her fall. The worst symptom was that her *protégé* Machault, formerly Controller-General and now Minister of Marine, kept away. "Et c'est là un ami," she bitterly exclaimed. When he came at last he declared—without authorisation—that it was the King's wish that she should leave Versailles. After he left she poured out her heart to Bernis, the most faithful of her friends. "I must leave, my dear Abbé," she exclaimed in tears, and gave orders to prepare her house in Paris and to bring her carriages to the door. At this moment the Maréchale de Mirepoix was announced.

Mme. de Mirepoix. What are all these boxes for? Your staff say you are off.

Mme. de Pompadour. Alas! dear friend, it is the master's will, M. Machault told me.

Mme. de Mirepoix. What did he think?

Mme. de Pompadour. That I should go at once.

Mme. de Mirepoix. He wants to be the boss. He is betraying you. Qui quitte la partie, la perd.

The Favourite took the advice to remain, knowing that the King was improving every day. Remembering how he had recalled Mme. de Châteauroux after her eviction from Metz, she feverishly awaited a message from the master of her fate.

An equally painful interview took place with Comte d'Argenson, Minister of War, an open enemy, whom she asked to call.

Mme. de Pompadour. You know that since the unhappy event I neither live nor breathe in peace. I am always begging for news and am awakened ten times in the night to hear it. When such a precious life is at stake nothing can be overlooked. I take every precaution prompted by my love for my master. You see my reward. Every morning for the last fortnight my servants find horrible notes on my terrace. I have stationed a watch, but

no one has been caught. The King is always questioning me about them. He likes to know everything and has threatened me with his anger if I hide anything. So I am forced to tell him the truth. He has read many of these notes and is annoyed. He should not see these abominations. He cannot sleep. Continue to watch over his safety, but do not speak to him about this any further.

D'Argenson. No one is more anxious to do so than myself. Please beg the King not to question me further.

Mme. de Pompadour (icily). I understand. You prefer to see him unhappy though you pose as the good servant. But Sir, these notes are most extraordinary. It is very strange that Berryer, who controls the police, fails to find any of them, and that your few servants, who are not looking for them, always discover them.

It was not very difficult for the Minister to guess that his fate was sealed if the King were again to smile on the Marquise.

On the eleventh day the agonising intermezzo ended with a happy visit from the King. Having fully recovered his health he left his apartments without a word to anyone. When he returned he was smiling and resilient. With his easy-going nature he would have been content to see the familiar faces around him as if nothing had happened, but he had to reckon with a woman's tears. The Favourite, like *Mme. de Châteauroux* before her, was determined on revenge. After the prolonged strain her nerves once again got out of control and she even lashed out at the faithful Bernis. "You *are* clever. By showing me equivocal marks of attachment, you discovered the secret of enchanting the Royal Family." The storm was soon over and she tried to repair her mistake, but for the Ministers of War and Marine who had been long in the King's service there was no more mercy than there had been shown to *Maurepas*. They had dug their own graves. A curt written intimation informed *d'Argenson* that his services were no longer required and that he must leave for his estate in Touraine within forty-eight hours. He declined his wife's offer to accompany him, preferring the company of his mistress *Mme. d'Estrades*, formerly a bosom friend of the Favourite. Kindly and helpful though she was by nature, *Mme. de Pompadour* struck without mercy, for the royal favour for her was the breath of life. "Someone has abused the King's confidence," exclaimed the fallen Minister, pale as death, to *Valfos*, who describes the scene. "You know my respect for the King. How many vigils have I dedicated to his glory. Can he ever forget Metz where when he was believed to be dead and was abandoned by all, I warmed him in my arms and never quitted him for a moment. It is not his will or his heart which sends me into exile but that wretched woman who has been up to mischief." *Machault*, on the other hand, was dismissed in flattering terms which revealed the extreme reluctance of his master. "Though assured of your probity, circumstances compel me to ask for your resignation as Minister of Marine. You may rely on my protection and friendship and you can ask favours for your children. You will retain your salary and honours." "They forced me to dismiss him, a man after my own heart," wrote the King to the Duchess of Parma, "and I shall never console myself." Neither Minister returned to office. If the disgrace of *Maurepas* in 1749 had been a warning to foes of the Favourite, the simultaneous eviction

d'Argenson and Machault taught its lesson so clearly that her supremacy was never openly challenged again. Though the hostility of the Dauphin and his family was unconcealed, active opposition to his father's will was unthinkable. She emerged from the Damiens episode stronger than ever and her influence on the conduct of the Seven Years War, above all in nominations to high command, was unconcealed. Her friend and protégé Bernis was appointed Foreign Minister, and on his fall a year later her other friend Choiseul grasped the helm firmly in his hands and held it till the day of her Death.

The health of the Favourite, never good, worsened during the disasters of the long war, and when peace returned in 1763 she had only one year to live. She had occasionally vomited blood since her childhood, and suffered from feverish colds, cough and palpitations. It was a case of premature physical decay, for she was only just over forty. She lost colour and flesh and sometimes spent the whole day in bed. She had been so ill in 1757 that she had made her will. She was poorly for a brief space again at the close of 1763. "Rejoice with me," wrote the Duchesse de Choiseul to Mme. du Deffand, "she is out of danger." Anchored in the confidence of the King, who hated changes in his entourage, and trusted by Choiseul, her position appeared secure enough, but the strain was becoming almost too heavy to be borne. Once again she consulted a fortune-teller, who assured her that her death would not come without warning. She worried not only about herself but about the state of France, and Choiseul, who felt a genuine affection for her, told Mme. du Hausset that he feared that she would die of grief. When Mme. de la Ferté, daughter of Mme. Geoffrin, who had known her in her Paris days, visited her early in 1764, she complained of sleeplessness, indigestion and breathlessness on mounting the stairs. Referring to her latest achievement in securing the return to favour of Cardinal de Bernis—an old friend of them both—she remarked that he had always been a good sort, but the misfortunes of France had saddened him and he had got on the nerves of the King and herself. "Then she told me how grieved she was by the deplorable state of the kingdom. Only her affection for the King kept her at his side. She would be a thousand times happier alone and serene at Menars, but the King could not spare her. Then, speaking with an energy I had never seen in her, she poured out her heart on her torments. I never heard a finer sermon on the nemesis of ambition. She was by turns so miserable, so insolent, so violently agitated, so embarrassed by her supreme power, that when I left after an hour I felt that death was her only refuge." She was also oppressed by money troubles, eking out her uncertain allowance by the sale of jewels and occasional windfalls at the card table. At her death only thirty-seven louis (pounds) were found in her dressing-table.

Mme. de Pompadour faced the approach of death calmly, for she had drunk the cup of ambition to the dregs and was ready to depart. "I am told there is no danger," reported the Duchesse de Choiseul in March, 1764, "but I am anxious because I love her. How should I not? I add esteem to gratitude, and she has no better friend at Court." The King and the Favourite were at Choisy when her hour struck. She was taken back to Versailles, where the King visited her several times a day. At the suggestion of the doctors he broke it to her that the moment for supreme unction had

come. In obedience to orders she sent for her husband, who replied that he was ill. The faithful Quesnay did his best, but her frail body was beyond repair. "Shall I see a confessor?" she asked the King, who expressed a wish that she should be reconciled with God. On the morning of her death her wills of 1757 and 1761 were read to her with a long list of legacies to her staff, and she dictated a codicil to her secretary Collin, leaving jewels and *objets d'art* to Choiseul, Gontaut, Soubise and other close friends. Choiseul paid several visits to the sick-room and removed a large portfolio containing state papers. Feeling that every agonising breath might be the last she exclaimed: "The end is near, leave me alone with my ladies." A *curé* was summoned, and a few minutes later she was gone. As the King watched the funeral *cortège* leave for Paris he murmured "*une amie de vingt ans*," and two big tears rolled down his cheeks. Though his passion had long since cooled he missed her company and felt strangely alone. Every woman in society was willing to respond to his advances, testifies Duport de Cheverny, Introducer of Ambassadors. None of them appealed to him, for no one combined the qualities which had made her a friend and counsellor no less than the brightest ornament of the Court.

"Broadly speaking," noted the Duc de Croy, "she was regretted, for she was kindly and helpful to almost everyone who approached her. Rarely was a post filled or a favour granted without her intervention. She only secured the dismissal of three or four Ministers who had tried to overthrow her. Yet France suffered many misfortunes in her time and many useless expenses were incurred. Her death was almost the greatest event one could imagine. It remained to be seen to whom the King would give entire confidence, for he needs someone to help him make up his mind. That might alter the whole system of the Court and even destroy the Austrian alliance." In the Royal Family no tears were shed except those of the King. There was no more talk of her, wrote the Queen to President Hénault, than if she had never lived. The Dauphine spoke in gentler tones. "We have lost the poor Marquise. She received supreme unction, and it only remains for us to pray for her. The King is very distressed and controls himself with difficulty in public. Our greatest hope is that he will now concentrate his affection on his children and find happiness with us, and that *le bon Dieu* will touch his heart." Even her old enemy the Dauphin admitted that she died with a courage rare in either sex. In Paris her passing merely produced a few ribald *Poissonades*. Her books and *objets d'art* were sold under the direction of her brother, her sole trustee. Though she had been reviled in the streets of Paris and in certain quarters of the vast palace, she was liked and regretted by most of those who knew her best.

(Concluded)

G. P. GOOCH.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND CONSTANTIN HEGER

FEW English writers have themselves been the inspiration of such a vast literature as the Brontës. Since Mrs. Gaskell first revealed the drama of their lives the story has been retold many times, though never with more genius than by its first teller, whose "incomparable

text" still occupies a central place in the latest addition to Brontë biography, Margaret Lane's *Brontë Story*, published in 1953. There is no doubt that the biographical approach is valuable in the study of a novelist as highly subjective as Charlotte Brontë. But the biographical approach is also the controversial one, and no period of her life has given rise to more discussion than her stay at the Heger *pensionnat* in Brussels, which was later to find an echo in *Villette*. Her biographers differ widely in their interpretation of her attitude to M. Heger, though agreeing that the contact with his dynamic personality was the most decisive experience of her visit to Belgium. The publication in *The Times* of July 29, 1913 of her four letters to him only gave fresh impetus to a debate which, in the nature of things, is unlikely ever to be conclusively settled. Even the discovery of the importance of the juvenile writings, which has been the most striking feature of Brontë research during recent years, has not diminished the interest still shown by critics in M. Heger's part in her development. Yet one aspect of the subject seems to have been curiously neglected, the relationship between his rich and complex personality and the character of Paul Emanuel in *Villette*. To investigate this does not, of course, provide any answer to the vexed question of Charlotte Brontë's personal feelings towards him, but it does throw light on those qualities in him which appealed to her imagination as an artist and also helps one to realise the stature of the man himself, as it has emerged with increasing clarity from succeeding accounts of the Brussels period.

Readers of *Villette* inevitably tended at first to equate Paul Emanuel with M. Heger. But to identify fact with fiction is always to falsify the process of artistic creation. Charlotte Brontë herself protested against the error of interpreting the characters in her novels as "literal portraits" when she wrote to Ellen Nussey in 1849, after the publication of *Shirley*: "We only suffer reality to *suggest*, never to *dictate*. The heroines are abstractions, and the heroes also. Qualities I have seen, loved and admired, are here and there put in as decorative gems, to be preserved in that setting." Paul Emanuel, like all artistic creations, combines qualities derived from widely different sources. Some of them came, as was inevitable in the case of so subjective a novelist, from the cycle of youthful writings centred round the imaginary kingdom of Angria, which had played so decisive a part in the formation of Charlotte Brontë's genius. Fannie Elizabeth Ratchford has shown, in her consideration of *Villette* in *The Brontës' Web of Childhood*, that Paul Emanuel has striking affinities with several Angrian characters, principally with Warner, the "home secretary" of that volcanic kingdom. But Charlotte Brontë has also endowed him with other qualities which were undoubtedly suggested by the man who, as Phyllis Bentley says in her essay *The Brontë Sisters*, "drew her and her creations out of the shadowy and lurid realms of dreamland into the daylight of the real world."

Paul Emanuel, like the other characters in *Villette*, is seen entirely through the eyes of Lucy Snowe. This means that until the later stages of the novel—when he finally stands revealed as its hero—his rôle alternates between the heroic and the burlesque according to the pendulum of her emotions, and the apparent inconsistencies of his character inevitably convey the idea of a personality far less integrated than was that of M.

Heger. Yet, as always with Charlotte Brontë, the picture is largely true, as far as her own reactions were concerned. Like Lucy Snowe in the novel she only gradually became aware, during her months at the Heger *pensionnat*, that, irascible and dominating as he appeared, the professor of literature was the most sympathetic as well as the most remarkable figure—the “black Swan”—of her new environment.

Since Paul Emanuel is seen chiefly in relationship to Lucy Snowe it is also inevitable, for the purposes of the novel, that he should have no emotional experience of any depth in which she is not directly concerned. He is unmarried and his devotion to the memory of the dead Justine Marie, whom he had loved in youth, is no more than a chivalrous loyalty to an idea which has ceased to possess much reality. Here again he differs widely from his part original. Constantin Heger had married at twenty-one but his young wife died two years later, in 1833. In 1836 he remarried, his second wife being Mlle. Claire Zoë Parent, who managed the school in the Rue d'Isabelle. In 1842, when the Brontës arrived at the *pensionnat*, the Hegers' family consisted of three children and a fourth was born in March of that year. The three older children Maria, Louise and Claire helped to suggest the portraits of Désirée, Fifi and Georgette Beck in *Villette*. But of M. Heger as husband and father the novel can naturally give no idea, though in Charlotte Brontë's last letter to him she mentions the genial kindness he always showed to his children.

But it was as a teacher that she knew him best, and it is primarily as a teacher that we see the Paul Emanuel of *Villette*. It is no coincidence that the chapter she has chosen to call *M. Paul* should be the one in which Lucy Snowe for the first time comes under his tuition. Arbitrary and impatient as he is, M. Paul is popular with his pupils and it is evident, from the account Lucy Snowe gives of her own lessons with him, that much of his arbitrariness was simply intended as a spur to incite to higher effort. Instead of discouraging, it awakens dormant powers: “. . . his injustice stirred in me ambitious wishes—it imparted a strong stimulus—it gave wings to aspiration.”

The intellectual development which, in the novel, is accorded only to Lucy Snowe was actually experienced by generations of Constantin Heger's pupils. He was in reality a teacher of genius. The main part of his teaching was done at the Athénée Royal de Bruxelles, but he also gave lessons in his wife's school. Years later another English boarder at the *pensionnat*, Frederika Macdonald, recalled in her book *The Secret of Charlotte Brontë*, how, as a master, he excelled “in calling out one's best faculties, in stimulating one's natural gifts, in lifting one above satisfaction with mediocrity.” His great gifts as an educator were recognised in Brussels. When the Hegers celebrated their golden wedding in September 1886, a congratulatory notice appeared in the Belgian *Indépendance*, in which both are spoken of in terms of sincere admiration. And when M. Heger died ten years later, in May 1896, the *Indépendance* honoured his memory with an affectionate and enthusiastic tribute to his great influence as a teacher. Both these notices can be read in Mrs. Chadwick's *In the Footsteps of the Brontës*: one gains from them the impression that the fundamental kindness of Charlotte Brontë's “cher maître” developed in later years into a more consistent geniality but that he never lost his

originality or his unquenchable vitality. The expression which is used to explain the secret of his success as an educator is one that she herself would no doubt have endorsed: "une sorte de magnétisme intellectuel."

In *Villette* M. Paul is described as "professor of literature," and although in fact he gives lessons "on any and every subject that struck his fancy," it is in this capacity that he is at his best. To a wide knowledge of literature he unites a striking gift of dramatic interpretation—his voice is "remarkable for compass, modulation and matchless expression"—and he sometimes enlivens the evening study hour at the *pensionnat* either by "some tragedy made grand by grand reading" or by "the last witty feuilleton which had awakened laughter in the salons of Paris."

A passionate love of literature was also a fundamental characteristic of M. Heger. This side of his nature can already be deduced from the account of Mrs. Gaskell, and those who find her so over-reticent in her description of the Brussels period have not always sufficiently realised what a valuable clue was here both to the understanding of the man himself and of Charlotte Brontë's attitude towards him. He opened up to the girl who, in an isolated Yorkshire village, had all her life longed "to see, to know, to learn," the treasures of French literature as they were understood by a keen and cultured mind. He was remarkably liberal in his tastes: he appreciated the classical period in French literature, but also the Romantics at a time when most schools—including the *Athénée Royal*—did not admit them in their syllabus. In his teaching of the Brontës he gave a central place to composition on literary themes, and his marginal corrections of Charlotte Brontë's *devoirs* give ample proof of the sureness of his taste and of his capacity for generous praise as well as trenchant criticism. In reading aloud he possessed to the full the gifts Charlotte Brontë ascribes to M. Paul. Long after he had ceased to give regular lessons at the *pensionnat*, he still gave occasional readings to the assembled school which made his hearers live, for those two or three hours, in the drama or narrative poem of his choice.

No analysis of M. Paul's character could be complete which failed to mention the intensity of his religious belief. It is stressed throughout the novel and especially in the *dénouement*, where those who wish to separate him from Lucy Snowe try to exploit it as a barrier between himself and the Protestant heroine. They fail because his religion is too profoundly Christian to act as a principle of enmity. But the kindness, the rare magnanimity in which his religious convictions find expression are inevitably, in the novel, restricted in scope; we see his goodness to Lucy when she is friendless and unhappy; we accept the story of his sacrifice on behalf of the fantastic household in the Rue des Mages because, strange to say, we feel it is symbolic of something real; but we are told only in vague and general terms of his "charity unbounded," his devotion to a multitude of "nameless paupers."

But the self-sacrificing devotion to his fellows which we must take on trust, as far as M. Paul is concerned, was literally true of Constantin Heger and was inspired by the same source. "*Catholique, il l'était*," says the writer of the article in the *Indépendance* after his death, "*et croyant, et profondément chrétien. . .*" At the time of Mrs. Gaskell's visit to Brussels

he was already well known in the city as an active member of the Société de St. Vincent de Paul and as a pioneer of Christian socialism in his work among the poor. And the capacity for self-sacrifice on a heroic scale which M. Paul shows in a rather romanesque cause was actually shown by M. Heger in widely different circumstances. He voluntarily gave up the important position of *Préfet des Etudes* at the Athénée Royal because of a difference of opinion as to the place of religious instruction in the College curriculum. And in later years this temperamentally impatient man, who had always been at his best with clever pupils, deliberately chose to be teacher of the lowest class, "professeur de septième." It was a choice motivated by that principle of "absolute devotion" which he himself considered fundamental for a teacher and it was justified by his brilliant success in this obscure but endlessly influential rôle.

After the publication of *Villette* the Heger *pensionnat* inevitably became a centre of interest for readers of the Brontës. It was an interest that could not have been welcome to the man who had been in part the original of M. Paul, but his attitude in the years that followed to friends of Charlotte Brontë who asked his help and advice showed that he himself possessed to the full the generosity which Lucy Snowe finally discovered to be so deeply rooted in the character of the professor of literature. He received Mrs. Gaskell kindly when she came to Brussels, and she speaks of him in *The Life of Charlotte Brontë* with sincere appreciation. When, in 1863, Ellen Nussey wrote to consult him as to the possible publication and eventual translation into French of the letters from Charlotte Brontë in her possession—none of which could have been so intimately revealing as the four letters to himself—he advised her against it in a reply equally remarkable for its charm and its wisdom, which was later quoted by Mrs. Chadwick and can now be read in the Shakespeare Head Press edition of the Brontës. He frankly admits the interest such letters would possess for the public; but he asks her to put to herself the question which it seems to him that a friend must consider before any other in such circumstances. "*... Pourrais-je, sans l'assentiment de mon ami, publier ses lettres intimes, c'est à dire ses confidences? Ne m'a-t-il pas laissé voir de lui-même plus qu'il ne voulait montrer au premier venu? Ce qu'il m'a dit . . . à l'oreille de mon coeur, puis-je aller le crier aux passants sur la place publique?*"

Constantin Heger was not Paul Emanuel. Paul Emanuel belongs to English literature; he belonged to Belgium, for whose independence he fought in 1830, to the pupils to whom he devoted himself unsparingly throughout a long life, and to the family circle which gave him in turn the affection and tranquillity his highly-strung temperament needed. But lovers of English literature have no reason to regret that Charlotte Brontë came, at a decisive hour in her life, to the *pensionnat* in the Rue d'Isabelle. In doing so, she encountered a personality of outstanding integrity and one which did in truth contain qualities worthy to rank as "decorative gems" and to be preserved in the imperishable setting of her art.

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E. L. DUTHIE.

VILLAGE LIFE IN TURKEY

SOME months ago an English translation was published of a Turkish book dealing with the life of a small village in Anatolia. It was written by a young Turkish schoolmaster, full of revolutionary ardour of the new Turkey, about the place where he was a teacher. It was a vivid, and sometimes a bitter, account of the struggle in a small and backward village between the old traditional way of life of the peasants and the new Turkey which he represented, with its faith in the secular state and in western ideas and western science. The writer had a divine impatience, not a common characteristic among the Turks, who are the most patient of peoples. He was disgusted at the hard conditions of life of the peasants, and disgusted also that the old reactionary Hojas, the Moslem preachers who are like village priests, kept their hold over the people, and frustrated his ardent attempts to introduce reforms.

My wife and I spent our summer holiday this year in Anatolia; and we had the opportunity of visiting villages in the central plateau near the place where this teacher wrote, and of seeing with our own eyes the peasant life. We came to the villages from the little town of Isparta, which lies on the high Anatolian plateau, and is a famous centre of the weaving of Turkish carpets. The Mayor of the town, having been told that we were anxious to see the life and the schools in the villages, and that my wife was a member of the Education Committee of the Municipality of London—that is what we called the London County Council—drove us to two villages in the municipal jeep. He knew no European language, but we had for interpreter a teacher of philosophy in the Lycée, or secondary school of the town, who was an ardent follower of the revolution, and has seen Attaturk when he was a boy and been fired with enthusiasm by him. He spoke French fairly well, and carried a Turco-French dictionary which he constantly consulted. He had been trained at one of the colleges, or village institutes, which were established by Attaturk in the revolutionary ardour; and he was troubled by the decline of that fervour which has been marked in the last years. The Turkish peasant wants change, but he wants it gradually and slowly. And he is opposed to the sweeping away of the old order of life.

We went first to a small and poor hamlet of about 300 inhabitants, a few miles from the town. There we saw the old way of life with scarcely any reform, as the Turkish teacher had described it in his book. The houses were built of loose stones held together with mud, and the rooms had no windows. The groundfloor of the house was occupied by the animals, the cow, the goats and the chickens: the upper floor by the families, which are usually large. The one room which was well cared for, and was furnished with rugs and a couch, was set aside for the guest. There was a gap between the top of the walls and the roof. The house must be terribly cold in the winter when the high plateau is under thick snow. The only heating was by a stove; and outside each house was a pile of wood and of cakes of dried dung that they burn in the stove. No water was laid on in the houses, but there was a village pump for the drinking water. The village had a bakery, and the bread, made of maize, was black.

The women working in the fields carried their babies on their backs tied

with a cord. They wore the colourful baggy trousers of the old days, and on top a brightly coloured cotton coat. Some wrapped a white cotton scarf round their heads; others wore the black head-dress which covered most of the face. The men wore cloth caps. They had dropped the old Tarbush—the red felt head-dress of the old days, which it is a criminal offence to wear. They were threshing the harvest on the village threshing floor. A horse or an ox is harnessed to a wooden sledge with teeth; and the driver stands on the sledge which goes round and round the threshing floor.

The centre of the life in the village was still the mosque, although the Moslem religion is no longer an established church. The mosque was a humble place looking like one of the houses, but at its side was a miniature tower or minaret from which the muezzin calls for prayer five times a day. He calls in Arabic, which is still the language of prayer. Within the Mosque was a pulpit—Minbar—where the Hoja, who leads the Mosque service, prays; and the white turban which he wears for prayer was on his seat. The walls were decorated with Arabic texts from the Koran, still written in Arabic letters in spite of the adoption of the Latin characters by the State, and with shields bearing the names of the first caliphs. They are decorated, too, with highly coloured pictures of the holy places in Mecca and of the famous Mosques of Istanbul.

Next to the Mosque was a bare school-room furnished with a few chairs and benches, and nothing more. The Hoja gave there religious instructions to the boys in the Koran. The village had been unable to find a qualified teacher of secular subjects for the 30 to 40 children of school age, and so they were not being educated. Two-thirds of the population of Turkey indeed is still illiterate, in spite of the progress made since the revolution 30 years ago; and one-third of the children of school age do not attend a primary school, for lack of teachers.

The present Government of Turkey, unlike the first revolutionary Government, does not frown on religious observance, and recognises that Islam has still a strong hold on all the people, except for a small intelligentia, both in the towns and the villages. We were told that this year 12,000 Turks had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and the number goes up each year.

We drove on an earth road to a larger and more prosperous village which had nearly 2,000 inhabitants. Here there was abundance of water for irrigation, and a number of mills; and water was piped to the houses. In the village there was a modern school-building and a headmaster as well as a Hoja; and he was the leader of the young people. The Mosque indeed was again the principal building. By its side there was a tall slender minaret, equipped with loudspeaker; and we noticed a little stile at the entrance which was to prevent animals from entering the Mosque. The interior decoration was like that of the Mosque in the smaller village, Arabic texts of the Koran, shields of the first Caliphs, and pictures of the holy places. The modern school was in a new white building opposite the Mosque, and was marked by a flagstaff with the Turkish red flag and the white crescent. The classrooms were decently furnished with tables and stools for the children. The walls were decorated with pictures of the heroes of the old and the new Turkey. The portrait of Attaturk had the place of honour.

Not only the conquering Ottoman Sultans and the Viziers and Admirals, but the poets and philosophers of the Seljuk and the Ottoman periods, and some of the modern national thinkers were there. Then there were also coloured pictures of the Turkish military and naval victories from the 15th and 16th centuries, but including the naval battle of the Dardanelles, in 1915, which they call the battle of Chanak-Kale. For teaching general history the teacher used an ingenious panorama machine like a dioscope.

The school programme of the five years of primary education was interesting and practical. Besides the three R's and history and geography, it included elementary biology, and for the older boys and girls, agriculture and crafts, and what they call "the idea of the family", which means domestic science. On the Friday which is the Day of the Mosque, and prayer, though it is not the day of rest, they have lessons in the Moslem religion. On the walls of the schoolroom were maps of the five continents and of a number of Western countries drawn by the children. To the maps were attached a short account of each country. Besides the pictures and the children's work the walls were decorated with moral texts in Turkish, but written, of course, in Latin characters. They were not taken from the Koran. The authors were Attaturk and the village headmaster. The teacher had no false modesty, and put his name to his exhortations, such as: "Every hour, every day, every week, and every month we can begin to make an effort for living a better life".

A few children from the school pass each year to the secondary school in Isparta. Others go to technical schools. But none have yet entered the university, whether for lack of ambition or lack of capacity was not clear. The village is administered by a single official known as the Mukhtar, who represents the central government and consults with a council of elders. Apart from the Mosque and the school, the most impressive institution is the cemetery which is laid out in a green area. The graves are placed amidst poplar trees and flowering bushes. The Turkish graveyard symbolises their belief that all men are equal in death.

The village had a magic spring to which people flocked from the neighbourhood to be healed. The water contains iron which, together with faith, worked the cure. Offerings of bits of silk and stuff from those who had been cured were hanging in layers from the domed roof. An old bath-woman was in charge and was disappointed that we would not take a bath. Our guides showed us also with pride the village Hamam, the hot Turkish bath with its furnace and reservoir; and with equal pride the new Café. Only men were sitting at the tables. The women, when they are not working, keep to their homes. The law of the revolution gives women full equality with men, but it has not changed their habits. Girls of the village, we were told, work at the looms of the carpet-making, and may earn as much as 5s. a day. That afternoon we saw a number of them in the town. It was the festival for the grape harvest; and that gave the opportunity for them to be in the open, to make eyes at the young men, and perhaps attract a swain. The village Café possessed a big radio machine, which was playing under the trees and spreading vine. The modern Turk likes noise and must have music wherever he goes. There must be more radio instruments, and more advertisement of radio instruments, in proportion to the population in Turkey than in any other country. The people listen

intently to music, mostly songs, that are broadcast, till the foreign visitor longs for freedom from sound. The excellence of oriental music is monotony.

The Turkish teacher who wrote the book on the village described his vain efforts to get his villagers to buy a radio set. The Moslem leader refused to believe in the wireless transmission of sound. "How can it be possible", he declared, "that the call to prayer should be cried in Egypt, and heard over here? And think how many voices there are in the world from morning to evening all the world over. How is it that the radio does not get them all? No, there is somebody hidden under that set where the talk is coming from. He does all the talking and fools the public into thinking otherwise". But that was written five years ago, and in the meantime the popularity of the radio has increased enormously, and the villagers believe in it. The moral forces of the old Moslem Turkey are still strong; but the mechanisation of our age has touched her conservative people, and willy-nilly linked them with the other world. It came as a delightful shock to hear in the village, after the monotonous lilts of the Turkish songs and melodies, a sonata of Bach played by a violinist in Ankara. Our visit to the villages strengthened the strongest impression we gained in Turkey. There has been a revolution in the life of the whole people, and it is still going on. But it is a revolution in slow motion. NORMAN BENTWICK.

REVELATIONS AND DREAMS

FROM a single laboratory experiment, Sir William Bragg suggests in 1928, the whole "electrical engineering industry" sprang. An even more decisive event than Faraday's experiment, an event anonymously remote in remote pre-history, determined the course of civilization. Whose hand lit the first artificial fire will never be known, nor will the actual hour of that first kindling ever be disclosed. The man who did light it could have no conception of its momentous consequences. The warming fire, Vitruvius thinks, gathered men into society. When Aeschylus calls fire the sovran secret of all arts he has only a poor idea of what those arts were to be. The mode of kindling can be surmised: Hesiod mythically embodies one conjecture by ascribing to Hermes the invention of fire and *fire-sticks*. The decisive events of human history include the advents of concepts destined to high significance. When the notion of survival after death first glimmered in a human mind is as unknown as the time, place and author of the first artificial fire. Primitive men, like many Primates, probably went aside to die. The bodies of those who did not would, presumably, be thrown well away, as some Kenya tribes were reported, many years ago, to throw their dead fellows into the bush for the hyenas. Burial, especially with implements, suggests the invasion of human thought by the notion of survival at least as early as palaeolithic days. These early believers, it seems certain, had as little idea of the great part belief in survival was to play as the first makers of fire had of future consequences.

It is possible to surmise how fire was first made; it is also possible to surmise how the idea of survival first entered human minds. If many

causes co-operated, one seems to be specially significant. Swedenborg, in one of his many visionary experiences, visited a "fifth earth" beyond the solar system, and questioned spirits who had lived on it. The inhabitants of this fifth earth, these spirits told Swedenborg, received their revelations early in the morning when they were midway between sleeping and waking. That conscious period, intervening between deep non-conscious sleep and complete waking, has had consequences at least comparable to those of fire or the belief in survival. This belief, indeed, and the characteristics of the intervening conscious experience seem to be closely connected. Dreams are the most familiar products of this mental phase when the mind, still aloof from the world, has experiences peculiar to its detached condition. Trance is one form of this mental phase. The mystic, during his ecstasy or "contemplation," is withdrawn from the world as the dreamer is. This intermediate consciousness, varying in quality and corresponding experiences, has greatly influenced human thought, belief and practice. The visual image may be a very present help in thinking—as in remembering a scene or event. The visual image may delude—it does in dreams. One of our primitive ancestors thinks of his dead tribesman and sees him—by the proxy of a visual image. If he visualises intensely he may believe that his dead fellow is actually before him, if only for the moment. In a dream the proxy effectually deludes him. Waking need not destroy the delusion, for the visitor may have come and gone. Dreams of the dead, much evidence makes highly probable, did greatly help, at least, to originate the belief in survival after death.

The primitive, in his dream, remembers or thinks of his dead fellow, and mistakes his thought for an actuality outside him. The organisation of the human mind seems to make it prone to such error. The mind has its *psychofacts* as the hands have their artefacts. It organises and constructs concepts such as animal or justice or beauty. Its constructive organisation includes memories and very various thoughts. Such psychofacts are very apt to be mistaken for external realities. The Platonic Ideas, or Forms, reify such concepts as justice into realities outside the mind. The dreamer regards his visualised memory or thought as an actual visitor, and may continue to do this when awake. The auditory image can hallucinatorily replace the visual—not only in recognisable dreams. Socrates presumably embodied his own judgments or intuitions in the voice that, as he relates, warned him from time to time during his life. It enjoined him, for instance, to remain seated, or, more significantly, to keep out of politics. For Socrates the warning voice was a divine sign, a revealer of wise conduct. His experience has one significance: the auditory hallucination is very convincing. It also has a second significance. Though Socrates himself thought of his sign as a special privilege granted to few, if any, before him, his experience is one manifestation of a proneness in the human mind to regard its own thoughts as revelations from without. The organisation of the human mind seems to inflict this proneness upon it. Its conscious thoughts have complex unconscious promptings behind them. The unconscious mind seems to be, whatever other nature it may have, a complex mnemonic organisation of experiences. Homer compares the swift flight of Hera to a rush of reminiscence in a travelled man. All

conscious-remembering, all recollection, comes from, or via, the unconscious. Memories, notably the reminiscent shoot, have constantly seemed to invade the mind from without. Socrates recognises this tendency in the *Euthydemus* when he suggests that he ought to begin by invoking Mnemosyne and the Muses. He recognises it whether playfully or semi-seriously or in earnest. Mnemosyne the Titaness sends the memories that seem to arrive. The Muses send inspirations as Mnemosyne, their mother, sends memories. Socrates recognises this notion, whatever his vein, by suggesting that he should invoke the poets.

At one "second of time during a symphony concert" the conviction that the Virgin Birth is absolutely true swept through Archbishop Temple's consciousness: so his biographer records. A nursed notion, a much pondered idea of a cherished tradition, suddenly becomes a convincing truth. A desire to believe, doubtless, urged the certifying rush from the unconscious. This simple instance can act as prelude to the recognition that more creative imaginings can invade the conscious mind to be mistaken for revelations from without. The Archbishop's sudden insight presumably flashed into a moment of detachment from the life of the moment. The more elaborate revelations are more apt to occur in the more recognisable detachments during dream, trance, or ecstasy.

Many notions have had minor vogues in some Muslim minds. According to one Gabriel mistakenly brought the revelation embodied in the Koran to Muhammad: Ali should have received it. According to another floating report Gabriel asked leave to enter the house, and sat like a servant before Muhammad. Both notions testify to the firm belief in a *revelation*. The Koran is the final record of experiences presumably occurring in trance, and largely auditory. It seems clearly to manifest how effectively the organised thoughts of the mind can present themselves to consciousness as a revelation from without. God taught Adam the names of things, and told him to instruct the angels when they could not name anything. This item of the presumed revelation in the Koran had, fairly obviously, been conceived in Muhammad's own mind. The further worship of Adam by the angels, in obedience to God's command, is more likely to be Muhammad's own notion than a divine intimation through Gabriel. Eblis refused to worship an Adam made of clay. These and other ideas, it seems clear, had issued from Muhammad's mnemonically organised unconscious to be consciously accepted as revelations from without. Gabriel himself is included in the psychofacts that Muhammad adopted, or adapted, from tradition.

Many revelations had been experienced before Gabriel brought the Koran to Muhammad, and many more after that. In one familiar instance the Lord foretold the fate of Eli's house to the young Samuel. Many angels appeared to many men and many women with many messages. In "A Discourse of Angels," 1701, approved in a preface by Geo. Hamond, the writer truly says that "We read in the Holy Scriptures of frequent Apparitions of Angels to men." These angels, he adds, often brought "monitory Messages" from God. Angels, he thinks, are wrongly supposed to "frequent the Church Assemblies" to profit by sermons. Calvin, he notes, dislikes this "Speculation" about beings who can "be helpers to the most knowing persons." The *Discourse* is a

copious witness to the belief in angels, and in revelations, imposed, or partly imposed, by the organisation of the human mind. Dreams, the writer understands, have often contained revelations. Circumspection is wise, he also understands: the Devil, for instance, may take a hand. It is unusual now, he is constrained to admit, for God to "communicate his Mind" by "Apparitions of Angels, by audible Voices, by Dreams and Visions," but his pages amply testify to the belief in revelations imposed by the organisation of the human mind, notably in dreams—those fertile sources of delusions.

It was still possible after 1701 for the mind to present its own creative imaginations, its psychofacts, to itself as veritable external realities, and to do it comparably to the long string of presumed revelations embodied in the Koran. It happened in the visions of Emanuel Swedenborg, in which he mingled freely with spirits or angels, and communed with them. When men died they became spirits, and might finally become angels or infernal spirits meet for the Hells. However much these spiritual adventures were the thoughts of Swedenborg's entranced mind, much fine feeling pervades them. Little children, for instance, go to Heaven directly they die to be tended by lady angels. Swedenborg had much intercourse with the spirits and angels who had inhabited the planet Jupiter. A modern astronomer would strongly suspect a Swedenborgian psychofact in this. The spirits of Mercury, Swedenborg reports, since they have much knowledge, are more conceited than others: traditional connections of Mercury with mental insight seem to operate on the visions. For Kant all the planets of the solar system are inhabited, and the more distant the planet, the better its population. Swedenborg incorporates in his visions beliefs about the Plurality of Worlds that came easily to eighteenth-century minds. These items hint, and numerous others help to confirm, that Swedenborg's creative imagination constantly presented him with an apparent and convincing revelation of the spirit world. Every man, Swedenborg explains, "is in company with spirits as to his interiors"; any man, if the Lord opens his "interiors," has intercourse with those spirits, and can speak with them. At one time, Swedenborg records, he had been thus privileged daily for twelve years. He explains how his spirit could be translated to other earths though his body remained on Terra. He connects such translation with change of state in the interiors. The dream of travel is familiar enough to make this intelligible. When Cardan dreamed of talking with his father on the moon the apparent travel was in the dream-experience, not in ambient space. Swedenborg seems to have dropped persistently into a detachment from the world comparable to the dream of Cardan or the trances of Muhammad. In that condition his own thoughts hatched out of his own unconscious, as thoughts are hatched, presented themselves as veritable intercourse with the angels or spirits about which he so constantly thought. A dreamer who ponders much on angels may well seem to meet them in dreams, and to believe in their reality when he wakes. Such experiences, in dream or in some cognate form of trance, have constantly promoted belief in angelic or other forms of revelation. Swedenborg seems to be an eminent instance of a systematic transformation of thoughts into convincing revelations.

"St. John," writes A. N. Whitehead, "never received just that revelation." Recorded revelations are probably not usually strict transcripts of the original experiences. Muhammad must have edited his, and so, probably, did Swedenborg. So far as Swedenborg did *receive* his revelations he seems to have received them from his own imaginatively creative unconscious. Locke cautiously advises the inspection of presumed revelations by reason. Since he admits the possibility of "a species of creatures" living on Jupiter he would, presumably, not urge Swedenborg's adventures with spirits from that planet against him. Nor, perhaps, would Swedenborg meet too many angels to be distrusted, for Locke himself believed in angelic spirits. Locke, however, by applying reason to the elaborate Swedenborgian record, might conceivably discover in it the "enthusiasm . . . founded neither on reason nor divine revelation." What Locke might regard as "conceits of a warmed or overweening brain" modern inspection by reason may judge to be imaginative creations, psychofacts, presented to the entranced Swedenborg as external realities by the organisation and working of his own mind—unconscious and conscious.

Archbishop Laurentius imaginatively created a very vigorous revelation for himself. As he slept the apostle Peter came to him and scourged him. Laurentius had decided to leave Britain when Eadbald became king of Kent in 616, and forsook Christianity. The origin of his dream, or vision, in his own conscience or misgivings is clear in Peter's reproof to him for forsaking his flock. The king repented of his apostasy when Laurentius showed him the actual scars of the scourging. This somewhat startling vigour of the psychofact, though depending on the authority of the Venerable Bede and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, was probably not beyond the power of the archbishop's unconscious mind. The self-induced experience had as good an effect in the king's repentance as if Peter actually had scourged Laurentius. St. Angela more naïvely, more charmingly, and perhaps more credibly than Laurentius, at times discloses her own thoughts or desires in her revelations. The Holy Spirit, she records, often said that he loved her better than any one else in the valley of Spoleto. Mary of St. Teresa seems to embrace Our Lady, and kiss her. Lucie Christine sees Jesus in the bosom of the Father, and the Holy Ghost proceeding from both. Her own comment, perhaps, discloses the origin of such "intellectual visions," as they have been called. She distinguishes *believing* in these "Divine Processions" from *seeing* them "in the Bosom of God." During her adoration of "Jesus exposed in the Blessed Sacrament," dropping into some degree of trance, her belief becomes an actual experience, as a dream might transform the dreamer's belief in his guardian angel into an actual meeting.

The very organisation of the mind does seem, in moments of detachment, such as dreaming, trance, or ecstasy, to impose the mind's own psychofacts upon it as revelations from without. Concepts organised in the unconscious then leap into consciousness, with varying degrees of visual imagery, as such actual revelations. Though some may deem it sacrilege, the mystics do seem to manifest, very eminently, this consequence of the mind's organisation. The auditory supplement, or ingredient, constantly occurs among the mystics. Our Lord answers Dame

Julian's troubled queries; the Father *tells* St. Catherine of Sienna; St. John of the Cross hears a question from the Lord; according to Louis Lallemont the prophets, apostles, and other saints conversed familiarly with God; Father Surin writes of "continual converse" with God and his Son; God, so Father de Caussade records, "speaks in his turn during prayer"; Jesus answers Gemma Galgani.

The thinking soul seemed to Socrates to converse with itself. It speaks to itself in silence when forming an opinion, and the opinion is a word spoken, though not aloud. The flit of auditory images through consciousness, to which Socrates refers, is manifest in reading rhyme, for the rhymes *sound* in unison, though, as Socrates would say, not out aloud. Socrates presumably distinguished such internal audition from the warning voice which, as he says, came to him. The voices visiting the mystics seem more allied to actual auditory hallucinations, such as the sign of Socrates, than to the familiar internal audition of auditory images. St. Angela once comprehended what the Son said to her when, so runs her comment, it was not said in actual words. This presumably contrasts with her usual mystical experience of actual words presented as veritable auditory hallucinations. People talk *to* the dreamer in conversation dreams. What would be, in a waking imagination, an internal murmur of auditory images, becomes in dreaming an auditory hallucination of words spoken to the dreamer. This, presumably, happens to the mystic when God himself speaks in the vision. The mystic's own thoughts, organised in the unconscious, present themselves to consciousness as spoken *to* him. According to the Venerable Bede some brethren in a monastery heard angels singing in concert, and the holy Fursey, quitting his body during trance, saw choirs of angels, and heard praises sung in heaven. Creative imagination, powerful enough to produce a very realistic scourging, can, using the auditory, present harmonious music, as the experiences of many mystics testify. Swedenborg's extraordinarily comprehensive presentation to his own consciousness of apparent revelations from without seems to have included spiritual singing. Unconscious organisation and working often results in conscious enlightenment—frequently minor, sometimes major. It also persuades the conscious mind to accept its creative imaginings as revelations from without. This consequence of the organisation of the human mind is spread through the history of human thought. Such revelations *may*, on occasion, be actual, but Locke's warning to inspect them all by reason is very wise.

JOSHUA C. GREGORY.

WILL THE FALLEN MONARCHS RETURN?

"**W**IR wollen unsern alten Kaiser Wilhelm wieder haben. . . ." (Give us back our old Kaiser Wilhelm. . . .) is a refrain that has been burlesqued on a catchy and popular tune in Germany. Revellers smirk broadly when they bubble forth this song but it is not only meant as a parody. There is a serious undertone to their exuberance. A good many Germans would like to see a restoration of the monarchy. "Hitler would never have come to power under a sovereign," they

declaim. It is a moot point. The German Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm (1882-1951) was a great admirer of Hitler's storm troopers and lodged a violent protest with General Gröner in 1932 when Gröner, as Home Secretary under Chancellor Brüning, disbanded the SA and SS. And another Prince of the Hohenzollern, August Wilhelm (Auwi), spoke for Hitler at macabre torchlight demonstrations. Nevertheless, there are millions of Germans who yearn for the day when a Lord Chamberlain will cry: "Long Live Our Emperor."

A Gallup poll held recently about this controversial subject presents an extremely interesting survey. Of the Over-Sixties asked, 51 per cent wanted a Kaiser on the throne, 27 per cent said they saw no use in a restored monarchy, 22 per cent declared that they could not say. Of the 45-60-year-old age group 37 per cent said they would hail a new Kaiser, 36 per cent said they would boo him, and 27 per cent said they did not know. Of the younger generation 24 opted for a monarchy, 38 per cent declared themselves opposed, and 38 per cent sat on the fence. It is an intriguing result, for it shows that a third of the population would welcome a restoration. Bavarians are certainly loyal to their royal house, the Wittelsbachs. If there were a plebiscite tomorrow, the result would probably be in favour of a king. In this way the Bavarians would delight in cocking a snook at the Prussians. The Saxons cannot say because they are under Russian rule. The Lower Saxons are traditionally loyal to the Guelph Dynasty (known in Germany as the Welfen) who have strong ties with the House of Windsor, which is descended from the Guelphs through the ducal House of Brunswick. Hanoverians would strongly oppose the election of a Hohenzollern to the imperial throne.

European royalist movements cannot be underestimated or even discounted. In countries with a pseudo-dictatorial administration, in Portugal, for instance, there is a very influential monarchist group, but the Prime Minister Antonio d'Oliveira Salazar has told them that a sovereign cannot be appointed from the top but must be exalted by the overwhelming majority of his people. There is no really wide-spread movement for a restoration in Portugal. Since the repeal of the law exiling members of the Braganca royal family in 1951, the Pretender to the Portuguese throne, Don Duarte Nuno, is permitted to reside in the family's castle. He is married to an attractive princess from the House of Braganca-Orleans, thus tying still closer the link with Brazil which has lately assumed such political and cultural pre-eminence.

Monarchists indulge in the most fanciful illusions about the future of the House of Braganca. There is one big snag, however. The present Pretender, grandson of the 28th Portuguese king, is practically an alien. He was born and raised in Austria; his mother tongue is German. His mentality is certainly not Portuguese. But his son, the 10-year-old Prince Miguel, is a likely candidate. They are busily grooming him for the kingship. In wise foresight the royal fortune was left to this scion by Queen Amelia, the last queen of Portugal. The Pretender to the Spanish Throne Don Juan has lost his battle with General Franco who has repeatedly if suavely rebuffed all the overtures by this ambitious man. Spain is a nominal monarchy without a sovereign. Franco wants to see the 16-year-old Don Carlos, Prince of Asturias, and son of Don Juan,

crowned. Presumably the powerful Catholic Church is in concert. Ex-King Umberto was unlucky. The royalist movement in Italy is considerable and there are many politicians in Rome, Milan and Naples who fervently believe that the numerically strong Communist party would pale beside the aura of a monarchy. This is doubtful, but all the same Umberto is awaiting a summons back home in the emigrant kings' "waiting room first class"—Estoril. He sees many visitors who all come to pay their respects and admire his roses. Then there is the relatively erudite Otto von Hapsburg who aspires to the Emperor's Crown. The Archduke's lecture tours are well known. He wants to see a Phoenix rise out of the Danubian monarchy's ashes. "The little countries should unite and form a strong bond of Christian unity," he says. But under little countries he mentions Bavaria, Lorraine and Hungary in one breath! Otto, inspired by his ambitious mother, ex-Empress Zita, fancies himself as the temporal lodestar in this constellation of Catholic states. Behind the scenes Otto receives backing from the republican Americans who know the value of exploiting Otto's pulling power in the Danube area against that of the Communists. Otto stands out for European union. That fits well into the American concept. Consequently Otto finds himself in favour with Washington. He speaks of liberty, equality and fraternity, modestly skipping his part in such an amiable get-together. But as a speaker he is competent. Certainly his chances are better than those of the Comte de Paris, the French Pretender who with his ten children has been allowed to live in France for some years now. Princess Alexandra of Kent recently spent several months at his home to be polished to the pink of *bon ton*.

But to get back to the German royalist movement. It is important because of its political implications. The rugged Bavarians have never forgotten their dreamy King Ludwig II who was declared insane and removed from the throne. He committed suicide under very strange circumstances. One of the charges that were levelled at him at the time was that he spent millions on preposterous castles, which, though they are artistic monstrosities, are bringing in something like £400,000 annually from visitors. Ludwig spent £500,000 on them in all. They have more than earned their keep. Ludwig was an eccentric but he was not mad. His relations were fearful lest he spend too much on his castles and intrigued against him. The result was a *coup d'état* and a farce of a medical report. It used to be a favourite sport among European courts to intern troublesome relations because of "mental instability." Luise of Saxony almost ended in an asylum; Luise of Coburg was interned and so was Sophie of Alençon, the sister of the Empress of Austria who used to go riding in England. All this has not been forgotten by the Bavarians who revere the old Prince Rupprecht. They have offered him the Crown and if he had wanted to he could probably have made himself king, but Rupprecht considered the time inopportune. That does not mean that he believes the monarchy dead. Far from it. In Bavaria it is an ideology.

There is a party in Germany, the *Deutsche Partei*, which is dedicated to a restoration, though it does not overtly place this plank of its political platform uttermost. But the politicians of this party want to see the Hohenzollerns back on the throne. There is a catch, though as Professor

Dr. Hans Schoeps, one of the initiators of the neo-monarchist movement well knows, no plebiscite can be held in Germany. The Constitution has no provision for it. In Italy the people could vote on this question, but not in Germany. "There is only one ruling house in Germany," says Schoeps, "the Hohenzollern. The German Emperor renounced the throne only for himself and his son in 1918 but not for the other progeny." Schoeps admits that there is another house, that of Brandenburg-Prussia, that is entitled to assume the German crown. He refuses to discuss the rights of the Guelphs and the Wittelsbachs. Head of the Hohenzollerns is "Lulu," Prince Louis Ferdinand, a grandson of the late Kaiser who died at Doorn, Holland, where he spent his exile. There is a great deal of talk, mostly in family circles, that it could be possible to outsmart the Constitution. The prince would have to stand as a candidate for the Presidency. Once President, it could be relatively simple to persuade the electorate to amend the constitution. Failing that there is always the model *putsch* of Napoleon III who made himself Emperor in 1851.

Certainly there is a vast tide of public opinion in favour of a royalist renaissance. The respected daily "Der Mittag" startled readers in the Ruhr area some months ago when it lamented the fact the President Heuss had been re-elected. It conceded the suitability of the prudent Professor, but the leader writer made no secret of his feelings. "Why, oh why, did the Kaiser leave his empire in 1918?" he asked mournfully. Public opinion believes today that Hindenburg is to blame. Twenty years ago such a contention would have been labelled as blasphemous. But Hindenburg, it is admitted, was a weakling. He betrayed his friends and he betrayed the Kaiser who was furious with him. Perhaps the Kaiser recognized his own guilt. There was a time when it was considered making General Groener chief of the general staff, but Groener's family ancestry was not right. He did not have the proper aristocratic trappings and he was rejected from the short list. It was Groener who had conceived the masterful plan of saving the monarchy. "Send the Kaiser to the front and let him die at the head of a guard's regiment," he said, "and you will save the crown."

Hindenburg and Ludendorff were horrified. "Touch the person of his Imperial Majesty! what profanity!" Instead of taking up a sword, the Kaiser was sent packing across the frontier in a train. Prince Louis Ferdinand is a good propagandist if a discreet one. He composes. That is a point in his favour—at least in German eyes. He is discreet, though he has laid it down clearly among other German princes that they must regard him as *primus inter pares*. He is a good family man and has an exemplary matrimony with Princess Kira (She is a Romanov). They live in Bremen-Borgfeld. He learnt a great deal about cars and their production in the Henry Ford works at Detroit. A Hohenzollern need not starve in Germany. If he is bright, he makes his own way. If he is not so bright, he is offered a lucrative sales representation in some well-known brand. Most of the minor princelings of the 21 former ruling houses of Germany are respected. When one Prince, Timo of Saxony, married a butcher's daughter and was found to be addicted to drugs, there was a good deal of criticism. The marriage was considered romantic but rather out of place.

The royalists have the tacit applause of the Stahlhelm, a nationalist

corps of veterans, inaptly led by Field-Marshal Kesselring, a political dilettante if ever there was one. Some of the older military would like to salute a Kaiser again, but as Professor Schoeps says: "We don't need them. They will come running when the time is ripe." Monarchists do not find many sympathisers among the Catholic wing of Dr. Konrad Adenauer's Christian Democrats. The CDU is antagonistic towards Prussian endeavours, chiefly on religious grounds. The protestant wing of the CDU which supplies the Speaker of the Bundestag is more reconcilable. Dr. Adenauer himself has decided views on the restoration and is known to have talked to Prince Louis Ferdinand privately, but he never makes public utterances on the subject. It is known though that the Chancellery's funds have helped to keep Dr. Schoeps's pro-royalist lecture tours going. The Guelphs are peeved at the *Deutsche Partei* for their hob-nobbing with the Prussian Hohenzollern. Originally the DP was hot-gossiping for the Guelphs but the wind has changed. The DP is acutely conscious of the deep well of conservative partisanship that could be whipped up into a national stampede of acclamation with the proper figurehead. They consider the Guelphs too insignificant, in Germany at least, to inflame emotions. The Guelphs have countered this strongly. They denounce the militarism and the pan-Germanistic ideologies of Prussian supporters of the Hohenzollern. In this clash it is considered immaterial that the head of the Guelphs, Duke Ernst August of Brunswick and Luneburg, is related to the Hohenzollern Louis Ferdinand. Hanover and Bavaria are the strongest bastions of the royalists in Germany. This fact is rather disheartening to the supporters of the Hohenzollern who get little publicity since the death of Crown Princess Cécilie who, in a way, was her own public relations expert. German magazines, oddly enough, devote whole issues to Queen Elizabeth, Princess Margaret and Queen Soraya. They find too little "meat" among the Hohenzollern. On the one hand, this is deplored by those who desire a restoration; on the other they are glad because of the risk of scandal. They are glad that the scandals around Crown Princess Cécilie are half-forgotten. All this shows in what a dilemma they are. A third of the population would welcome a coronation and there is little doubt that another third could be persuaded to approve, but there is simply no one at hand to make a determined move. It is more than doubtful that the gamble would succeed as matters stand now.

K. FRANK FELDMAN.

FILMS AT THE SOUTH BANK

NO one who visited the 1951 Festival of Britain on London's South Bank is likely to forget the Telecinema, one of the exhibition's major attractions. There, almost universal queueing was eventually rewarded by an excellent programme of the then marvels of large-screen television, stereophonic sound, 3-dimensional films and so on. But unlike the Telecinema's loftier neighbour, the Royal Festival Hall, it was not originally planned to survive the 1951 exhibition, and but for far-sighted intervention would have eventually been demolished along with

the rest of the architectural novelties that enlivened the South Bank for that memorable summer. Most of the credit for the vision that saved the Telecinema and enabled it to become, as it is now, a lively part of the London, if not the national, cultural scene, must go to the authorities of the British Film Institute. For years this body had been doing sterling work in furthering knowledge about the worthwhile fruits of the cinema, and preserving for posterity the all-too-fragile landmarks in the history of the film. But it lacked a fair-sized cinema of its own for showings for members or the interested section of the public, and so remained, on the whole, out of touch with the everyday cinema-goer who cared for the young art and wanted to learn more of its history and its application.

Fortunately the management of the Telecinema had been allocated by the Festival organisers to the Institute; and, instead of letting the building fall to the breaker's hammer, the suggestion was raised: why not convert the Telecinema into a national repertory cinema under Institute control? By the greatest of good fortune, the excellent idea became reality. The B.F.I. directors managed to secure, as a start, a five-year lease from the London County Council, and, equally important, a grant of £12,500 from the recently-established Eady Fund. The building was completely re-decorated and fitted out as a continuously-operating repertory cinema, and in October, 1952, the National Film Theatre started to operate. It was the first time anything comparable had been seen in Britain: an expertly-organised national cinema devoted solely to the best films of all and every kind, run on a proper commercial footing yet not primarily for profit. The aim was to please the public as well as the purists, and after two years of working, the experiment is plainly a success. Insofar as it has, ultimately, to pay for itself, the National Film Theatre is something unique in the world of films, and it successfully combines this efficient running with the best facilities for seeing rare, withdrawn, little-known, esoteric and just plain old films offered by such places as the cinema of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and the Paris Cinematèque.

The National Film Theatre normally seats 400 people, and is a striking example of bold, original modern architecture. Designed by Wells Coates, O.B.E., its appeal to the eye is, as is proper in a cinema, almost entirely internal. Viewed from the road (and it is about the first building the visitor sees on leaving Waterloo bridge, on the left-hand side) it tends to give an impression of smallness and restriction, and as it was built as part of the South Bank exhibition its foyer faces inwards, away from the road, but viewed from a point facing its entrance, the clean lines and compactness of the light grey building are most attractive. Once inside, the atmosphere compares favourably with the modern commercial cinemas in the West End or anywhere else, but efficient pleasantness replaces blatancy, and the foyer lights do not try to dazzle and spotlight patrons. Perhaps regrettably, the thick glass panel in the foyer that formed the back wall of the projection booth in the Telecinema, thus enabling patrons to see the projectionists and their equipment at work without interfering with showings, has been removed, but the other minor alterations have merely enhanced the place's attractiveness. The decor is a tasteful blend of mahogany and chromium, of powder blue and light grey, and the interior design is noteworthy for the placing of the projection

booth between the stalls and the circle. This unusual arrangement proves most effective: instead of the projection beam coming almost out of the ceiling at a steep angle to the screen, it emerges almost horizontally across the auditorium, but those in the circle have an even better view than normally. Now the place is devoted entirely to films, the television equipment has been removed, but the latest in standard projection apparatus (including, for the showing of films available only on that gauge, an extremely powerful 16 mm. projector), a brilliant glass-beaded screen and the existing well-planned seating, acoustic fluting of the walls, and sunken, star-like house lights ensure the highest standards in every direction. An interesting feature of the foyer and stairways is the display of frequently-changed mosaics consisting of large photographic stills from classic films of all nations, on which cineastes may test their knowledge and memories. There is now also a small but attractive licensed club adjoining the auditorium for the use of members of the Institute.

By confining the shows on six days of the week to members and associate members of the Institute, the National Film Theatre gains the advantages of a private club in a fixed source of income irrespective of box-office takings, and in addition, is free from the dictates of the British Board of Film Censors, who might well take exception to some of the programmes shown. On Saturdays, however, the Theatre is open to the general public, when specially chosen programmes consisting of worthwhile films of comparatively recent origin are given after the manner of an ordinary repertory cinema. Naturally, after the opening of the N.F.T. and the announcement of its plans there was a rush for membership of the British Film Institute, which now enjoys the support of rising on 25,000 film enthusiasts of the more serious type. To cater for all, there is now in operation a scheme of associate membership at an annual subscription of only five shillings. This entitles the holder to attend all the shows at the Theatre at the usual seat prices. The full membership subscription to the Institute is one guinea, which covers a wide range of services as well as Theatre membership. For either of these ridiculously low subscriptions, anyone may see films long since discarded by the commercial cinema, including some relegated to the rubbish-heap, or lost in the welter of celluloid that has flowed from almost every civilised country during the last half-century.

The Theatre's first programme was a clever attempt to please all comers: the screen version of Shaw's *Pygmalion*, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller, some 3-D experiments, and a specially-compiled anthology film entitled *The Stars Who Made the Silent Cinema*. This last provided 52 minutes of strikingly historic entertainment, featuring such players as Lilian Gish, Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Betty Balfour, Conrad Veidt, Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks and Rudolph Valentino in extracts from some of their best efforts. Since then the N.F.T. has offered a feast of cinematic delight sufficient to cater for every possible taste and to whet almost everyone's appetite. The week is divided into two series that run continuously: *World Cinema*, from Sunday to Wednesday, and *Fifty Years of Film*, on Thursday and Friday, each week. The former is in the shape of fixed seasons devoted either to certain types of films, like Romantic, Musical, Western, Ballet, Comedy, or to the work of a chosen director or

actor. Thus series have surveyed the development of the love-story film from Theda Bara to Marilyn Monroe under the title *He, She and 'It'*, the surprising freshness of silent American comedy films, notably those of Buster Keaton and Harry Langdon, and the evolution of films devoted to the ballet, including a short, hitherto unknown film showing Pavlova performing a group of dances, shot in 1924. Others have examined the work of such notable directors as Rene Clair, Alfred Hitchcock, Vittorio de Sica, Erich von Stroheim, Carol Reed and Humphrey Jennings.

The heading *Fifty Years of Film* gives the N.F.T. programme planners the freest possible field to work in, and they take full advantage of that freedom. The earliest flickering shadows of the Lumière films, silent masterpieces, the early talkies, classics of all ages and lands of origin, fine films of recent origin considered dead by their distributors, or banished from screens everywhere by the sinister practice of Hollywood re-makes, like the Carné-Prévêrt French masterpiece, *Le Jour se Lève*, have all been seen, and continue to excite an increasing number of viewers. Griffiths' *Intolerance* and *Broken Blossoms*, *Battleship Potemkin*, *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari*, *Earth*, *October*, *Kameradschaft*, *Blackmail* and dozens of other landmarks in cinema history may still be seen at the N.F.T. and always, for the seekers after knowledge, there is the almost unknown practice in British cinemas of providing printed programmes. To see, as in recent months, long queues of enthusiastic would-be patrons, many of them far younger than the films they want to sit through, waiting to view films like Clair's *Sous Les Toit de Paris*, Vigo's *L'Atalante*, Buñuel's astounding *L'Age d'Or*, Stroheim's *Greed*, Renoir's *La Grande Illusion* and Milestone's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, is something to gladden the heart of anyone who cares for the future of the film as a serious form of expression. Of course, the National Film Theatre is still in its infancy, but it is a lusty and highly promising infancy, and one that beckons an increasing number of people away from their TV sets. More patrons and more members are still extremely welcome, however, and the fullest details are obtainable from the Theatre itself, or from the Institute headquarters at 164 Shaftsbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. To many people, from many countries, there is here an amazing sense of new territory being opened up, and even for this alone the N.F.T. promises much not only for the cultural life of Britain, but for the eventual future of the art of the cinema.

DAVID GUNSTON.

PROGRESS IN NIGERIA

PRESENT day progress in Nigeria, an outward expression of the transition from tribalism to a new nationalism, needs a foundation of Christian standards in faith if social and political changes are to lead to happiness. Religious questions cannot be evaded when the impact of Westernism on Nigerian life is considered. The adoption of Western methods of business, agriculture, and learning, have only become possible because of the labours of missionary societies throughout the past century; the Church, in its many branches, having made the largest single contribution to the transition culminating in a new political consciousness.

The security encouraged by church teaching has made possible the fascinating pageant of colour in Nigerian streets where a free domestic and national life is evidenced by people displaying brightly coloured native dress and acknowledging European influence by the interspersing of western attire while remaining faithful to African traditions both in the pattern of living and thinking. Subjects commonly discussed centre round the Africanization of present day achievements which, in effect, means the assumption of authority and control by Africans with release from European culture and modes of thought. There is no going back to former conditions for in the framework of progress Government sponsors social amelioration, with welfare measures, previously the sole domain of the Church. The centre of direction changes as people progress in controlling their environment and emphasis on essential services takes new meaning. Whereas, less than a century ago, Nigerians learned to read so as to be able to read the Bible, nowadays adults seek to acquire the ability to read and write to qualify to vote in elections. Until recently the urge forward was to enter the membership of the Christian Church and if now it is to assume political rights it should not be concluded that there is less desire for Christian foundations. A nation of over thirty million people, separated by wide differences in culture and outlook, as well as in religion, are in process of disintegration caused by what is considered progress from a tribal existence to a national consciousness influenced in its formation by Western contacts. The new concept can be as disturbing as the breakdown of tribalism. The breakup of the old ways of life in tribal dissolution is inevitable if the new is to arise, but the transition must include the liberation of the human spirit, the releasing of the imprisoned splendour within the body of man, thus making dissolution and progress as much a religious problem as political or economic. Christianity transcends tribal barriers and provides that ethical basis for character and conduct needed in a period of transition.

Missionary enterprise, using education, medical services, social reconstruction, as well as evangelism through church organisation, has moulded modern Nigeria to its present state setting it on the journey to final self-government, independence and political freedom. Missionaries, conscious of the final result of the impact of Christianity on primitive people, did not hesitate to use every means possible to enlighten those to whom they ministered, being content to let some of their teaching overflow to others who did not come under their direction. It was known that education involved a break with tribal life and religion, that medical services would transform the physical environment as well as heal the bodies of those who risked anger of witchdoctors, and in Christian morality many major changes were introduced, such as monogamy, refusal of bribes and corruption, with the institution of weekly wages for work done. Most important change of all, perhaps, was the assertion of faith as belief and trust in a personal God replacing compromise and fear in witchcraft which attempted to control the environment by turning it to personal account. Education achieved this transformation only in limited areas and was once sorely under the direction of the Church; but now education is a secularised aim which perhaps is not to be expected to offer support to Christian morality, health measures are Government sponsored, while social

administration seeks to secure better farming through agricultural departments. To Christian guidance must be attributed the changed outlook on polygamy, freer marriage customs, the elimination of bride purchase, as well as to the desire of skilled workers liking to choose their own partners. Christian influence combined with Westernism, has changed Nigerian life giving rise now to a dual conflict in which the struggle between the religious interests and political life of the nation has its setting: both politics and religion have contributed to dissolution, but the politics were learned from Europe where Christian traditions have infiltrated into many realms of human activity: the adoption of a way of life with Christian foundations is imperative and to be distinguished from Western materialism.

Nigerian churches now have members of the second and third generations of Christians, manifesting the problems of inherited Christianity, in which backsliders, benefiting from education and medical welfare services, do not sponsor Christian ideals to the same extent of self-renunciation as did their grandfathers, hence the fear of an increase in immorality and delinquency. Churches, assuming further measures of autonomy, meet the challenge of the present day, while many Christian leaders realise that the challenge demands the strength of a united Church in which all demoninational differences are submerged in a Church of African content. Disunion of churches is an uncertain expression of religious freedom transposed with other qualities of life and conduct from a civilization which gained that freedom through many centuries of striving and development. Commercial interest, and the technical man with scientific training, is in a fair way claiming Nigeria: the Church has a place in the advance for spiritual health is necessary if the happiness of man is to be assured. Islam also bids for the allegiance of Nigeria, a further challenge to the closing of the ranks of denominationalism. Islam has a remarkable history of missionary penetration from a small beginning. In fifty years it overran Arabia and dominated the Arab races, reaching Africa at a later date, but carrying the 6th century message of Mohammed of the unity of God who told his will to the prophet to tell it to man. The religion of Islam, as set out in the Koran, is a narrow, yet intense, religion which asserts that Allah knows all and that "neither slumber nor sleep overtakes him." Man is called to obey slavishly the will of Allah being rewarded with the virtue of heaven if faithfull, infidels being consigned to hell. Islam, propagated by the sword, is based on force, intolerance ruling the mind of man, one only needs to observe the ritual of Islam in an outward detached way. There is no incentive to spiritual quality, or encouragement to develop the social amenities of the world, or acquire an intellectualism to understand the demands of life and religion. A lack of humanity characterises Islam in its human contacts, and while probably being able to satisfy the needs of a semi-civilized, or primitive people, is unable to meet the needs of any highly developed community or find a place in the rapid advance of a nation such as Nigeria.

Islamic leaders claim progress asserting the virility of Islam as a more desirable religion than Christianity for Nigeria because of its understanding of African life. A plurality of wives is permitted and a high standard of wifely faithfullness demanded. Islam claims to offer the only

secure brotherhood quoting Mohamméd as authority, selecting this passage from his last speech: "Kñow that every Muslim is brother of every other Muslim. All of you are on the same equality: ye are one brotherhood." A statement easy to exploit being usable by those who never intend to treat others as their brothers: but it is excellent propaganda. When Islam was first introduced to Nigeria it was confined to the North for many many years but now having filtered to the south has adherents throughout the country. Traditionally there is no unity between north and south yet Islam, in many ways undermined by Westernism, wins converts in the progressive south simply because its missionaries are Africans, mostly traders, working among the people. A superficial judgement, frequently expressed by Europeans without religious convictions, is that Islam "is just the thing" for Africa, a facile judgement possible only where there is content with sub-Christian standards. The use of African Mohammedan missionaries indicates the need for African trained Christian workers, who, after eating and living with their fellowmen, speak to them of the deep things of faith. Despite the claims of Islam it is the inexhaustable work of the Church that has built new character and formed new ideals being embodied in the aims of self-government and self-development. The Christian ideal is needed to prevent an outcrop of Western materialism in the form of cult religions. It is now thought by some anthropologists that East African mau mau has arisen as a religious cult out of imported materialism rather than being a reversal to primitive tribalism. Similar dangers can arise in West African countries influenced by Western scientific culture unless there is a strong Christian foundation. Science and technology are applied almost universally to Nigerian affairs: Africans through education, and by inclination, are adjusting themselves to new ways of life, finding employment in Government posts and civil administration, as judges, teachers, in the medical services, and in every sphere of life. Africanization penetrates deeper and deeper into domestic life, and the term to Nigerians means the replacing and superceding of Europeans by educated and capable Africans. Progress has gained a foothold in Nigeria: its absorbing march cannot be stopped, yet there is no unity to wield the principle dominant tribes and sections into a nation. This problem has many approaches, for unity is needed in many branches of national life. Dr. T. Olawale Elias in his recently published "Groundwork of Nigerian Law" suggests that there should be a Faculty of Law established at Ibadan university "which shall foster the teaching and growth of a dynamic body of Nigerian Law" to include the three main sources of Nigerian administration, tribal custom, Islamic Law, and British Law, and though English practice of law holds a dominant place in personal matters, such as marriage and land tenure, tribal custom is important. This suggestion for the integration of these three into a single system indicates the progress made and perhaps outlines future developments, in which Islam may be compounded by ancient custom and Christianity into a new system. The Church is alive to its opportunities seeking in the onward progress to find its own autonomy, sovereignty, spiritual depth, and economic independence, making its own unequalled contribution to the unification of the nation.

Nigeria is not one nation but three separate areas, each with its own

domestic problems, and all pre-occupied with politics which need an appreciation of the historical background for understanding. Northern Nigeria consists of Moslem Hausa States tracing association with Islamic Law back to the 13th century and having evolved traditions and a heritage not lightly cast away. In early 19th century Uthman dan Fodio led a Fulani Jihad against the Hausa in Northern Nigeria establishing a Fulani rule over the whole of the North with the exception of Bornu. The Fulani held sway until ousted by the British in 1898/1900 when a separate protectorate was declared for the North, and one for the South, amalgamated in 1906 and incorporated into the Colony in 1914. Since then the Northern States have remained almost exclusively Mohammedan. European contact with the South dates from 1472 when Portuguese traders contacted Beni and Yorubaland and started three centuries of slave-trading in which European nations engaged and competed. Abolition of slavery of 1807 led Britain to occupy Lagos in 1861, as a measure to terminate slave-running in the coastal creeks. British connection was consolidated by traders' amalgamation in 1877 forming a United Company and providing a claim of British influence in Africa for the Berlin Conference of 1885 when European Powers were given spheres of influence in Africa. A Charter granted the Royal Africa Company in 1886 was revoked in 1899 to make way for the declaration of the Colony and Protectorate of Nigeria from January 1st, 1900. Northern and Southern states were amalgamated in 1906 and the Northern states included in the Colony in 1914. In one short span of about half a century Nigeria has taken to itself the civilization and fruits of the culture England took some ten centuries to develop. In one decisive moment a scientific and industrial set-up has been adopted with the importation of money, machinery, and men, from Britain where the envied civilization was nurtured (despite its faults and failings) in a Christian environment constantly improved by reformers and leaders seeking to find ways to allow religion to penetrate into commerce, industry, and personal relationships, in a unified country.

Within the Nigerian framework three regions seek independence, rather than unity. Lagos, first point of British influence, in the Western Region is a fascinating island city which in a constant movement of people presents a picture of present day Nigeria. Depressing slums, in mean narrow streets, impressed with the squalor of poverty, are more prevalent than the spacious luxury of Ikoyi or the comfort of Yaba. Streets and markets are the trading posts of women hurrying along with the traffic past modern stores with the shop of the witch doctor just round the corner. Much conversation is centred in politics finding culmination in election of representatives to government of town and country. Election to local courts is the first stage for a candidate's election to District Councils and from thence to County Councils and later to one of the three Regional Houses of Assembly, and finally to the House of Representatives composed of half its members from the Northern States and the other half divided between Southern and Western interests: as yet all the representatives are males. Two principal political parties contest for support. The National Council for Nigeria and the Cameroons (known as N.C.N.C.), an Ibo dominated party founded by Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe:

and the Action Group, mainly a Yoruba movement founded by Mr. Abafemi Awolowo, an Ibadan barrister, these two movements belonging to the combined western and southern sections. Ibo and Yoruba seek a national following and both parties are led by able leaders. The method of election tends to keep capable leaders from reaching the final, and thus important, House of Legislation as, for example, the election of Dr. Azikine, an Ibo of the N.C.N.C. by Lagos to the Western House meeting at Ibadan with a preponderance of members of the Yoruba Action Group which elects members of its own party to the Central House of Representatives, thus excluding, as a member of a minority, the elected representative of Lagos from further election. Two of the most powerful tribes in Nigeria, the Ibo and Yoruba, are in political conflict; both are affected by disintegration, neither has any unifying religious life, and both suspect the advance of Islamic Northern Hausa ideals and ideas. The N.C.N.C. demand for "self-government now" causes further separation, revealing the need for a unifying bond. When the plea is made for the adoption of Christian standards in this period of transition it is not only on the grounds of an evangelistic appeal but as the only certain foundation on which a unified nation can be built.

Contemporary adoption of Western ideals impinges on the desire for self-government for aspects of the new culture become factors in self-government. Tribal differences mainly divide the three main sections of Nigerian life; yet there are common points of contact, which, while apparently of little significance as lying outside tribal lore and custom, have been influenced by Western methods and changed entirely sectional life. It is the modification of outside considerations that have had shattering impact on tribalism. Modern progress has revealed the weakness of illiteracy which tribalism not only permitted but allowed through ignorance: illiteracy has been put as high as ninety per cent. of the population. Progress could take no account of the hundreds of languages and dialects in common use, hence education for a universal language. Daily life differed among the various sections in matters of food, personal habits, land rights, local governments, and many other minor differences considered as outside the main stream of tradition yet causing dissolution of traditional customs through the impact of Westernism on minor things. In the breakdown of cultures which have held disconnected tribes together in the past some unity is needed when those same tribes are brought into one nation willingly accepting a new existence forced upon them by the progress of today. Lack of unity may hinder self-government until it is known which "self" is to govern. Nigeria has entered into a new phase of development. Native Authorities have been abolished, County Councils taking their place in the East, and Local Councils in the West and North, and Africans are entering into further control of their destiny. Africans direct Government Departments, are members of Council with the Governor as President, and throughout the Colony are in charge of administration. Friction between the Muslim North, the Ibo West, and Yoruba South, caused a breakdown in the Constitution in 1953 and led to revisions which indicate that modifications bring the nation to further self-development. Nigeria provides illustration of the advance in new ways of living that can be adopted in a very short time when people are

swept along by progressive currents beyond their control. Wise government knows how to avail itself of the opportunities of the moment, a reason why in Church affairs, as well as political, autonomy is the goal. The Anglican Church has acknowledged the demand for autonomy in the creation of the West African Province, and the Methodist Church Conference has agreed in discussion as to the desirability of a West African Methodist Church. Nigeria needs the unity only to be found through the penetration of the Church into every realm of human activity and, therefore, does well in leading the way as to what self-government and autonomy can achieve. A long path of emancipation lies before the Nigerian people before that organic unity is found, but progress demands it. New groups are arising of people living together in towns where men assume civic responsibilities as they come into the possession of their own powers. The welfare and continuance of those new groups involves their fusing together into a united whole. If in times past different tribes had to make alliances with other tribes to assure their existence, so still by different methods must combinations be found to assure survival. A nation evolves by welding into one all associated groups within its borders and religion provides the foundation and the pillars of unity.

FREDERICK PILKINGTON.

ASIA AND EUROPE

"IT took London, Paris and Berlin nearly half a century to realise that the U.S.A. was beginning to occupy an increasingly important position in the political and economic spheres of the world. How, then, can the peoples of South-East Asia expect to find the West prepared to listen to their many wishes and worries or, indeed, to recognise the tremendous possibilities of development in the sub-Continent? After all, the majority of the Far Eastern states are but a few years old." The Indian Secretary of State was smiling at me with the non-committal smile of the diplomat. But there was that certain something in his voice—a mixture of veiled irony and resignation—and of anxiety. For the cares of the sub-Continent are many; and even five years seem an eternity to its famine-threatened peoples.

A journey through South-East Asia, and the pertaining talks with its inhabitants, have a somewhat frightening effect on the European visitor. For he finds that his particular set of values, which he applied instinctively through long habit and tradition, simply does not apply there. Slowly but surely he finds himself adjusting his point of view. For example, anywhere else in the world, even in Switzerland or Yugoslavia, the all-pervading political question as to whether one decides for East or West is being given a definite answer one way or the other. Not so in South-East Asia. There, the answer is evasive; everything is left as vague as possible. Europe or even the United States—viewed from the distance of Delhi or Colombo one suddenly begins to doubt whether they are quite as important as we usually imagine them to be, powerful factors though they are. And suddenly the European traveller finds himself wondering whether the much-publicised Iron Curtain between Lübeck and Trieste really is the

decisive front of the Cold War; or whether it is not just a clever screen designed to focus the attention of all observers while the real game of Soviet chess is being played in quite a different part of the world, namely in that part of it which is today in the long shadows cast by Korea and Berlin—in South-East Asia. This is, of course, not a popular question to ask in Europe; for many of our politicians fear that the mere suggestion might provoke a drastic reduction in U.S. aid to Europe. Nevertheless, the serious observer cannot but wonder what would happen if these thoughts should turn out to be only too true. But if by that time it would be too late to adjust the policies of the West to that realisation—would that not mean that S.E. Asia would almost certainly join forces with the East? And would not this mean in its turn that half the population of the world—as well as a large portion of the earth—would be within the Communist orbit? Should this ever come to pass, the highly industrialised countries of Europe would certainly lose one of their few remaining big export markets; a loss which, in the long run, the U.S.A. would find it impossible to make good even should she desire to do so. Such a recession of international trade, however, would certainly lead to violent fluctuations in the field of European political and economic relations, and thus to a considerable lowering of the present standard of living on the Continent.

There can be little doubt that such a trend is developing at this very moment. For, whereas in Europe the political frontiers between East and West have remained almost static since the end of the war—with some small exceptions in the traditionally restless Balkan area—they have been in a continual state of flux in the countries of the Far East. A state of flux which, for the most part, has not been in the favour of the West. China has fallen; Tibet has been lost. In Indo-China France is trying to fight a costly delaying action against the Communists. Burma and Malaya are struggling with powerful communist inspired revolutionary movements. Thailand is hollowed out by internal corruption. Indonesia is having a desperate struggle trying to master the economic chaos into which the country has been plunged since she gained her political independence. In Ceylon and India communism is gaining ground, though slowly. There is, however, one state in S.E. Asia which seems to be solidly proof against all the cajoling and enticements of Moscow—Pakistan. But the Pakistanis are concentrating their propaganda activities almost entirely on the West—i.e. the Islamic countries of the Near and Middle East—and are expending much of their strength on the interminable dispute about Kashmir. The reader may think that the picture has been drawn somewhat too darkly. And there is, of course, Nehru. This man who in spite of, or perhaps because of, his “neutrality” and his seeking for mutual understanding and compromise is one of the main political assets of the West in this part of the world: for Moscow as well as Peking are having obvious difficulty in finding a breach in his armour. But Nehru is the only survivor of those statesmen of S.E. Asia who led their peoples to sovereignty during the past decade, and he is no longer young. There is also, of course, the deep-rooted tradition of English education, of the economic relations between these countries and the western part of the world; there are the political and human rights and ideals of the West. Surely they cannot all be at a discount here?

This is the real heart of the matter. European or American standards do not apply in the Far East. In India alone it is by no means unusual for floods to destroy whole towns and villages, including all their inhabitants, without getting more than a couple of headlines in the newspapers; there, one speaks of an impending famine as Europeans would speak of a thunderstorm. Of what account, then, is the single human life likely to be in such countries, especially as, in spite of all these frightful natural disasters, the population has risen from 314 million to 360 million during the last five years? Or what can be the meaning of terms like "private ownership" in countries where hundreds of thousands have to sleep in the streets night by night because they have literally nowhere else to go, and where the only personal possession of millions of "peasants" is a piece of barren soil and a mud hut? And "freedom," that watchword of the West, must it not seem strange to the peoples of the Far East that the very powers against whom they have been fighting for so long to achieve their own national freedom now wish to set themselves up as the champions of this very cause? As for the threat of civil or political rights under a communist government—this can have no meaning for populations of whom 90 per cent are illiterate and have no notion even of the meaning of the term, let alone feel a need for it. What attraction, then, can the West offer to these peoples whose background and cultural needs are so different from our own? The answer is—large-scale material benefits. It is, perhaps, a little unfortunate that the first thing which strikes one on this sub-Continent are the huge advertisements for *Coco-Cola* prominently displayed in ports and towns, the big American limousines of the upper ten thousand, and the cowboy films which seem to be the only export of the U.S. in the vast and influential field of the cinema. It is true that government officials everywhere will tell the enquirer most willingly and gratefully about the benefits of U.S. dollar aid; but this is altogether much smaller than U.S. aid to Europe has been, hundreds of thousands of rice bowls remaining as empty as before. The man-in-the-street looks upon advertisements for *Coca-Cola* and outsize limousines as just another proof that the rich are over-bearing and wish for nothing else than to bleed the country dry by means of new-fangled economic measures. Even in Pakistan, where official quarters are eager for U.S. aid and support, private conversations reveal a deep distrust of "those people with all the dollars..."

Added to all this is the problem of China. She is the potential key power of the sub-Continent, if only by dint of her geographical position and her vast population. No other country would willingly engage in a struggle with this giant. Thus, whoever rules China holds the key to South-East Asia. In this connection it is important to note that the majority of people in this part of the world do not regard the victory of Mao Tse-tung as one of Communism, but it is widely regarded and welcomed as a defeat of Chiang-Kai-shek, that is, of the Colonial powers whose backing he enjoys. In this connection the United States' refusal to recognise the Chinese People's Republic is making it increasingly difficult for the statesmen of South-East Asia to join forces with the West on the one hand, and is losing any latent sympathies with the West on the other. The latter is happening especially in those countries who were under Japanese occupation during the war and who now see the former

enemy of the West more favoured and leniently treated by the U.S.A. than themselves. The seemingly unending disputes and the fighting in North Africa and Indo-China have not added to France's stature in South-East Asia; indeed, India has refused to recognise the government of Bao Dai to this day as a matter of protest. Politically, Germany is not in the running in this part of the world. The U.S.A. are in a somewhat difficult position. Thus the only fitting representative of the West in the sub-Continent is Great Britain. Time and again the visitor is struck by what seems to be an anomaly: the country which for decades has been the focal point of attack in the Asian people's fight for freedom has now become, especially within the framework of the Commonwealth, the strongest positive asset of the west.

Many a sceptical remark has been made on the Continent of Europe about the Commonwealth. There has never been a hard-and-fast set of rules to hold this assortment of widely differing peoples together—would the Community endure? The answer appears to be "yes"; for the intangible ties of this voluntary family of nations are so firmly knit that they are even attracting countries outside their ken like Burma and Siam. The reasons for this are many. First there is the common basis of usage, tradition and official language which began right at the start of British colonisation. Next, the countries are no longer just a sphere of influence of a European power—they are increasingly in a position to influence the power's larger political decisions, albeit still indirectly. And on the economic side there is the system of Preferential Treatment enjoyed by all members of the Commonwealth. It is upon these foundations that a real feeling of belonging with the West is beginning to grow, and this not only in the upper strata of South-East Asian society. However, the greatest difficulty confronting Great Britain in this part of the world is not a political one—it is economic.

Great Britain today is no longer in a position to gratify all the needs of the sub-Continent either with the quick supply of badly needed goods nor with the necessary long-term credits. This position is clearly illustrated by the slow progress made by the Colombo Plan. Most informed circles in Britain are aware of these economic factors. But in spite of this, and in spite of all efforts to persuade the U.S.A. to increase her financial aid to South-East Asia having met with little success so far, London has dug in her heels against any widening of the Western political or economic basis by means of closer co-operation with the Continent of Europe. The reason given for this negative attitude is that "the Commonwealth would not like it if Britain joined more closely into European affairs," although this is certainly not the view of leading statesmen of the Commonwealth. It seems strange that so few people in England (or, indeed, on the Continent) realise that in the Far East the Union Jack does not fly for Britain alone. Were it to be hauled down for good one day, it would mean the end for France and Italy, for Norway and Portugal as well as for Britain in that part of the world. Nor is it realised that if the tools and the houses, the food and the clothes which are needed in the sub-Continent for sheer survival are not forthcoming the peoples of South-East Asia will have little reason to join forces with the West.

These, then, are the basic problems of those countries which are

fermenting in the deep shadows cast by the struggle for power between East and West. There riches are side by side with poverty, and there are untold raw materials without the means to harness them—they are countries who could become a natural market for the overflow of Europe's industrial goods, and become a real partner in the politics of the West. But there is one important aspect which must be borne in mind: the sub-Continent's dealing with the East have been only fleeting ones so far, and their experience with it has been no worse than their experience with the West; so that they listen to the words of Moscow today with as open a mind as to the words from London or Washington. There is the danger, should the West continue to neglect the sub-Continent because of its own worries, that this vast continent might orientate itself towards the East. A turn of events which would be of far greater portent for the general political development of the coming decades than the election of a President of the United States or the final settlement of Franco-German differences on the set-up of E.D.C.

PETER GRUBBE.

ABERDEEN, THE PACIFIST AT WAR

IT is one of history's many ironies that the most pacific of our Prime Ministers should have had thrust upon him—largely through his own vacillations—the most purposeless of wars, the Crimean, “the war nobody wanted.” Aberdeen was a valuable Foreign Secretary, to whom we owe the peaceful solution of the Tahiti-Pritchard incident and of the Oregon Boundary dispute, and a temporary *entente* with the France of Louis Philippe. But the diffident Scottish chieftain with his cold formality was powerless either to stay or to prosecute what Disraeli called “the war with an opponent who does not want to fight and whom you are unwilling to encounter.” Lady Frances Balfour has told a deeply revealing story of Aberdeen's refusal, in his old age, to repair the tumbling parish church at Methlick on his Haddo estate. When anybody ventured to broach the subject, he would say stubbornly “I leave that to George.” After his death they found among his papers the confession that he felt himself disqualified from his privileges as a “Heritor,” and the following quotation from the first Book of Chronicles (xxii.7,8.):—

And David said to Solomon, My son, as for me, it was in my mind to build an house unto the name of the Lord my God :

But the word of the Lord came to me, saying, Thou has shed blood abundantly, and hast made great wars : thou shalt not build an house unto my name, because thou hast shed much blood upon the earth in my sight.

In 1813, on a special mission to the Austrian Court, Aberdeen witnessed the horrors of the campaign that culminated in the Battle of Leipzig, and the experience left a deep and lasting impression upon his spirit.

This is the second day that I have been here (he writes upon October 22) but how shall I describe the entrance into this town? For three or four miles the ground is covered with bodies of men and horses, many not dead. Wretches wounded unable to crawl, crying for water amidst heaps of putrefying bodies. Their screams are heard

at an immense distance, and still ring in my ears. The living as well as the dead are stripped by the barbarous peasantry, who have not sufficient charity to put the miserable wretches out of their pain. Our victory is most complete. It must be owned that a victory is a fine thing, but one should be at a distance.

Again and again he reverts in his diary to the horrors of a war-ridden countryside, and more and more earnestly he resolves that, if it lies in his power, the accursed thing shall for ever "be at a distance." The English people do not love a Coalition, and the hundred years that have passed since the Crimean War have not been kind to Aberdeen's fame. His friendliest critics have but blessed and forgotten him. His reputation as a constructive statesman—he was never a creative one—might well have stood higher if he had never been Prime Minister, as he himself would have preferred. His first tenure of the Foreign Office under a masterful Wellington in 1828 was undistinguished; but when Peel, always rather bored with the affairs of other countries, gave him a free rein in 1841 Aberdeen achieved what was easily the best work of his public life. Internationally he was the perfect foil to Pam, who regarded him with affable scorn, and if their rôles a little recall those of King Log and King Stork, the cause of Peace would have fared ill without King Log.

Head of one of the wealthiest of Scotland's old families, George Hamilton Gordon was indeed the young man of great possessions, for he lost his father when twelve and was only seventeen when he succeeded his grandfather George, third Earl of Aberdeen, a prominent but dissipated Whig and loyalist. The boy had already, by the Scottish privilege, chosen Pitt and Dundas as his "Curators," or guardians. He started life the favoured child of Toryism. Had the power of Pitt and Dundas lasted a little longer he could hardly have escaped being the completely spoiled child. Quite early he accepted, in all good faith, the autocratic sympathies which were to set off so piquantly his liberalism and benevolence. He was of a withdrawn and studious disposition. As soon as he reached manhood his overmastering sense of responsibility asserted itself. He became the most devoted of feudal chieftains, carrying out lavish improvements on his vast Haddo estate, turning a desert into a park, planting the first of the 14,000,000 trees (chiefly firs) with which he redeemed the bleak countryside in the course of a long lifetime. The conclusion of the Peace of Amiens made it possible for him to vary his studies at St. John's Cambridge with an abridged Grand Tour. He was a sound classic as well as a student of modern history, and so promising an actor as to be offered a professional engagement, to the alarm of Dundas. He excavated the Pnyx at Athens and was made President of the Society of Antiquaries while still little more than a boy. Byron pilloried him as "sullen Aberdeen," in common with Elgin, for his supposed vandalism in Greece. There was little in the young laird's manner to mollify Lord Byron or any other stranger.

The ravages of phthisis, more dire in those days even than now, made tragedy of his idyllic marriage with the Duke of Abercorn's daughter, Catharine Hamilton. This lovely and vivacious young woman, the subject of one of Lawrence's favourite portraits, died after seven years of marriage and was followed to the grave within sixteen by all her children.

Aberdeen's natural melancholy was deepened by these disasters and he wore black in memory of Catharine to the end of his life. Sometimes for days together he would admit none but the gentle shades of Ausonius and Petrarch and Alfieri to share his spells of mournful solitude.

The year of Waterloo, when he came home from Austria, he made a second marriage with Harriet Douglas, Viscountess Hamilton, and with her he lived harmoniously for eighteen years, though she showed little affection either for her ailing stepchildren or for Scotland. He declined Castlereagh's offer to go to Vienna as a Plenipotentiary for the Congress, chiefly because he could not share his fellow Tories' confidence in Alexander I and his policies. In one who is often envisaged today only as an elderly Russophile this has its interest. Unhappily Aberdeen was to be less suspicious in later years of Nicholas I. He was far more apt to be stirred by feudal and family responsibilities than by political ambition. Only the service of peace really inspired him. He refused political office repeatedly until Wellington succeeded Canning in 1828, when he at last entered the Cabinet and the Foreign Office as Chancellor of the Duchy to assist his cautious friend Dudley. From this congenial spirit he took over the seals as responsible Minister three months later. He was under the heavy disability of never having sat in the House of Commons, and like some other high-minded patricians he was ill-adapted to the give-and-take of intercourse at Westminster. Trusted at Windsor and Edinburgh, he meant little to the ordinary Englishman and remained suspected as he was unsuspecting. We have it on the authority of a letter from Prince Albert to Stockmar that during the popular excitement at the time of the Battle of Sinope he was supposed to be in the pay of Russia. His popularity with Queen Victoria was not, like Melbourne's or Disraeli's, promoted by tact. Staying at Windsor Castle by invitation in November 1841, he never thought of asking to see the infant Albert Edward. He always concealed a too sensitive nature under a gaunt and even sardonic mien. His own brothers thought of him, sometimes with an amused shrug, as His Lordship. With the Duchess of Sutherland, he was the last of northern landowners to "sit in the gate" on Saturday mornings to receive his tenants; and in kirk each Sabbath the Minister opened the Service by bowing to him ceremonially from the pulpit.

In spite of all this he was a modern Prime Minister. His peacefulness, his horror of oppression, his religious tolerance and indifference to power were the products of a scrupulousness not then familiar. Unhappily, his intelligence and insight were not always proof against deception at the hands of the less candid. Before the Crimean War he was unduly influenced in policy by Madame de Lieven, wife of the Russian Ambassador, who flattered him as Europe's *Ministre de la Paix*, and he was no match for the fanatical resolution of Stratford Canning at the Porte. In Scotland, where he is remembered with the nearest approach to affection, he is also remembered for his failure to resolve the Auchterarder crisis and avert the disruption of the Church. As, for all his Episcopalian sympathies, he completely accepted his national Church, he was sufficiently unprejudiced to be the perfect arbiter of the claims of the House of Lords or the Court of Session to overrule the General Assembly on such a question as presentation to livings. It was this issue of the limits of

temporal authority which precipitated a lasting division. By his indeterminate Act of 1843 Aberdeen missed the greatest of opportunities. Hope and Chalmers were, in their very different ways, both too oblique and too positive for him and, "this way and that dividing the swift mind," he succeeded only in dividing the Church.

His harmonious relations with Peel, in so many ways his antithesis, stand far more to his credit, for at the Foreign Office, where his great leader was weakest, he was a valuable support. During his brief tenure of the Colonial Office in 1834—where Gladstone first served under him—Aberdeen had been made most unhappy by unwanted patronage and complaints of oppression; but he returned to foreign affairs in 1841 mellowed by a deeper patience and humanity than were to be found in Clarendon, Granville or Russell. Had he been at the Foreign Office with a strong man, a Peel or Derby, at the head of affairs when Russia and Turkey first came to blows, War might well have been averted. Although the Crimean conflict was delightfully characterised by Madame de Lieven as "tout pour a few Grik Prists," its real causes were the arrogance and ambition of the Czar Nicholas and the Moslem weakness for oppressing Christians. Naval control of the Black Sea was the final crux. The religious issue between the Greek and Roman churches had been virtually resolved in May, 1853; but diplomatic Europe was thrown into consternation by the arrival the same month of Prince Menshikov as Russian Ambassador at the Porte, where tension had already been heightened a few weeks before by the return of the "Great Elchi," Stratford Canning. Louis Napoleon's recent *coup d'état* had provoked a snub from the Czar, who addressed him as *mon ami* instead of *mon frere*, and he fervently desired to ingratiate himself with the western powers, especially Britain. His genuine humanity fought a losing battle against his ambition for a militant alliance. The shattering of the Turkish navy by Russia at Sinope was loudly resented by chauvinistic mobs in both Paris and London: taking place almost under the guns of the western fleets, it was felt to be *lèse-majesté*.

Aberdeen kissed hands at an unpropitious moment. A year before, the Whig Premier, Lord John Russell, had introduced his Ecclesiastical Titles Act, ostensibly to counter the inroads of Pope Pius IX. Actually he was not unwilling to profit by the No-Popery slogan. Palmerston, forced to resign over his support of Napoleon's *coup*, had got his "tit for tat with John Russell" and sent the Whigs packing over a Militia Bill. Aberdeen, leader of the Peelites or Free Trade Tories, generously opposed Lord John's No-Popery Bill, and to his lasting credit refused to form a Ministry committed to intolerance. The Queen was forced to send for the Protectionist Derby, whose minority government was thrown out, after ten months, over Disraeli's too picturesque financial proposals. Aberdeen's Coalition Cabinet included Palmerston as Home Secretary and Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer; the able Clarendon took the Foreign Office and Lord John lent rather unreliable support as Leader of the House. It has been well called the "uncomfortable Ministry." It was Aberdeen himself who insisted on giving the Whigs the weight of numbers in the Cabinet. Though constantly rocked by Lord John the vessel made good sailing for the first year. Aberdeen should have credit for the

abolition of Transportation to Australia; the establishment of our great Indian Civil Service, with the general principle of Competitive Examination; and some improvements in elementary schooling. But it was the financial genius of Gladstone which lent the Administration its true lustre. The rival Chancellor jeered magnificently: the Peelites, said Disraeli, were like the mule—they had neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity. Aberdeen was deeply distressed by the great adventurer's violent philippics.

Europe, to use Clarendon's own phrase, "drifted into the war," a war which spelled political eclipse and personal despair for the Prime Minister. He was thoroughly persuaded that the Czar desired firstly the safety of the Sultan's Christian subjects; and after the outbreak of hostilities only to withdraw with honour from Turkish soil. Stratford Canning's Russophobia he could not penetrate: a Christian who thanked God for war was outside his experience. These honourable incapacities debarred him altogether, as they were to debar the more astute Baldwin, from the roll of those the world honours as successful statesmen. His incapacity to conduct a war would have been forgiven more easily if his sense of duty had allowed him to resign earlier. It is another of his claims to remembrance that his Coalition established Gladstone; helped him to by-pass the Whigs, with whom he was never at home, and move from Toryism to Liberalism. It was at this stage too that the younger statesman first found his footing on the difficult path that was to lead him safely between Catholic and Protestant, nationalist and pacifist. Both good men, and sometimes a little out of their element in the world of politics, the pair took to each other strongly. Gladstone's threnody on his old chief has some words of more than conventional appropriateness: "He would not have claimed, he would not have wished or borne that others should claim for him, superiority, or even parity, in all points with all his contemporaries. But there was a certain region of character that was, so to speak, all his own and there other men do seem dwarfed beside him—in the combination of profound feeling with calm of mind equally profound, of thorough penetration with the largest charity, of the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, in the total suppression and exclusion of self from his reckonings and actions." But the mentor had one gift the greater disciple was not well qualified to appreciate: wit. Most of the *mots* for which he was renowned in his day have perished, but one will serve as an example. After George Bentinck was ousted from the leadership of the Protectionist Tories in 1847 a triumvirate assumed control: the Marquess of Granby, the veteran Herries, and the comparatively obscure Disraeli. "Siéyès, Roger Ducos, Bonaparte," observed Aberdeen. Terse—and prophetic! H. P. COLLINS.

MEDICINE IN SAUDI ARABIA

SAUDI ARABIA remains the strangest country of the Arabian Peninsula—the "Thousand and One Nights" of the Saudis is camouflaged American-fashion. It is at Jedda, on the Red Sea, that one realizes to what extent the Kingdom built by Ibn Saud is a country

of the Middle Ages yet with the most modern means: on the one hand you have time-honoured traditions, on the other the American contribution. You find a fanaticism firmly entrenched in the spirit of all towards anything touching on customs and religion, and a very open mind to the machine-age and material progress. When a tent-dweller—a nomad—is ill, it is the healer who cares for him. The healer uses the red-hot iron on nearly all his clients, who emit horrible shrieks but have confidence in the healer. The latter tortures them while pronouncing mysterious formulas to evict the devil in them. The healers are still legion in Saudi Arabia. Nobody dares to attack them. They are as much respected as is the Sheikh, and it is strictly forbidden to photograph them as it is for women. One hundred lashes is the punishment for anybody who dares to attack one, and whoever dares to try to belittle their reputation is expelled. They are not concerned with lovers and their lasses, as adultery is punished by death. Since the faith-healer can procure wealth and happiness, and he is consulted by all who suffer and who are in despair.

In the cities such as Jedda where the Americans have some influence, the healer is steadily losing his prerogatives, and is being seriously menaced by the doctor. However he fights modern medicine in the name of Moslem traditions, modern medicine is making great progress as the tent-dweller is beginning to adopt the latter himself. Saudi Arabia is calling upon the services of European, American, and Asian specialists to establish large hospitals in the main cities. A great push forward in the realm of hygiene has been given by the Minister of Health, a nephew of the King, the Emir Abdallah ibn Faisal. A special budget has been created to help found numerous hospitals. Infections have become the field of the modern doctor and are no longer the business of the healer, but it will take some time for the nomad to get used to being cured by the "foreign doctor." The hospital of Dr. Khaled Idriss at Jedda is the most important in Saudi Arabia. It is run by a gynecologist of high repute, and most of his doctors come from the Lebanon, where they studied at the American University of Beirut. A white building with a garden containing exotic trees, the "breaths" of health in the torrid heat. It takes in all sorts of illnesses, and its equipment is of the most up-to-date. Dr. Idriss has delivered the princesses and concubines of the palaces of the Royal Emirs. He has been assisted by a skilled surgeon, Dr. Mounah Hamadeh, who comes from an important Druze family of the Lebanon. The personnel includes several other surgeons and specialists. Nurses from the Lebanon circulate in the wards, all young and usually pretty. If they are to be found so far from their homes in distant Saudi Arabia, it is for the purpose of amassing their dowry. Doctors and nurses have been making their fortunes in Arabia ever since the Saudis discovered that modern medicine is far more efficient than the methods practised by the healers. The Hospital is never idle. You find a smile of satisfaction on everybody's face. The doctors who spend some time in Arabia know that they are accomplishing very humane work. They are well paid and the Emirs often give them royal presents, as do the princesses of the Harem-Palaces where only Moslem doctors may enter. This is an innovation which shows how medicine is looked upon by the Wahhabis, as the doctor is the only strange man allowed into the

harem. The Idriss Hospital also deals with pilgrims passing through Jedda en route for Mecca and Medina, and is charged with the duty of quarantine.

The Emir-Minister of Public Health (who is also a fine poet) has promised to have hospitals constructed on a large scale at the risk of displeasing the healers. But the latter can do nothing against the Emir Abdallah ibn Faisal, whose power is equal to his extreme youth. It is not the healers who will cure the nomads settled in the palm-groves, where they are dying by thousands of the terrible sickness called the "Yatrib" fever, a kind of malaria which only modern medicine and D.D.T. can fight. Specialists are doing their best to reduce the mortality rate in the Saudi oases. Hospitals are springing up everywhere, for oil has allowed this miracle of modern medicine to penetrate into Arabia. Medical authorities from all over the world are called in by the Emirs—French, American, German, Italian. "Modern Medicine," Dr. Mounah Hamadeh told me, "has become *persona grata* in Saudi Arabia, thanks to the open-mindedness of His Highness Prince Abdallah. It is he who decided to break with the traditions of the healers. And it is also thanks to him and to his immense fortune that the rapid execution of the plan to construct large hospitals is being carried out."

Beirut.

RAYMOND LOIR.

RECORDS OF THE DIOCESE OF YORK

THE Diocesan and Provincial records of York are remarkable in many ways. Their mere bulk is impressive yet not surprising when it is realised that these are the surviving records of the Archbishops of York for seven hundred years past. That statement alone suggests something of their importance as material for the history of Northern England during that long time, and not for ecclesiastical history alone, as we shall see. Nor are they concerned with York only or with the great Minster there. Indeed, for vastly the greater part they are not concerned with the Minster or with the Dean and Chapter; these have their own quite independent records. The documents of the Diocese are those which have been accumulated as a result of the official Acts of the Archbishop or of his representatives in the course of their official business and have been registered in the office of the Archbishop's legal secretary or Diocesan Registrar. In this, of course, they resemble those of any other Diocese, except that, naturally, they are far more extensive in scope and in quantity; every Bishop, every person exercising ecclesiastical authority as an "Ordinary" had his Registrar who acted as legal adviser and secretary, who registered the official Acts, and was the natural guardian not only of the records of those Acts but also of the whole body of traditional forms and procedures which governed the exercise of ecclesiastical authority. The importance and influence of this tradition can hardly be over-estimated.

The total number of documents preserved in the York Diocesan Registry is enormous; it must run into several millions. What, then, were the functions of ecclesiastical authority which produced this vast

accumulation? They may be divided simply into three great main heads. The first is the business of providing the Diocese with clergy and of supervising them and their establishments. This group will include, therefore, all official documents concerning the clergy, from their first Testimonials for Ordination, through Ordination to their various appointments as Curates, Vicars, Rectors, Canons; their Resignations, possibly their Suspensions or Deprivations, to the probate of their Wills, and much besides. It will include also regulations for their Churches, building, repair, rebuilding; the Consecration of Chapels or Churchyards, the management of glebe property, dilapidations, and a varied mass of similar business. Here also must be included all the official Acts which affect Parish Clerks, Schoolmasters, and in later centuries Dissenters. In the Middle Ages we shall find a numerous class of entries relating to Chantries, to licences of non-residence or permission to hold more than one benefice at one time, or dealing with criminous clerks or defect of qualifications for Ordination, with clergy who wished to be ordained in other Dioceses ("letters dimissory"), or with disputed presentations to benefices, and with all the relations between the Archbishop and monasteries. From these heads, taken at random and far from complete, it will be realised that this class is likely to provide a huge total of documents.

The second great function is that of Visitation. This was in effect one of the most powerful means by which a Diocesan Bishop or other ecclesiastical authority could impose his will upon the parishes of his Diocese, or give effect to his ideas, of reform, of education or of whatever else. The Visitation system, whether in the Middle Ages or in the more efficient form evolved during the later Tudor period, was the most thorough form of supervision and direction which then existed in the country; the State in its political activities had nothing to equal it. The Visitor might be the Archbishop as Provincial, the Archbishop as Diocesan, or an official representing the Archbishop; he might be the Archdeacon in his Archdeaconry, or any person holding an independent ecclesiastical jurisdiction, or his official, within his own area. After the Reformation it might be, in addition and superior to all these, the Crown itself. Visitation was frequent, regular, personal, and to some extent democratic, for the Churchwardens played an important part in it. The documents which it produced fall into three groups, representing the three stages of Visitation. In the first, the Visitor issued a long list of questions touching every aspect of parochial life—the state of the Church fabric, the conduct of the services, the behaviour of clergy and people. To these questions, the clergy and churchwardens must return, in the second stage, detailed written answers, giving a report also on all offenders in the parish who had broken since the last Visitation the regulations of Canon Law as interpreted by the Visitor's questionnaire. The third stage gave the action of the Visitor as the result of his findings, by the issue of his Injunctions, an essential and highly important document. The questions, the answers and the Injunctions give an extraordinarily clear and definite picture not only of the mind of ecclesiastical authority but also of the condition of the parishes and people all over the country.

The third function is that of Discipline. The documents produced by this function include all the records of all ecclesiastical Courts. This class

at York is unusually copious, varied and important; it includes documents ranging in date from A.D. 1302 to the middle of the XIX Century, and their importance for history is supreme. This is due in part to the character of the ecclesiastical Courts and in part to the wide range of Canon Law. The ecclesiastical Courts had no Jury and therefore no pleadings by counsel; this threw greater importance on the evidence of witnesses, and the rule of the Courts was that this evidence must be written down in full, both for prosecution and for defence. The witnesses were allowed, and indeed encouraged, to make their evidence as full as possible, and to omit nothing which could be in any way relevant, and therefore might relate in full detail long stories of incidents which might illustrate a point of character or an event, or adduce a string of reminiscences which might establish a custom. Thus, if the Court was seeking to discover whether two persons had been contracted in matrimony, the witnesses probably describe in lively detail all the circumstances, with all the corroborative touches which occur to them. In seeking to fix a date, they may make such references as that it was on the Saturday before the great commotion when Northumberland declared for the Lady Jane Gray, or on a certain Saint's Day next after the night when the bonfires were lighted to celebrate the supposed birth of a son to Queen Mary I. In one case of a dispute about tithe many witnesses spent a long time in giving local traditions, extending in fact over many centuries to the Battle of Stamford Bridge, about a certain boundary stone. Or in another similar case, in their anxiety to fix a parish boundary, not only do numerous witnesses trace the boundary almost yard by yard, but also they add many bright and varied pictures of local life, including memories of a monastery then dissolved for many years.

The tithe cases are a mine also for the economic historian with their copious details of prices, and for the student of dialect with their many passages in the Yorkshire dialect of Tudor times, often in extremely phonetic spelling. Again, the enormous volume of documents dealing with probate of Wills, or disputes over Wills, provides a rich field, as on the files may be found inventories of stock in trade, or business correspondence illustrating XVII Century trade between York and the Baltic or the Tobacco farms of Virginia, although it is a little unexpected to find there letters from an M.P. for York describing the early appearance of Titus Oates before the Bar of the Commons, or a letter from New York in 1774, or a long series of the love letters of a Balliol undergraduate. Or, for another random example, here one may see in detail the astounding sums which were spent on food and drink for those attending a funeral. In fine, here is an unrivalled mass of material for almost every aspect of life in the North of England, from the XIV Century down nearly to the present day, material hitherto unknown, yet material of which the thorough study is certain to modify received ideas on such great subjects as the effect of the religious changes of Tudor times on the social and economic life of the North, or agricultural progress, or the vicissitudes of education down to the time when the industrial cities were growing rapidly. Until recently almost the whole of this massive accumulation was closed to students and even unknown to them. This arose partly from the fact that these documents are records preserved by and belonging to the legal official of the Archbishop and were never intended to be accessible to the public.

Yet even for office use there was nothing resembling a catalogue of them or any kind of general index. They would have remained long in this condition, perhaps, if Archbishop William Temple had not determined that they ought to be accessible for research. The first requisite, of course, was that there should be some general list of the contents of the Registry. So long ago as 1939 the Archbishop with the co-operation of the Diocesan Registrar asked me to undertake this immense task, and the work has been going on ever since through many incidents of war and peace. Archbishop Temple did not live to see his scheme carried through fully, but recent times have seen a happy fulfilment, and indeed development beyond his plan yet implicit in it. The Borthwick Institute of Historical Research has been set up; the records are now housed in a fine XV Century Guild Hall, where they are accessible in a well-equipped and pleasant archive house to all qualified students in research. The reputation of St. Anthony's Hall is beginning to spread on both sides of the Atlantic as a place where students are welcome and can find the guidance which is helpful in making full use of these documents with their often highly specialised forms. There are yet few such places in England. Fewer still, if any, have also two other sides which are being developed here. The "St. Anthony's Hall Booklets" are already making themselves known as a valuable series of monographs on historical, mainly ecclesiastical, subjects by writers of high competence. Perhaps more important is the educational side of the work. By courses of elementary lectures in palaeography and on the use of records in research, by exhibitions of documents with explanatory talks, especially for senior boys and girls in schools, and particularly in the annual Summer Schools, the Borthwick Institute is offering at St. Anthony's Hall a service to scholarship which claims a worthy place as a contribution to the academic life of the country, and does not restrict its amenities to students from this country alone. The Institute is still in its early days, but the use made of it, and the reputation it is building up are highly encouraging.

J. S. PURVIS.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE EVE OF THE CIVIL WAR

Charles I heads the long list of modern rulers who—by their vices or their follies or their stubborn refusal to move with the times—dug their own graves. The most sustained and successful attempt to tell the tragic story of his unwisdom and his fate was made at the close of last century by Gardiner, to whom Miss Wedgwood, like everyone else except a few neo-royalists, pays well merited homage. But no single scholar can pronounce "the verdict of history" on such soul-stirring events as the Reformation, the English Civil War or the French Revolution, where ideological issues dominate the scene. If any living historian is worthy to stretch the bow of Ulysses it is the author of well known biographies of Strafford, Cromwell and Montrose, of the penetrating little study of France under Richelieu and of the only readable account in English of the Thirty Years War. She brings to her onerous task not learning alone but the sympathetic imagination needed to visualise past times and to understand the actions and motives of men who never understood each other. When the interpreter's task is completed, the intelligent reader must judge for himself.

We enter the theatre in which the most moving drama in English history is to be played out in succeeding volumes through a spacious vestibule. While Gardiner confined himself to the political struggles at Westminster, Miss Wedgwood ascends the lofty outlook tower and surveys the land and the people in broad perspective so that we too may visualise the background of the actors and the structure of society. Never before has this essential task been carried out with such a wealth of material and such skilful artistry. However much the reader may know of the face of England on the eve of the Civil War he will learn a good deal more from these fascinating and tightly packed pages. It is a mild shock to read that "at least half the King's subjects derived their living wholly or in part from the sea." One would have thought that agriculture would claim the first place, as in every other country before the Industrial Revolution. Next in importance came wool and coal. The common man was as well off and as happy as anywhere else, perhaps a little happier, and there was plenty of rough entertainment such as cock-fighting and bull and bear-baiting. The structure of society remained broadly hierarchic, but the lines of demarcation were far less rigid than in France, where feudal burdens survived, or in central and eastern Europe where serfdom lasted well into the nineteenth century.

The gem of the long introductory chapter is the picture of the Court and the portrait of the King. Like Louis XVI and Nicholas II, Charles I was a misfit. All three were men of good character who meant well, but a kinder fate would have made them country gentlemen, with plenty of money, plenty of sport and without political responsibility. The Whig historians, we all agree, were unfair to the second Stuart ruler, but even in Miss Wedgwood's measured pages he emerges tragically unsuited for his job, partly owing to the political ideology taught him by his father, partly owing to his haughty and unconciliatory ways. Sixty years ago Figgis said all that can be said for the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings, which was held by some of the Anglican clergy as sincerely as by the King himself. But the middle class was moving to the centre of the stage under the banner of the lawyers, the business men and the country gentlemen; and the doctrine that a ruler is responsible to God alone has never appealed to the bourgeoisie in any country or in any age. In Miss Wedgwood's words, "he wanted his subjects to accept his absolute authority with unquestioning obedience and to belong with uniform and regular devotion to the Church established by law." He was asking the impossible of a nation which has won and kept its liberty by its sturdy individualism. "Britons never never shall be slaves." The sincerity with which he held his out of date ideology has never been questioned, and what makes the whole story so poignant is the fact that men of equal honour and virtue shed each other's blood. It was to be the same story on a larger scale two centuries later in the American Civil War. As Hegel said, tragedy is the conflict not of right with wrong but of right with right. Recent research has shown that there was no marked social distinction between Royalists and Parliamentarians, and differences were not unknown in single families. The birth of political self-determination was bound to be a trying operation, as is illustrated by the fact that some middle of the road men like Hyde and Falkland changed sides during the struggle.

The King's personal demeanour did nothing to soften the asperity of his autocratic claims. "The King, alone of European princes, was served on bended knee, and when the French Ambassador complained because neither chair nor stool was set for his wife—as was done for the English Ambassador's wife in France—he was told that on official occasions no lady of the English Court except the Queen herself was allowed to sit in the royal presence." Like his father he was lacking in the human touch and the horse sense which made the reign of Elizabeth a resounding success. Even his friends he kept at a distance. "At this time he was not only the most formal but the most remote and sheltered

of all European Kings. Admired by some and feared by many, he was not greatly loved. In his time of unquestioned power very few felt for him, personally as a man, the unreasonable, human attachment which sweetens service and softens authority." Henrietta Maria was very unhappy till Buckingham was murdered, but then the wind changed. "The King was capable of deep and tender attachment when his secretive affections were touched. His love for his wife, though it had been slow to come, was now the strongest personal emotion in his life. . . . Sufficient to themselves, the King and Queen were not interested in their growing family. . . . His greatest achievement was the superb collection of works of art which he had been accumulating since he was Prince of Wales."

The portrait of the King is further elaborated in the second chapter, entitled "Faith and Foreign Politics," in which his devotion to the Anglican Church shines out as his deepest conviction after his belief in the Divine Right of Kings. "To King Charles the Church was the soul of the state, without which the body politic would be inert and lifeless matter. At this tranquil and apparently successful time in his career his feelings for the Church were chiefly apparent in his vigorous determination to destroy its opponents and to enforce upon all his people obedience to its canons. But implicit always in this attitude was an inner spiritual passion. His church policy was the outcome not of calculation but of conviction; he was ready to die for it." In Laud he found an Archbishop after his own heart—equally high-minded, equally incapable of compromise, equally hostile to the Puritans whose convictions were as deeply rooted as his own. The King's tolerant attitude to Catholics increased their resentment at the harsh treatment meted out to Nonconformists. Thus the tide of discontent at the end of the decade of rule without a Parliament ran in two broad parallel channels, political and ecclesiastical, gathering in speed and volume from year to year.

At this moment the formidable figure of Strafford strides forward to the centre of the stage. Here Miss Wedgwood is on her chosen ground, for the nearest approach to a superman before the emergence of Cromwell was the subject of her first book, and she has recently studied the mass of his papers now stored in the Sheffield Central Library. The greatest of the King's Ministers was a complex personality, a blend of attractive and repellent qualities. "Wentworth was a tall, spare, formidable Yorkshireman, with a notoriously bad temper and no personal charm. His dictatorial manner, which reflected his sense of his own position, generally inspired dislike, but he had strong and tender affections and depths of simple loyalty and gratitude in his nature which made him truly beloved by those who knew him best. As a practical administrator he had done well in the North of England and more than well in Ireland. He was efficient, just and fearless, and he worked with a violent methodical energy at every task he took in hand. Like the King, like Laud, he believed in the establishment of unquestioned authority as the foundation of good government." For the success of his plans an essential factor was lacking—the steady and energetic support of the ruler. The impression we derive from Miss Wedgwood's colourful narrative is that Strafford deserved a better master. Though he worked closely with Laud and Strafford Charles never loved them and they never loved him. No severer judgment was ever passed on him than by his Archbishop in the Tower—"he knew not how to be or be made great." That obstinate men are sometimes weak was shown when he threw Strafford to the wolves. It is true that the incriminated Minister had released his master from his promise to stand by him, but that generous action could hardly still the voice of conscience. He never forgave himself, and Miss Wedgwood, who never raises her voice, emphasises "the enormity of the political mistake and the cruelty of the personal betrayal." In signing the death warrant of his greatest servant he was galloping towards his own doom.

In this first instalment of the thrilling drama which ends in 1641 there are

neither heroes nor villains. Miss Wedgwood pronounces Pym, the Parliamentary leader, "the principal architect of the constitutional revolution of the next eighteen months and therefore one of the most significant single figures and one of the most remarkable intellects in the constitutional history of England." Someone had to stand up to the King, and no one was better fitted than this sturdy West Country gentleman. But to respect his courage and admire his ability is not necessarily to approve every move in his campaign against unfettered autocracy. "He encouraged every tale of plot and conspiracy that could be used to discredit the King's friends and to link them with the Popish-Irish danger." Knowing as we do the result of the struggle we are sometimes tempted to believe that the King had no chance from the first. That was by no means the case, for, like the battle of Waterloo, the two sides were almost evenly matched and the issue trembled in the balance for several years. Both sides fought with the gloves off and used every weapon that came to their hands. As the French say, to make an omelette you must break eggs. G. P. GOOCH.

**The King's Peace*. By C. V. Wedgwood. Collins. 25s.

GENERAL DE GAULLE'S WAR MEMOIRS

De Gaulle records an epic. He does not taunt. There are no self-justifications. Fourteen years after the Hitler hurricane swept aside France's military and moral defences, the knight who kept troth gives an account of his "dissidence" and how he worked for her resurrection. He foresaw the onslaught and warned the politicians. They feared a pretorian army and with Maginot mentality sought safety in outworn warfare. He tried in vain to convince the military. He wrote classics, *L'armée de métier*, *La France et son armée*. They remained unheeded. Their receptive public was in Berlin. At Marles and Moncornet he fought gallantly and bitterly recognised that the foe had adopted his battle-plans. Then the traitors capitulated. "June 10 was a day of agony. The government was to leave Paris. Italy declared war. Her ambassador explained to Baudouin, You will see how this declaration of war will create a situation from which a great good will emerge." Gamelin "continued planning without concern for what was happening and aglow with the rash operations that brought the army to disaster." Weygand "was a brilliant second. He had admirably served Foch, but the skill needed for staff work and that needed for command, while not contradictory, are not the same. He was neither able nor prepared to take action." And Pétain, "too great for mediocrity, nourished in solitude passion to command. Alas, age had gnawed at his character and delivered him to the manoeuvres of those who cloaked themselves in his majestic lassitude."

De Gaulle refused to accept the capitulation. "Before the frightening void of the general collapse my mission appeared clear and terrible. In this moment, the worst in her history, I had to become France." He decided to mutiny and from the B.B.C. gave his clarion call. And the miracle happened. The unknown soldier was obeyed. He had nothing but his anger and his faith. "I was nothing, I had neither the shadow of an army or organisation. Abroad I had neither credit or justification." He had to fight against official France, "against those who opposed out of rivalry," those "who sought chaos from which dictatorship would emerge." "The fact that I incarnated for my companions the destiny of our cause, for the people the symbol of hope, for the world the figure of France conditioned my conduct." His intransigent leadership perforce involved conflict. Conflicts occurred over Africa which he had "to guard against allied covetousness." He protested against the useless attack on Mers-el-Kebir. The Dakar experience was cruel. Churchill claims that a Gaullist warned Vichy. De Gaulle explains that the Admiralty ignored the telegram of Captain Luizet. Disagreements continued over Madagascar and Indo-China. They grew into

open antagonism over Syria where "Dentz stood hostile" and "Wavell and Spears unsympathetic to Free France." At one point hostility grew so brutal that he was prepared to quit the domineering British alliance and fight on alone. When the allies hesitated to use his force in Africa he was prepared to send them to the Russian front.

Slowly with his paladins Leclerc, Eboué, Catroux, Koenig, he built up la France Combattante and launched Frenchmen against Rommel's Afrika Korps, and at Bir-Hakeim they began the counter-attack that carried de Lattre to receive the capitulation of Keitel. De Gaulle rose above the political mêlée and welcomed Communists, "these Frenchmen who had been estranged from the nation by the injustices which offended them and the illusion which misled them." "Communism will pass. France will remain." He admired Eden's skill "to create round negotiations an atmosphere which favoured agreement if only possible and avoided wounding when impossible." Churchill's ascendancy he found domineering. "Every time we clashed because of the interest we had in charge, he made of the disagreement a personal matter. His ambiguous promises and calculated emotions occasioned the Syrian drama. Yet he remained a champion of a vast enterprise and the maker of noble history." With the arrival of Roosevelt de Gaulle feared the vassalisation of France. Churchill advised him, "Don't brusque things. Don't you see how I give way and recover and again give way and secure what I want?" De Gaulle replied. "You can, because behind you you have a strong and united nation. I have nothing. I am too poor to give way." France would have recovered without him. Her martyrs and heroes sanctified her independence. Victory crowned uncoordinated efforts because he focussed their goal. "I stand for France eternal, when she was beaten, when there was no France." The greater part of this first volume consists of correspondence to support a text which nobly echoes the replies of the Maid to her Judges. His self-dedication "Mother France! Behold us ready to serve thee" ennobles him, the truest in the golden book of European resistance.

VICTOR COHEN.

Mémoires de Guerre. L'Appel 1940-2. By General de Gaulle. Plon. Frs. 1200.

LORD SOUTHWOOD

This is the story, well told, of an outstandingly good man. The author knows how to let the facts, which are eloquent enough, speak for themselves. He does not intrude himself into the story; yet the reader becomes increasingly aware of the immense labour involved in the writing of it. The result makes engrossing reading. It portrays in adequate yet not too crowded detail the lifework of the conscientious, kind, incredibly hard-working and inspiring idealistic founder of great publishing and printing concerns. The boy, Julius Salter Elias, who was destined to be elevated in recognition of sheer merit to the peerage, was born humbly and spent his early years earning a few shillings a week as a newspaper delivery-boy and later as a jeweller's errand-boy. By force of character, and against all the formidable barriers presented to such adventurous spirits, he contrived to enter the premises of the new firm of Odhams in Floral Street. He had waited with the crowd of men who congregated in the snow and sleet outside hoping for a job, and he went on waiting when the others dispersed. He was then taken on by a manager who felt sorry for "the small pathetic figure" but hardly knew what use to make of him. The drama of such an entry into a business that was to become the gigantic monument to his own dominating control and enterprise was typical of a long life of ceaseless expansion and conquest. Two characteristics stand out to warm our hearts to his memory: one, that though he became a big and important figure in the vast business of what may be called "Fleet Street," he never forgot the humblest of the thousands of "small figures"

employed in his concerns, and never hesitated to help everyone in need by giving them either money or personal sympathy or both; two, that he remained a simple child at heart through the years of his grandeur, as was shown by his gleeful naïveté when he was made first a baron and then a viscount. A typical detail of his human quality was manifested when in choosing the title Lord Southwood for his peerage, he remembered a Mr. Southwood on his staff, sent for him and asked if he would mind the name being chosen for the peerage.

By circumstance and bent Lord Southwood was an ardent socialist, fighting in the House of Lords and elsewhere for the cause of the Social services, and devoting an immense amount of thought and action to charitable institutions; yet he never lost his independent critical honesty whether or not it cut across party lines. He opposed the nationalisation of the hospitals for instance because he knew that human individual charity was the mainspring of such essentially charitable work—work which he himself had done so much to foster. He feared, as the author so well puts it (p. 353) "that if the hospitals were taken over by the State, it would dry up the numerous and scattered wells of human kindness that contributed so generously to their upkeep as voluntary institutions."

The range of this great man's own contributions to good causes, whether Charing Cross Hospital, or the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, or the Southwood Homes of Rest for aged printers at Wood Green, or innumerable others, combined with his tireless and detailed control of a whole series of newspapers and magazines and his contacts with other newspaper magnates and with political leaders from Prime Ministers downwards, constitutes a half century of fascinating work at every human level: a fine story of a lovable man.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

**Viscount Southwood*. By R. J. Minney. Odhams Press. 25s.

GERMAN RE-UNIFICATION

To write a treatise about German reunification is an extremely difficult undertaking, as nobody can possibly foresee at present the conditions under which it might eventually take place. W. W. Schütz, who was for many years London correspondent of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, has now faced this issue in a pamphlet on "Germany's Hour." He feels that if the German people seriously want reunification, they will get it sooner or later. It would be wrong to deny the strength of spiritual forces, but unfortunately dictatorships of the Communist type, backed by the military might of Russia, have so far triumphed by sheer force over the reluctance or opposition of subject peoples. It is hard to see how the whole question of reunification can ever become topical unless the Russians co-operate, of which there is no sign.

Even with these limitations, however, Schutz' examination is valuable. The author considers that the Federal Republic's integration into Western Europe will sooner or later lead to a state of mind which will accept the splitting of Germany. He wants to have Western Germany's special position safeguarded so that reunification is not prejudiced. But on this he does not provide a solution, however much he claims to do so. There is, unfortunately, at present no half-way house between neutralism and integration. A neutralist Western Germany would be at the mercy of the Communists. Therefore defence must come before reunification. In a limited way Schütz is right in looking on present arrangements for integrating Western Germany into Western defence as prejudicing reunification. He recognizes, too, the reluctance of a great part of Western public opinion to become enthusiastic about a new Reich. But Western public opinion is not at present in a position to make or mar German reunification. W. W. Schütz, *Die Stunde Deutschlands*. Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

No longer were the Vikings plundering our shores; Scandinavian colonization had become assimilation, and Anglo-Saxon ties with the Germanic barbarians were loosened. Edward the Confessor, exiled for twenty-eight years and representing the mixture of "European" traditions which the Normans had achieved, was just come to the throne. The darkness had begun to break.

Bishops, barons and kings

Frank Barlow takes up the story with *THE FEUDAL KINGDOM OF ENGLAND 1042-1216* (*Longmans, Green*, 25s.). He sees the political inheritance, the improved agriculture, the growing trades, towns and population, the Church, arts and government, within the framework of a strongly aristocratic society, supported by the great majority who gained a living from the soil. The need of William the Conqueror to know the value of royal estates and baronial holdings brought about the survey that "has fascinated all generations since," the Domesday Book. The zenith and nadir of Norman rule encompassed Henry I's re-establishment of its empire, Stephen's laxity with Church and baronage, and the overlordship of Anjou. Henry II's administrative, judicial and economic reforms gave way to Angevin despotism and the Magna Carta, whose clauses are now newly analysed and assessed. John, dying "a papal vassal, a frustrated Crusader," yet saw the start of the world we know to-day.

Such is the tremendous span of Dr. Barlow's share in "A History of England in Nine Volumes" under the editorship of W. N. Medlicott. *The Tudor Age* of James A. Williamson is fresh in grateful mind, and the present author in depth and detail has so successfully maintained the standard of readableness with research, of taste without tendentiousness, that anticipatory welcome to the seven waiting historians is all the keener.

The trappings of history

In the long and often sombre

progress since the Conquest *THE PAGEANT OF HERALDRY* (*Seeley, Service*, 25s.) has kept a bright place. Colonel H. C. B. Rogers explains its principles and uses to-day, together with the mysteries of blazoning, counterchanging and marshalling, of augmentations, abatements, bastardy, of armorial seals, flags, coins, and cadency marks. The practicality of arms for ironwork, panelling, silver, glass and notepaper are discussed, and the correct design of badges and architectural ornaments. The coloured pictures and the many drawings in black and white range from the fifteenth century French manuscript in the Bodleian of St. George and the dragon to a selection of bookplates. To alter, modify, erase and increase, many elements have combined, notably among them the prod of rivalry. For example: when Canterbury took precedence, the keys in the arms of the Anglican archdiocese of York were probably those of St. Peter and a papal insignia granted as compensation.

The Church's voice

From the see of York comes a condensed and re-set edition of *THE CLAIMS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND* (*Hodder & Stoughton*, 4s. 6d.), "set free from subjection to the Church of Rome." Dr. Cyril Garbett writes as one who has been a member for eighty years and a minister for fifty. Out of his stored wisdom he states the nature and the work, the faith and the worship, and considers the place of parochial clergy and laity. Pointing both to the past and the present, he predicts the Anglican Church's survival tomorrow only if it boldly challenges the world. Appropriately enough, *WORLD PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY* (*Hodder & Stoughton*, 4s. 6d.) is also by the Archbishop of York. He examines hunger and population, peace and war, Communism, the colour bar, nationalism, and Church and State, by the light of Christian standards and ideals. It is a ripe and kindly book; nevertheless, the plea that nuclear

weapons should be banned is distasteful, for the Church has not as steadily nor as urgently condemned the bow and arrow, the bullet and the bayonet.

Jehovah and Mohammed

How one man has resolved for himself the perplexities of organized religion, along with the meaning of good and evil, is told in *THE ROAD TO MECCA* (Max Reinhardt. 21s.). Muhammad Asad, born Leopold Weiss a Jew in Poland of Austrian parents, has made a remarkable voyage of discovery, remarkably described, that began after the 1914-1918 war when he left the news service of the Scandinavian press in Vienna and Berlin to spend a holiday in Jerusalem. His subsequent travels in Palestine, Transjordan, Arabia, North Africa, Turkey and Persia confirmed the change of thought which had turned him into a Muslim. His knowledge of Islamic law helped to bring the State of Pakistan into being, and he was its Alternative Representative to the United Nations until he commenced this book, which he hopes will cast out the mutual fears of the Muslim and Western societies. Although he has seen Arabia's "solitude and integrity crumble under a strong gush of oil," it was in the haunting, eternal beauties of the desert that he found happiness, "a sudden, glad stillness," and lost for ever his sense of the meaninglessness and the spiritual chaos he had known outside his new faith. His conversion is entire, for he feels that the Zionists' claim to Palestine is only as valid as would be that of the Arabs to Spain; in both countries Jews and Muslims were conquerors before they became settlers.

Splendid and tragic

"The Arabs in Spain seem to have been the most agreeable and tolerant conquerors," says H. V. Morton in *A STRANGER IN SPAIN* (Methuen. 18s.). And he certainly evokes for our enchantment the "extraordinary mixture" (even the Cid and St. Ferdinand spoke and read Arabic and wore Moorish robes) that the medieval Spaniards must have been. Mr.

Morton himself is a tolerant stranger, rightly stressing that the country must be approached sympathetically through its history. To tourists bemused by the castanets and casements of the travel poster, and knowing little more of the story than where it touched our own in one or two events, he introduces a rich, dark, glowing scroll in which the Prado, the Escorial "living up to its reputation magnificently," the miracle of Toledo, Roman Mérida, Seville, the mosque at Córdoba, Granada's Alhambra, Burgos Cathedral, Valladolid, golden Salamanca, the fastness of Montserrat, and all the other "musts" on the holiday-maker's list, are not more than signposts — decorative indeed — to the splendours and tragedies of the Spanish civilization.

A competent guide-book, one to keep for further visits, to dip into in retrospect or to settle a doubt, was expected from the globe-trotting Mr. Morton. But his other volumes, useful and competent as they are, had not quite prepared the reader for this sagacious "relation of the landscape to its happenings," for the absence of bias which sometimes makes travelling with a Roman Catholic in Europe a tiresome experience, for the spread and scope of his enquiries, and for the varied and curious information gleaned from peasant, priest and innkeeper alike.

The astonishing clan

In the army that reconquered Valencia from the Moors in the thirteenth century were eight squires called Borja. Their descendants raying out from Jativa, included two popes, a saint, Machiavelli's Prince prototype, a Duchess of Ferrara, French royalty, and Spanish and Portuguese grāndees. *THE BORGIAS* (Staples Press. 15s.) is a French historian's suave presentation of the migratory family, whose last scene shifts back to Gandia in the home country with Francis beginning his "education in saintliness." J. Lucas-Dubreton, agreeably translated by Philip John Stead, detaches romance and legend to reveal virtues as well as

vices. Unwhitewashed, the Borgias are depicted as the unrestrained individualists common to their time, a part of the ruthless Italian Renaissance, sinister in a sinister age, when poison was a method of government. The Orsinis, the Sforzas, Savonarola especially, and other controversial figures are also objectively treated and Lucrezia's third marriage has an absorbing chapter to itself.

Satire streamlined

Now that Aubrey Menen is living in Italy, he too might well find the Borgias a worthy subject for his wickedly witty pen. Meanwhile, *DEAD MAN IN THE SILVER MARKET* (Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.) is an Autobiographical Essay on National Prides, in which the prides far outweigh the autobiography. Temporarily however, he has assuaged some of the curiosity his other works have aroused; he has confirmed our guess at an Indian descent, and perhaps it should hardly have been a surprise to learn that his mother's ancestors were brigands who infested the hills around Killarney. His Indian grandmother is a character straight from his novels and, taken from London to see her first when he was twelve, he says: "I lost my innocence. My grandmother took me in hand and I never thought the English were perfect again." It is an indelible picture of the boy in the school blazer sitting before her in the great, cool house, being lectured through an interpreter. The grown man now produces a trenchant Short Guide to the English Oligarchy and a chapter on the last Nabobs under the British Raj. On the other hand he has instructive passages on Indian princes and fakirs, with the murdered man in Old Delhi's silver market, who had demanded that the white man leave India, as a kind of midway meeting ground.

Dazzled by the brilliance and vivacity of the entertainment, and fully appreciating its shafts of ridicule and even the gaily tasselled darts of venom, the audience blissfully relaxes. Yet at the end there nags a wish to

answer back, a suspicion that Mr. Menen's gay and amusing performance though far from a conjuring-trick, has at least an element of illusion in it. Yet neither now nor at his five previous books could a charge of shallowness be levelled. Probably this puzzle is one with the paradox that minds like his are prone to "accept the moral discipline" of the Roman Catholic Church. At any rate, as a breathing space from knowing "patriotism to be a good and virtuous thing, but I had seen it make men absurd," he cultivates his garden terraces of vines, oranges and olives — surely, from his reference to Naples, somewhere along that most grandly beautiful of all cliff roads where Amalfi perches.

From Laker to hiker

Cloudier and with "fells cut clean to the bone" are the cliff roads along which we travel with Norman Nicholson in *THE LAKERS* (Robert Hale. 18s.), an account of *The Adventures of the First Tourists*. A long and illuminating chapter on the topography, farming and trade of the Lake District prepares the way for the explorers who came after the menace of the Middle Ages had ceased. Conspicuous among them were William Gilpin, the eighteenth century parson whose *OBSERVATIONS ON THE LAKES* were modelled on the tenets of his *THREE ESSAYS ON PICTURESQUE BEAUTY*, and the poet Thomas Gray, who after "thirty years of his life as a preparation for his visit" kept a journal of it. From the new rambles, and "Mountains and Morals" and the story up to date, we turn back with undiminished pleasure to the Lake Poet chapters and all the associations of Ruskin, the Wordsworths, Coleridge and the rest of that great company. Norman Nicholson, poet himself and native of Cumberland, and his clean, clear prose and illustrations, persuade one who twenty years ago spent a fortnight in the Lake District without seeing a mountain top, nor yet the opposite bank of Windermere, to drop a prejudice against rain, mist and greyness, and return.

GRACE BANYARD.

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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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AMERICAN PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS

AMONG Europe's many misconceptions about the U.S.A. there is probably none more absurd and more fundamental than the notion that the Americans desire or cherish their position as the world's leading political, economic and military power. There may be some exceptions, but to the overwhelming majority of American citizens the responsibilities, duties and problems arising out of the free world's leadership are a matter of great uneasiness, profound anxiety and frequent irritation. Life would be infinitely simpler, cheaper, and certainly more pleasurable for most of them if their country had not become saddled with "the white man's burden" which was tossed into their lap by historical processes as inexorable and inevitable as they were unexpected.

"Projecting the future" is a most popular and profitable occupation, firmly believed by many to be a precise science, in the America of today. But in the years that reshaped the international balance of power and forced the U.S.A. into her present unaccustomed and still reluctant position no such "projections" were available. The few men of vision who, earlier this century, tried to forecast the world's future certainly did not receive the kind of recognition almost any "expert" can command now by announcing with quite bewildering precision what America's economy will be like in 1965, in 1985, or indeed in the year 2000. Even President Eisenhower's "Economic Report," recently submitted to Congress, contains an astonishing collection of prophecies. Perhaps the most impressive is the rise—within the next ten years—of the gross national product from its present level of some 360 billion dollars to 500 billion "expressed in dollars of the same buying power." Symptomatically enough, while it is most fashionable now to talk and write about the fantastic new records the American economy is likely to establish in the years to come, little or nothing is ever said about the corresponding growth of the national debt and private indebtedness. This combined total appears to be increasing at the rate of some thirty to forty billion dollars a year, and the tempo may become accelerated. Since debt statistics appear only once a year, usually nine months after the event, nobody will know the real debt figures for 1954 until the autumn of 1955. Only approximate estimates exist for private indebtedness arising out of instalment buying and other forms of consumer finance, and only guesses are being made concerning the proportion of wages and salaries committed in advance by America's huge and well paid labour force in its quest for a constantly rising standard of living. From interest on mortgages to instalment dues on refrigerators and radio sets, not forgetting the new possibility of buying clothes or taking holidays abroad with payments spread over many months or even several years, the amount of private indebtedness ranges over a constantly growing field.

It is curious that in a country where future economic developments are being predicted to the last decimal current statistics on many vital aspects of national life should be based on very vague and haphazard forms of "sampling." Only recently, for instance, a committee of experts revealed that the unemployment estimates for January, 1954, were 728,000 below the real figure. In fact, nobody quite knows the exact definition of the

words "employed," "at work," and "unemployed." In striking contrast to these uncertainties are such precise and surprising items of information as arose out of a recent lawsuit, namely that 100 test-tube babies are born in Chicago yearly as the result of artificial insemination from outside donors and that some 40,000 living Americans are estimated to have been brought into the world by such processes.

Babies are one of America's most advertised problems of the present moment. The birth rate is setting up new records year after year. It is expected to pass the four million mark this year. According to a forecast published by the Census Bureau the present population of 165 millions will rise to nearly 220 millions by 1975. Such an increase would be more than the present aggregate population of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, and the District of Columbia. Even now schools are crowded, and the President has just announced an extensive programme for school expansion which is considered by its critics as quite inadequate. The "projectionists" are busy "projecting" the requirements of a vastly expanded population as well as the contribution America's extra 50 to 60 million inhabitants will be making by 1975. All figures are astronomical whether it be a question of food to be consumed, clothes to be worn, houses to be lived in, vehicles to be driven, commodities to be produced, jobs to be filled, taxes to be paid, armed forces to be served in, or savings to be banked.

These figures and the problems arising out of them are a challenge to the imagination. It is well that they should be pondered and discussed, but at the same time they should not be allowed to obscure the present more immediate issues. Tantalising though it may be to speculate on how many households there will be in the U.S.A. in twenty years' time, or on the number and the type of dwellings they will desire to inhabit, or on the automobiles they will want to have, the immediate economic and social problems are of a very different nature. The housing boom, largely due to excessive cheap finance possibilities, is becoming a threat to the stability of America's economy. House building, most competent observers agree, is outrunning family formation. The automobile boom is resulting in a far greater output than the nation can absorb. True, thanks to its amazing energy and ingenuity as well as incredible price discounts, the motorcar trade is finding markets for the huge 1955 output while a substantial part of the 1954 production remains unsold. But this situation cannot last indefinitely; sooner or later production will have to be curtailed or diverted into other channels. America has a tremendous reservoir of purchasing power, and large groups of people are constantly moving into higher income schedules. With six out of every ten families now enjoying an average income of \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year, frequently because there are two breadwinners in the family, it can be said that America has no longer a proletariat and that its working population is now solidly middle-class.

Nevertheless, this new middle-class is not yet numerous enough or prosperous enough or sufficiently willing to absorb the endless variety of goods—whether consumer durables or otherwise—placed before it by a dynamic, exuberant, and constantly expanding industry. To keep going, this industry has to, and wants to, sell part of its output abroad. But here

comes one of the greatest headaches of American economic policy. Except for a few maniacs the business community now admits that "trade is a two-way street," and that a country which wants to sell also has to buy. The Administration and innumerable powerful organizations of enlightened businessmen have been driving this argument home with most commendable energy. But there is a long way from recognizing a principle to applying it. In this respect the divergence between America's words and actions is most embarrassing, not only to her own business community, the government and the experts, but to her friends abroad as well. There is something absurd about all the lip service to the sanctity of private enterprise, the ennobling virtues of competition, and the exhortation to foreigners to come into the American market, when under existing legislation even the most successful foreign competitors can be thrown out—no matter how great their appeal to the American consumer. When an industrialist or merchant from another country succeeds in selling his goods in the United States market, his activities are no longer ennobling, and constructive competition is no longer a sacred principle, but the fellow is obviously trying to do something evil and slightly sinister for which he should be penalized.

The President is keen on doing something positive about liberalizing American foreign economic policy, but plans for tariff reduction meet with strong opposition both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. A new idea is reputed to be under consideration, namely that of exempting from normal tariff arrangements those American industries which are deemed essential for national defence purposes. In any case, no sane person in Washington believes in the myth of slave labour or low wages, say, in Britain, Sweden or Switzerland—an argument still invariably advanced by the protectionists. But meanwhile the Swiss watchmakers, the Swedish wallboard manufacturers, the British and other producers of heavy electrical equipment, the European and the Canadian cheesemakers, as well as an infinite variety of other potential or partly successful or even traditional purveyors to the American market, are having a difficult and frustrating time.

As far as organized American labour is concerned, an event of historical importance took place when on February 9, 1955, a joint committee session was held at Miami Beach and agreed on the merger of the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. Since the split in 1936, for which the miners' leader, John L. Lewis, was primarily responsible, these two rival organizations have been working in a way sometimes friendly and sometimes openly hostile, but always with the possibility somewhere deep in their minds of getting reunited again. In recent years, and especially after the deaths, in rapid succession, of their respective presidents, William Green and Philip Murray, practical steps towards closer collaboration have slowly been gaining momentum. Final unity is now being achieved partly because personal obstacles have been removed, but largely owing to political and professional reasons. Relations with the Eisenhower administration are cool or even strained. Labour resents the government's failure to abrogate or amend the Taft-Hartley legislation and to introduce an acceptable minimum wage. It does not feel it is getting enough consideration or encouragement from the authorities, and it firmly believes that the govern-

ment's economic policy is deliberately calculated to benefit "big business" rather than "the little man."

The 1956 elections are approaching. Indeed, the day the 1954 November mid-term elections were over the whole country began to prepare for the next big event. Even to those European observers who are familiar with America's chronic election fever, it is surprising to see to what an extent the 1956 fight for the Presidency, and all that goes with it, is a living reality now. Although there are nearly twenty months left the electoral campaign can be said to be in full swing. Though not affiliated to either party, labour's sympathies in recent years seem to have become more and more overwhelmingly on the side of the Democrats. There is no doubt that in 1956 the new powerful joint organization of unionized American workers will try to play an active part in determining the course of the elections. It is too early as yet to say what the issues will be. At the moment Senator McCarthy seems to have faded into the background, and the indifference of the press to this man who only quite recently seemed to make headline news almost every day is most symptomatic. But his personal unpopularity, largely resulting from his attack on the Army and his personal clash with the President, does not signify that McCarthyism is dead, or that witch-hunting has come to an end, or that the whole sordid business of political security is finding a decent and acceptable solution. Nothing in this respect is more striking than the so-called Ladejinsky Affair. This agricultural expert, a minor civil servant, found himself the centre of a political storm when the Department of Agriculture refused to clear him on political grounds, while the Department of State was willing to do so, and he was finally offered employment by the Foreign Operations Administration. Yet another sensational affair, that of the self-confessed perjurer Harvey Matusow—who for a long time was on the government payroll as a professional witness in anti-communist cases and who is now reversing all his evidence—is helping to spotlight the highly alarming position that has been allowed to develop in the complicated matter of how to protect America from subversion without endangering the fundamental liberties of her citizens. The alarming affair of the telephone wiretapping carried out with impunity by a private gang is likewise drawing attention to a difficult problem. The police are allowed to tap the wires of political or other suspects, but the Administration's recent attempt to make information thus obtained legally admissible evidence in federal cases has so far been rejected by Congress. Most Americans would agree with the famous dictum of Justice Holmes that wiretapping "is a dirty business."

Not less serious is the problem of youthful delinquency which will be inquired into by a Congressional committee under the chairmanship of Senator Kefauver. Incidentally, this will give the dynamic Senator as great a chance as his famous investigation of crime to gain much popularity. His presidential aspirations are no secret and it may well be that his inquiry will greatly enhance his prestige. Among the other potential Democratic nominees, if Mr. Adlai Stevenson refuses to be drafted a second time, are Governor Harriman and Senator Lindon Johnson. The political future of Mr. Stevenson is uncertain. He remains a nationally popular figure but is reputed to be out of step with the party machine. In any case some of his many friends would prefer him to run for the Senate rather than the

Presidency in order to avoid being defeated a second time by Mr. Eisenhower. Nobody has a chance against "Ike" if he is renominated, so they argue, and despite the President's noncommittal attitude there is general belief that he will seek a second term since the disunited Republican Party has no other powerful candidate. Chief Justice Warren might be an exception, but he has made it known that he is no candidate.

It is Mr. Eisenhower's obvious desire to be the President who has brought America peace, prosperity and progress. About prosperity there can be no doubt. Even though a balanced budget still seems far removed, the boom is undeniable, and so is sound financial administration under the capable leadership of Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey and the Federal Reserve Board headed by Mr. William McChesney Martin, Jr. Progress, although it is harder to define, is undeniable too. There remains, then, the question of peace; and that is Washington's greatest headache. All too freely Europeans, and especially the Leftists among them, are inclined to view President Eisenhower and his Administration as militarists or imperialists or "trigger-happy" irresponsible people. Nothing could be further from the truth. The President's determination to go as far as he can to limit the area of conflict in the Far East is most striking. Indeed, anybody who has had an opportunity of attending his press conferences in recent weeks cannot but be impressed by the extent to which he seems to have taken the conduct of the nation's military and foreign affairs into his own hands. Nor is it true that his advisers are a collection of "Blimps" and sabre-rattling adventurers. There is more alarm over Formosa in Washington than most people realize. The highest U.S. strategy officers and leading members of the government are constantly debating and studying all the factors involved and show no eagerness to become "interventionists." The main argument is about where the line of defence should be drawn and about the risks involved in a policy of further withdrawals or in that of standing firm. Chiefs of Staff, who have been active soldiers in the Second World War and some of whom have also gained experience in Korea, know only too well the horrors of fighting and the disasters that may follow not only for America but for the world at large. It is too late to discuss now what America might have done, but she has allowed herself to be manoeuvred into a situation where almost every move is likely to benefit the Communist world. Concessions mean a loss of prestige, while action not only spells adventure but also means a further rift with America's European allies and the further dependence of Communist China on Soviet Russia. None of these are pleasant alternatives to contemplate. In their irritation the Americans are apt to blame Western Europe for dragging her feet in the joint defence effort against Communism. But nobody is particularly happy about the way things have turned out, and not even the few vocal "activists," like Senator Knowland, would agree that they desire a preventive war. There is an optical factor involved in the relationship between America and her European allies: they see each other with completely different eyes and in a totally different perspective. It is a tense situation, but the Europeans have no right to put all the blame on America, whose help remains essential to their survival.

THE NEW LOOK IN THE KREMLIN

WITH the removal of Malenkov from the post of Soviet Premier the abortive and short-lived era of Collective Leadership has come to its predictable end. After the death of Stalin there was no one man big enough to assume his powers, and his subordinates, who for so long had lived in his shadow, were forced to band together for the sake of administrative continuity. This they presented to their own people and the world at large as the wise application of the principle of Collective Leadership. Trained in the ruthless school of Communist materialism and remembering the lessons taught by Stalin's methodical climb to absolute power over the dead bodies of his former associates in previous forms of collective leadership, men like Malenkov, Molotov, Beria, Bulganin and Khrushchev could have hardly believed that this formula would stand the test of time.

As long as Stalin was alive he alone made the final decisions and nothing was done without his authority. His successors lacked the mantle of his infallibility, which in the past had served to cloak the frequent and often surprising changes in official policy. The new course, launched by Stalin's orphaned comrades in arms, was a doomed attempt to enlist at least some measure of support from the peoples of the Communist empire by holding out prospects of an easier life in the immediate future. At the same time the superficial liberalisation of certain aspects of Communist rule fitted in with Western hopes for a less intransigent attitude in Moscow. Acceptable though the new course must have been to the masses, the proposed departure from Marxist orthodoxy led to considerable misgivings among some of the leading Communist economists and theoreticians.

Stalin's heirs were faced with the problem of introducing a new policy without the benefit of Stalin's supreme authority.

The new course, with its emphasis on the development of the light and consumer goods industries, came as a shock to all those who had been brought up to believe that only the constant expansion of heavy industry could solve the many problems of the Soviet economy. The claim put forward by the collective leadership that Soviet heavy industry had in fact attained a sufficient level of development, and that therefore a greater share of investments could be devoted to the light industries and agriculture, has been now disproved by events and forgotten by those who made it.

Although no official Soviet statement has defined the composition of the collective leadership, its most prominent members were Beria, Bulganin, Khrushchev, Malenkov and Molotov. Malenkov, regarded in the West as the most important of the group, was in fact appointed Premier. Beria retained control of the secret police, the most powerful force apart from the Army. Bulganin continued to play his role as the Party's link with the armed forces, and as a result of the growing importance of *bona fide* military men developed into the Army's spokesman within the collective leadership. Significantly Malenkov was not allowed to combine the Premiership with high office in the Party. It was Khrushchev who succeeded in gaining the prize by becoming First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Party, with all the realities of power inherent in the

control of the Party machinery. Molotov, the survivor of so many purges, kept his place in the limelight as Foreign Minister. An expert in his own field, the lust of real power seems to have passed him by, and in this lies the secret of his continuous prominence in Soviet affairs.

Despite the façade of collective leadership the makings of a conflict were present from the beginning.

Things appeared to be going smoothly until July, 1953, when the arrest of Beria shattered the illusion of collective leadership. It goes without saying that his fall could have been brought about only with the tacit approval if not the active support of the Army, the only force capable of overawing the secret police. Despite this overt admission of the unceasing struggle for power inside the Kremlin, the fiction of collective leadership was preserved by the survivors, who promptly proceeded to make capital out of the elimination of the universally hated chief of the secret police. None of the remaining four leaders managed to gain control of the M.V.D., and their mutual mistrust led them to agree to the appointment of an administrator whose power in no way measures up to that exercised by Beria.

The wings of the secret police having been clipped, the balance of forces within the collective leadership underwent a radical change. The Army emerged to almost equal status with the Party. During Stalin's tenure of power he did his utmost to prevent the Army from interfering in affairs of state. In the 'thirties Stalin even went so far as to decimate the Soviet officer corps when he thought it had become a possible threat to his absolute power.

In the years of the last war, fought not so much on the basis of political ideology but under the banner of Russian patriotism, Stalin had no option but to accord praise, prominence and publicity to the armed forces. The greater their disappointment after victory had been won when they were made to return to their pre-war status.

With the introduction of collective leadership the Army began to regain some of its lost positions. This was facilitated by the natural desire of the politicians to enlist the support of the military and to identify the post-Stalin regime with the armed forces. The selection of Marshal Voroshilov as titular head of the Soviet state raised the prestige of the military, and the appointment of Marshal Zhukov as a first Vice-Minister of Defence not only acknowledged the merits of a popular and successful commander, but also rehabilitated an officer who had been slighted by Stalin. With the fall of Beria, Bulganin, the political soldier whose main task in the past had been to act as the Party's watchdog over the army, increasingly became the interpreter of the Marshal's feelings and wishes.

It must be admitted that initial successes were scored by the new course in the diplomatic field. The Geneva Conference, the abandonment of E.D.C., the widespread relaxation of the West's defensive resolve and the complete failure on the part of Washington and London to wrest the diplomatic initiative from Moscow, were considerable victories won for the Communists by the hoary Leninist slogan of peaceful co-existence, discredited by Stalin. Coming from his successors, however, it sounded more promising to Western ears, and all plans for the remilitarisation of Western Germany became bogged down in the mire of public apathy.

The resumption of the Anglo-American efforts aimed at making the Federal Republic play her part in Western defence, expressed in the drive for the ratification of the Paris agreements, provided a much needed excuse for the jettisoning of the new course. For some time it had been obvious that the basic economic assumption of the new course, *i.e.* that heavy industry could cope satisfactorily with all the demands made on it, had been wrong. The flood of consumer goods and foodstuffs, promised in August, 1953, remained a trickle, and the particular bugbear of Soviet manufactured consumer goods—their shoddy quality—has not yet been eliminated. This was admitted by the 1954 Plan Implementation Report, issued by the Central Statistical Board.

Agriculture has always been the sick man of the Soviet economy. Many cures had failed in the past and the attempt of the new course to increase agricultural production by providing greater material incentives to the farmers in the form of higher bulk purchasing prices was no exception, mainly because there were not enough consumer goods to satisfy rural demand. Faced by continuing agricultural shortcomings, the Central Committee of the Party decided early in 1954 to launch a vast campaign for the reclamation of virgin and fallow lands in Siberia and Kazakhstan. This spelt the end of the new course, because it was impossible to provide the wide range of capital goods needed for the success of this venture without a return to the emphasis on an accelerated expansion of heavy industry. In his letter of resignation Malenkov accepted responsibility for the failure of agriculture. Although recently it has been Khrushchev who has formulated agricultural policy, at the 1952 Party Congress Malenkov expressed his views on agrarian organisation. He condemned the idea of replacing existing collective farm and rural communities by agro-towns. This change has been advocated by Khrushchev, who, in true Bolshevik tradition, has always believed in breaking the deep-rooted ties binding the peasant to the soil. This had not been entirely accomplished by collectivisation, and Khrushchev's plan to resettle large sections of the rural population was to have attained this end. The virgin soil drive is a return to some of the principles of the agro-town idea, as it involves the concentration of large masses of rural labour. The lands now being opened up will be organised as State farms to be tilled by farm workers rather than peasants. Unless Malenkov has changed his views since 1952, this plan could not have met with his approval.

At the beginning of 1955 everything pointed to the imminent demise of the new course. In the Communist world conflicts of doctrine are the outward signs of the clash of personalities. Malenkov's difference of opinion with Khrushchev conformed to pattern and had to end with the personal defeat of one or the other, particularly as the broken promises of the new course cried out for a scapegoat. While Beria was alive he could have provided Malenkov with solid support had he found it expedient. With the disappearance of the M.V.D. as a third force, the only remaining sources of power were the Party and the Army. Malenkov's position as head of the Government was a purely administrative one, and he had little with which to oppose the well-organised Party machinery controlled by Khrushchev. The Army could have saved him had it been prepared to oppose the Party's will. It is extremely unlikely that the Army was in-

terested in the purely doctrinal disagreement between Khrushchev and Malenkov about the best solution of agricultural problems. On the other hand it realised that the implementation of Khrushchev's plan would inevitably force Soviet economists to concentrate again on heavy industry. Faced with the probability of a rearmed West Germany, it cannot but have welcomed a resumption of the economic policy practised under Stalin, which, even if it did not satisfy the needs of the population, nevertheless added to the country's military potential by the importance it attached to heavy industry. It was this that sealed Malenkov's fate.

Marshal Bulganin has strengthened his Government by the promotion of Marshal Zhukov to Minister of Defence and the inclusion of two military technical experts in the persons of Lt. Gen. Khrunishchev and Col. Gen. Zavinyagin. Malenkov is in charge of the extremely vulnerable Ministry of Power Stations and his survival for the time being recalls the fate of other purged Soviet leaders, who, like Rykov and Trotsky, were given subordinate posts before their final extermination. Beria had to be liquidated quickly because of the potential danger represented by the armed units he controlled. The fact that Malenkov has so far escaped the graver consequences of his fall proves his relative insignificance and the certain knowledge of his opponents that at present they have nothing to fear from him. The record of the new course has shown convincingly that collective leadership in the U.S.S.R. is as unworkable today as in the years following Lenin's death. Then it was Stalin who ultimately emerged as the undisputed leader. It is far too early to judge whether history will repeat itself and, once again, throw up another ruler of all the Russias. It is unlikely, however, that the clash of personalities has ended with Malenkov's defeat. Other conflicts are already in the making and the struggle for power is bound to continue for some time.

ANDREW HAVEN.

GENERAL FRANCO AND THE ROYALISTS

THE problem that at one time set Europe afire (1700-1713) is once more in being, albeit this time as a domestic issue: a problem between General Franco and the Spanish people. Nevertheless, Europe, however disinterested dynastically, cannot remain indifferent because the question in debate in Spain is whether the monarchy shall take an absolutist form or not. It has thus become part of the great ideological issue Totalitarian *versus* Democratic that has caused such ravages in the world of recent years. Despite certain appearances, there is no question of a monarchical Restoration in the ordinary sense in Spain, of a return of the régime that collapsed in April, 1931. The rift caused by the Civil War has been too deep to remedy. It disrupted all the political parties and has brought new forces into play. The old must regroup and the new harden before they can make bid to govern. Nor is a Dictatorship a favourable field for such regrouping.

With a fine nobility of purpose Don Alfonso XIII preferred to efface himself in 1931 rather than be the immediate cause of Spaniard fighting Spaniard. The King did not abdicate for he had faith that the majority of Spaniards still clung to the Monarchy. In fact as well as in feeling he proved justified. When the full count of votes came in from outlying municipal districts in those fateful Elections, it was found that a clear majority of monarchist candidates had indeed been returned. It was the news that all the Councils in the large towns had "gone republican" that so impressed the King, coupled with the disheartening mediocrity of his official entourage at the moment. He departed, then, without abdicating, implicitly maintaining a claim to the throne for his sons. It is his third son, Don Juan de Bourbon, who is the most prominent Alfonsist claimant to-day, 23 years after his august father drove swiftly out of his capital one beautiful Spring evening, never to return. Don Juan's opportunity arises as a result of the Referendum, held by General Franco's orders on July 6th, 1947, when 14,145,163 Spaniards of both sexes 21 years of age, out of a total census of 15,219,563, voted affirmatively to a project of law re-establishing Spain as a monarchy, albeit without a King.

Before calling the vote, General Franco duly published the draft law approved by Cortes on June 7th, 1947, upon which the vote was to be taken. It was an involved law providing that the future monarch should be over 30 years of age, a Catholic and that he should take an oath of fidelity to the laws of the *Movimiento* (neither of his nor of the nation's choosing). Moreover there was a complicated form for the election or rather selection of candidates. It is in serious doubt if one in a hundred voters took the trouble to read the draft. All most of them saw in the Referendum was an opportunity to sign a paper *Si* or *No* on the fundamental issue of a monarchy. Many believed that in doing so they would be contributing to get rid of General Franco. Yet in the draft was an article specifying that the *Caudillo* should remain Chief of State until such time as he thought fit to propose a change. That is what the Dictator really wanted: time, time to continue organizing Spain on an authoritarian basis and create some sort of monarchy to match. Now that another seven years have passed, during which Spain has shaken off isolation and is receiving American aid, he judges that the time is ripe for another step forward. Hence the recent negotiations with Don Juan. What does this step really mean?

General Franco has enjoyed absolute power since 1937 and the régime he proposes to inaugurate is a perpetuation of the *Fuehrer-princip* or *Caudillaje* he himself exercises. This principle has not been established as yet in any constitutional text but it is inherent in the system he is endeavouring to embody. How to anchor the future Spain on to it is the problem he is working to solve in his prudent, tortuous way. Don Juan is over 30 years of age and it would only depend on him, it seems, to become King tomorrow if he would accept the role of "King-Caudillo" General Franco proposes for the future monarch of Spain. But Don Juan realizes that his father lost the throne owing to infidelity (at the time of the Primo de Rivera Dictatorship) to the parliamentary Constitution he had inherited posthumously from his father King Alfonso XII after the long and faithful

Regency of Queen Christina. He therefore boggles at accepting the General's offer without a previous free pronouncement by the Spanish people on a clearer cut issue than the text of the *Ley de Sucesión* of June 7th and Referendum of July 6th 1947 provides. Don Juan, however, has not been above doing a little intriguing on his own account, endeavouring to get a foot inside the camp by meeting General Franco's ouvertures insofar as to consent to his son the Infante Don Juan-Carlos being educated in Spain at the risk of indoctrination.

It may here be recalled that the Liberal Constitution Alfonso XII accepted when he stepped out of Sandhurst to become King under the wing of General Martínez Campos's *pronunciamento* at Sagunto proved a form of government never really suited to the Spanish nation. No foreign form of government ever has been. A Spanish historian, Duke Maura, has pointed out that the English-imitated Constitution of 1876 only worked for just so long as elections remained insincere. The trouble came after half a century of tolerable social peace, when parliamentary representation began to become effective. In fairness to all parties it should also be noted that elections were "rigged" as effectively under the Republic as under the Monarchy, though with rougher methods. Direct action had become only too popular and subversion had spread beyond the proletarian class, witness the cloak and dagger methods of the anarchist-syndicalist *pistoleros* which provoked reaction in kind on the part of José Antonio, founder of *Falange* in the years immediately preceding 1936. All this today is ancient history. Spain looks towards the future and anxiously asks itself when it will be quit of the legacy of the Civil War, including the Dictatorship of General Franco. What, then, are the prospects offered by the Law of Succession which has lain for seven years on the Statute Book without bringing any change? It is necessary to look closely at this law. It will help to read the riddle of Spain's future.

Article I of the Law of Succession defines Spain as a Catholic, social, representative State which, in accord with tradition, declares itself a Kingdom.

Article 2 invests the leadership of the State in the Caudillo of Spain and the Crusade, Generalísimo of the Army, Francisco Franco.

Article 3. Should the leadership become vacant, a Council of Regency shall take over, composed of 3 members, with the Speaker in Cortes as Chairman, the other two being the highest ranking cleric and the highest ranking general.

Article 4 sets up a Council of the Kingdom of 14 members to advise and assist the Chief of State on all matters of supreme importance. The members include the Chief of the General Staff, representatives of the Magistrature, Institute of Spain, Council of State and the Cortes in its component parts: Church, Syndicates, Administration and Universities. Lastly three nominees of the Chief of State.

Article 5. The Chief of State shall consult the Council of the Kingdom (a) before returning a law to the Cortes for further study; (b) before declaring war or peace; (c) before proposing to the Cortes his successor.

Article 6. At any moment the Chief of State may lay before the Cortes the name of the person to be King or Regent under the conditions stipu-

lated in this law. He may likewise change his mind and ask the Cortes to revoke the person proposed even should he have been accepted by the Cortes.

Article 7. When the person, as provided above, shall be called upon to take office, the Council of the Kingdom shall assume all powers in his name and administer to him the oath prescribed before he can be proclaimed King or Regent.

Article 8. On the demise or declared incapacity of the Chief of State in the absence of a successor-designate, the Council of Regency shall assume power and convoke, within three days, a meeting of the Council of the Kingdom and of the Government, conjointly in continuous sitting, uninterrupted and secret, to decide by a two-thirds majority vote, "the person of royal blood who, meeting the requirements of this law and taking into account the supreme interests of the nation, shall be proposed to the Cortes as King". If no scion of royalty can be found to meet the conditions or gain the approval of the Cortes, the Council and Government together may propose the appointment of a Regent for the Kingdom, stipulating his term of office.

Article 9 specifies the personal conditions (mentioned earlier in this article) to become King or Regent.

Article 10. The fundamental laws which King or Regent must swear to respect are: Charter for Spaniards, Charter of Labour, the law instituting a Cortes, the Succession, the Referendum and any others that may be promulgated and given a like rank. To derogate or modify any of these laws not only a vote in Cortes but a national Referendum shall be required.

Article 11 regulates the order of Succession once a monarch has been chosen. Only males may reign but females may transmit their right to male issue.

The remaining Articles up to 15 regulate certain details concerning cession of rights, abdication, marriage, incapacity of the Chief of State and the power given to him and the Council of the Kingdom conjointly to exclude from the succession any individual who by his acts or manifest hostility to the fundamental principles of the State should be deemed unworthy to succeed.

Such is the extraordinary document accepted in the Referendum of July, 1947, by the enormous majority mentioned. Overall it seems better designed to perpetuate a Dictatorship than to instal a Monarchy, for there can be no question of a King until the *bon plaisir* of the Dictator shall decide the time ripe for the adventure or an act of God put an end to the former and open the way for the latter. Even so it would still rest with the Councils of Regency and of the Kingdom to decide whether another Dictatorship-Regency would not be preferable. In particular, the extraordinary faculty contained in Article 6 whereby the Dictator reserves the right to change his mind even after setting in motion the machinery to provide a successor betrays how reluctant General Franco is to effect any change. It betrays also his distrust and nervousness as regards the system devised for the Succession. Indeed, in the absence of the strong guiding hand that has assumed all responsibility for the last seventeen years, one can imagine the strain put upon the members of the Councils by such a system, with the opportunities offered for intrigue in such a momentous

crisis. In sum, the Law of Succession as it stands would seem to open wide once more the classical road to *Pronunciamientos*, to lead which there have never lacked military candidates in Spain.

General Franco is not waiting for the crisis to arise. His meeting with Don Juan in Extremadura last December seems to indicate that he is contemplating utilizing the faculty of the Chief of State to designate a successor, and that he is inclining towards the Alfonsist branch of the Bourbon dynasty to supply him with a candidate to be educated for the purpose in the person of Don Juan's son, the Infante Juan-Carlos, who has been invited to continue his studies in Spain with the standing entailed by recognition to him of a Civil and Military Household on a modest scale. The above supposition however may be quite gratuitous because a year before General Franco talked with Don Juan he had a meeting with the latest Carlist Pretender, as we shall relate. The Law of Succession makes no distinction among possible candidates to the throne. There are the sons of Don Juan's elder brother Don Jaime, a big burly prince, unfortunately born deaf and dumb who, at the instance of his father and on account of his infirmity, renounced the throne to make way for Don Juan. But if Don Juan himself is to be counted out and the younger generation be brought into line, then Don Jaime's sons rank in order of precedence before their cousins, Don Juan's. Don Jaime married a French lady of noble lineage, daughter of the Comte de Dampière. Her mother was of the princely house of Ruspoli. There are two sons Don Alfonso and Don Gonzalo, aged 18 and 17. It is not perhaps strange, in the circumstances, to find these youths about whom little has been heard turning up also to complete their education in Spain. They are studying law in the Jesuit University at Deusto, Bilbao. In the eyes of Spaniards Don Jaime has disgraced himself by deserting his wife and marrying a German Music Hall artist, but the boys possess their clear birthright as well as the personal attraction of intelligence.

Then there are the Carlists with their extraordinary record: seven Kings in exile supported unwaveringly throughout a century of opposition, and three Civil Wars (over seven years of fighting) including the last. From their lofty pillar of idealism the seven Carlist monarchs have witnessed the fall of double their number of successive Kings, Queens, Presidents of Republic, several Dictators, all of whom (except the gentlemanly foreigner Amadeo of Savoy who threw in his hand, Alfonso XII and the Regent Queen Christina who finished their term of office) swept from office by violence. Such is the chequered history of Spain and such the wonderful constancy of the Carlists. Without question the position of the Carlists has been strengthened as a result of the Civil War. When the call to arms came in defence of the Catholic faith they put 100,000 volunteers into the field. They rushed like lions to the fray and later, in counsel, they have supplied General Franco with some of his most trusted and hardworking ministers. Among the keyposts they hold is the Speakership in the Cortes. They remain as outspoken as ever. One of their leaders Fal Conde spoke up thus in the debate on the Law of Succession in 1947: "Carlism cannot recognize a system of government such as the present régime which, by making a show of leaning exclusively on Church and Army, tears them from their natural functions".

During Christmas week 1953 there died in Catalonia, at the age of 41, the Archduke Charles of Austria, known as Don Carlos VIII, grandson of Don Carlos VII, Duke of Madrid, whose claim had been accepted by the majority of Spanish Carlists in 1943. The deceased was a scion of the two oldest ruling Houses of Europe: the Hapsburg-Lorraine and Bourbon. At a funeral service held in Madrid in his memory no less than six Ministers in General Franco's Government were present. *Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi*. On January 16th, 1954, 400 members of the Carlist Communion from all over Spain assembled at San Jeronimo el Real in Madrid and acclaimed as King the Archduke Don Antonio-Carlos, brother of the deceased Don Carlos VIII, who took the name of Don Carlos IX. Before accepting the obedience of the Carlist Communion, however, the Archduke, not content to be "just one more King in exile", sought and obtained an interview with General Franco. This interview took place nearly a year earlier than the interview between the Dictator and Don Juan. What transpired at both these meetings remains the close secret of the parties to them. But the fact is that the Archduke came out persuaded that circumstances were favourable enough to warrant an attempt to rebuild the unity of Carlism, just as Don Juan came away persuaded that it would be in the Alfonsist interest to entrust his eldest son to be educated in Spain under the General's wing in the conditions related above. One must conclude that General Franco is endowed with unusual persuasive faculties. But he has yet to succeed in overcoming on the one hand the Carlist abhorrence of any sort of elective monarchy such as proposed in the Law of Succession, and, on the other, the Alfonsist hankering for a Constitutional régime.

A curious feature in the dynastic problem is that the passage of time has confounded the Alfonsist and the Carlist lines in one. In effect, Carlism owes its existence to strict legitimism based on Salic law. That being so, when Carlos VII died the claim should have reverted to the senior male descendent in the male line of the brother of the original Don Carlos, Francis, Duke of Cadiz, whose eldest son married Isabella II. Now Don Juan and his brother Don Jaime are the direct descendents of the Duke of Cadiz through Isabella. The two branches have thus met and an additional natural link is the marriage of Don Juan to a Carlist princess, but the doctrines that inspire the separate branches are as far apart as ever. The liberalism of the Alfonsists remains anathema to the Carlists, who on the death of Carlos VII preferred to abjure the principle of succession through Salic Law rather than see the two branches dynastically united. Moreover, in their desire to throw over the descendents of Charles IV, the feeble Monarch Napoleon tricked, a number of the Carlists look to Prince Xavier of Parma as their leader. It would be more reasonable for them to have gone further and accepted Prince Elias Robert, Duke of Parma, he being the senior descendent of Philip V's younger son, rather than Prince Javier, his half-brother. Thus the Carlists are to some extent divided and the abstract purity of their doctrine has been shaken. They remain nevertheless a powerful influence. Whatever the fate of the Law of Succession, it would seem that the last has not been heard of them, for, like the Falangists, they are fanatics and neither side is going to relenquish the struggle for power easily.

Madrid.

E. G. DE CAUX.

HIRE-PURCHASE

HIRE-PURCHASE has been receiving a great deal of publicity during recent months. Hardly a day passes without prominent reference to it in the Press and Parliament or in chairmen's speeches. Politicians, economists and businessmen are sharply divided in their attitude towards the "Hire-Purchase boom" which this country has been experiencing since the removal of restrictions on Hire-Purchase business last year. Mr. Butler's decision to reimpose those restrictions in a mitigated form provided fresh fuel for the flame of controversy. Unfortunately most of the arguments supporting or criticising this decision are inspired by ideological dogmatism. The decision is judged not on the specific merits of the case but on general grounds, according to whether those taking part in the controversy are for or against controls. Hire-Purchase business was expanding even before the removal of restrictions but the restoration of complete freedom has greatly stimulated its increase. The causes of this trend are manifold. The most important amongst them are full employment, the higher standard of living—which means that many millions of people have now more money to spend after paying for necessities—and the invention of many tempting "gadgets."

It seems reasonable to assume that these influences, and others, will continue to stimulate Hire-Purchase, temporary ups and downs apart, for a long time to come. The long-range trend in the volume of Hire-Purchase business is likely to remain upward for many years to come. It is unfortunate that this trend should take place in this country at a time when there is already full employment. Had it taken place at any time between the two World Wars, it would have resulted in a welcome reduction in unemployment. As it is, it contributes towards the inflationary pressure resulting from excessive consumer demand combined with shortage of labour. While in the United States the demand arising from the post-war expansion of Hire-Purchase is met through an increase of employment, in Britain there are practically no labour reserves for that purpose, and any increase of production brought about by the additional demand means that employers have to bid against each other for the limited supply of manpower. There can be no doubt that in existing circumstances Hire-Purchase expansion in this country has been distinctly inflationary. It is equally certain that the additional home consumption caused an increase of raw material imports and a decline of the efforts of manufacturers to cope with the difficulties of selling their goods abroad. This explains the Government's decision to resort to measures aiming at checking the Hire-Purchase boom. The reason why they are not content to pursue this end by conventional methods of raising interest rates and curtailing credit is that in this country a large proportion of Hire-Purchase business is financed outside the banks, by finance companies and commercial firms possessing liquid financial resources. To the extent to which this is done, the volume of Hire-Purchase business largely escapes the direct influence of the official monetary policy. It was necessary, therefore, to supplement the increase of the bank rate by direct restrictions.

Apart altogether from the specific situation that exists in Britain in 1955, there is a strong case for Government intervention to regulate Hire-Pur-

chase also from the point of view of long-range development. It is not sheer coincidence that Hire-Purchase is expanding at a moment when there is already an inflationary tendency in the economy. Inflation tends to stimulate Hire-Purchase and Hire-Purchase tends to stimulate inflation. Nor is this the worst of the dangers attached to the expansion in the volume of the Hire-Purchase business. The larger it grows the more vulnerable we become to the effects of a setback. The very mild trade recession in the United States in 1954 was accompanied by an appreciable decline in the volume of Hire-Purchase business. It may be a matter of opinion whether the latter was the cause or the effect of the former. Probably it was a little of both. What matters is to realise that the increase in the relative importance of Hire-Purchase tends to accentuate both inflation and deflation. It stimulates boom and slump alike. The higher the level reached as a result of its expansion the bigger the drop in the volume of Hire-Purchase business is liable to be. Any fall in the national income tends to affect demand arising from Hire-Purchase to a much larger degree than any other kind of demand, with the possible exception of demand arising from capital investment for the expansion of industrial plant.

From the point of view of our immediate problem of inflation, and even more from the point of view of the danger that a setback in the excessive volume of Hire-Purchase business is liable to aggravate a slump, it is tempting to conclude that the Government must intervene in order to prevent a further increase of Hire-Purchase. It is arguable that, since this increase usually occurs at the wrong time, and since a decline is also likely to occur at most inopportune moments, the system is altogether vicious and should be discouraged by every possible means. Many people do argue in fact on such lines, even though they realise that Hire-Purchase can be very useful as an instrument of progress, in particular as it assists in the reduction of costs of production by enabling manufacturers of durable consumer goods to mass-produce them. In any case it seems that Hire-Purchase business—like industrialisation in general or the development of labour unions—forms part of the general progress with all its advantages and disadvantages. It is bound to come, whether we like it or not. Instead of adopting a purely negative attitude by trying to stem the rising tide of Hire-Purchase business, we should try to arrive at a solution by which mankind could benefit by the advantage of the system without having to suffer its disadvantages. The problem is to harness Hire-Purchase into the service of economic stability instead of allowing it to remain a factor making for disturbance. This end can be achieved by resorting to the following method:—During periods of boom or inflation unwanted growth of Hire-Purchase should be discouraged, not by means of restrictions but by means of a tax levied on Hire-Purchase contracts. The proceeds of such tax should be set aside in an autonomous Fund and should be used during periods of deflation or depression for subsidising Hire-Purchase business.

There would remain of course many important points of detail to be determined once the principle that is outlined above is accepted. The rate of the tax would have to be fixed to be sufficiently high to discourage unwanted expansion without crippling the trades depending on Hire-Purchase. Possibly the desired result could be attained by means of a rate that could be adjusted at short notice in accordance with requirements.

Perhaps different rates should be applied to different trades. It may be necessary in some situations to combine the effect of the tax with that of restrictions in the form of stipulating minimum deposits and maximum periods of repayment. The rules on which the payment of subsidy should be based during lean periods would also give rise to some difficult problems of detail. It would have to be decided whether the subsidy should be granted to consumers or to sellers; whether, in the case of consumer subsidy, it should be granted indiscriminately or on the basis of some means test; whether its rate should be subject to frequent adjustment; and whether it should vary according to trades. Once the general principle is accepted there should be no insurmountable difficulty to elaborate a detailed scheme and to improve on it through trial and error. It is important that there should be ample financial reserves available to maintain the subsidy during a prolonged depression, even if the funds set aside during the preceding boom should not be sufficient. To that end, the proposed autonomous Fund should be empowered to borrow under Treasury guarantee, in anticipation of its receipts during the next boom.

By such means Hire-Purchase could be made to play a constructive part in the development of our economy, instead of being allowed to play a destructive part. It would be a pity if the adoption of some such solution were to be prevented either by an attitude of indiscriminate rejection of all forms of Government intervention or by a purely negative attitude favouring a rigid prevention of the development of Hire-Purchase. For Hire-Purchase, if regulated in the right way, could greatly accelerate the progress of mankind, and it could serve as a much-needed stabilising influence, with the aid of which harmful fluctuations in trade could be mitigated.

Nor would the proposed solution be a revolutionary innovation. The Hire-Purchase Act, 1938 (which was a measure agreed upon by all parties concerned), created a precedent for official intervention in this sphere on a permanent basis. And the Purchase Tax has been used systematically for fifteen years for influencing the demand for various categories of goods. Freedom from intervention is not an end but merely a means to the supreme end of human welfare. If in the sphere of Hire-Purchase that end could be better served by means of intervention, then the case for intervention may be regarded as established.

PAUL EINZIG.

CAN THE FRENCH UNION SURVIVE ?

WHEN I went to school in Paris I was taught that the French Empire was the second largest in the world, that it extended over 5 million square miles, and counted some 70 million inhabitants—nearly twice the number of the inhabitants of France—that France's role in those colonial territories was to bring the civilisation of the Metropolis to the benighted savages and to make French citizens of them. To me it seemed something like the role of Rome in her Empire. We were made to understand the difference in the approach of France and of Britain in colonial matters. I felt that to a Black, Brown or Yellow man there could be no greater sense of achievement than to become totally assimilated to a citizen of France. After all, was not France the great luminary of the

civilised world? The torch of liberty? When I went to the university, still in France, and met students from Africa and Asia, I began to realise that there were other views among French colonial peoples, others than those from backward "Black Africa." That Indo-Chinese and North Africans could and did look back to glorious eras of advanced civilisation in their own lands, and were at best only prepared to learn from France, not to identify themselves with her, for they felt themselves irremediably different from the French, even when they admired their greatest achievements.

Thus already in 1939 the question arose: Would France be able to hold her colonies for ever? In 1940, in the face of defeat, the question became still more urgent. After Liberation in 1945, French leaders realised that the British example had to be somehow followed or else it would be more like that of the Netherlands: Dominion status or wars of independence. The fact that this view if fully recognised was not fully implemented but actively sabotaged by Vichyite army and naval commanders set off the disastrous Indo-China War. In 1951 it was stated that France and her overseas territories constituted the French Union, within the framework of which the different peoples would be allowed to achieve some form of self-realisation, but by then the war in Indo-China had reached the "point of no return." Now much of Indo-China is lost to France. It is not altogether unlikely that the remainder will soon be lost too. Tunisia has been pacified at the eleventh hour at the price of major internal concessions. In Morocco we are witnessing a situation painfully like that which obtained in Indo-China in 1947-48. So the question: "Can the French Union Survive?" is more than academic. Despite France's serious difficulties, almost amounting to a struggle for survival, many French conservatives, among them Antoine Pinay, favour the immediate return to pre-war colonialist administration. They point to the fact that so far there has not been the slightest stirring in "Black Africa." They pass over in silence the 20,000 killed in the disastrous Madagascar uprising immediately after the end of the War. Those conservatives still cherish the memories of France's colonial glory, forgetting the idealism that animated the pioneers to whom the colonial era meant progress for the native peoples. They believe in all sincerity that the only way to preserve not only French interests but also the best interests of the natives is to debar the latter from self-government as long as possible, and even to make it a criminal offence for anyone to make those natives aware of the fact that their own nationality, their own traditions are not necessarily worse than the European: indeed, those "nationalists" should be every bit so hounded out as they in fact have been these last fifty years.

It is this nationalist or conservative view in France, and among French settlers and administrators in colonial territories and protectorates, which is responsible for the signal failure of the French Union to this day. It is due to the constantly repeated, and listened to, argument that failure in making the Union work is due to excessive leniency on the part of the Paris administration, and that the only answer to native unrest can be the multiplication of firm measures against nationalist agitation. The trouble is that the word "nationalist" so used is as undefinable as "reactionary" in the U.S.S.R. or "radical" or "red" in the U.S.A. The result is a vicious

circle: repression-unrest-repression. It has cost France or rather the French Union Indo-China, and may yet cost her North Africa. Is there anything truly democratic that partisans of the French Union can do to preserve the basis of what could be a most valuable regional grouping along the lines of the British Commonwealth? If so what? What exactly is the French Union, or rather: what is it supposed to be? Some think of it as a counterpart to the British Commonwealth, some as a community destined to become a French cultural sphere, eventually one Greater France. The 1946 Constitution states in its preamble that: "France and her peoples overseas constitute a Union based upon the equality of rights and duties, regardless of race and religion." Article 8 goes on to specify that the "Government of the French Republic is responsible for the policy best suited to the defence of the French Union." This is a rather ambiguous statement, since the phrase "best suited to the defence of the French Union" allows for a great variety of interpretations. Ultimately it is for the Government of France to decide which policy is best suited. The constitution itself thus sanctions to quite an extent the continued tutelage by France of her Colonial Empire, now dubbed "French Union;" yet "what's in a name?" Unlike Britain, which in the Commonwealth only holds the position of the first among equals, France's is still a dominant role. It stands to reason that different levels of evolution between the various peoples of the Union should meet with different attitudes. Yet France continues to treat all her peoples alike—the highly evolved Vietnamese, prior to Geneva, and the educated Tunisians, up to recently, exactly like the near savage natives of the Congo or the Roucouyenne Indians of French Guiana. Meeting with no resistance, not even resentment in her treatment of these latter, politicians in Paris fail to understand, still less to appreciate, the objections of North Africans and Indo-Chinese, and—until cession to the Indian Republic—of the inhabitants of the French establishment in India. This relative inelasticity of the pre-Mendès-France governments has many times caused repercussions throughout the entire world. No colonial problem can any longer remain a purely local matter.

The question arises whether it is at all possible to speak of a French Union as an existing entity, a whole, not an abstraction nor a grouping of separate entities. Prior to 1940 France owned the very land of her colonies. The French Colonial Empire resembled the Roman. France and all her colonies were ruled by the same French law. An exception was provided, in theory, by the Mandated territories and the Protectorates. Yet in actual practice these latter were treated exactly like colonies, and like them governed directly from Paris. After all, the Empire was part of the Republic, and the "Republic is one and indivisible." France had acquired her possessions by force of arms, and no Protectorate nor Mandate was justified in demanded preferential treatment. It was, therefore, a novel step when the 1946 French constitution declared as France's aim "to lead the peoples dependent upon her towards self-administration and democratic management of their own affairs." The words "self-government" were carefully avoided, yet a first step had been taken towards co-operation. But the new spirit of 1954 demanded more drive and elastic application than was shown by the leaders of France, if the newly born Union was to

be more than a pious wish and if the preamble of the Constitution was not to be overtaken by events. Indeed, the colonial peoples witnessed the defeat and occupation of France 1940-44. The already quite evolved peoples of Indo-China saw France give up the country to the Japanese, without a battle. They saw the Japanese disarm and intern the French troops in 1945, prior to their own defeat, without a struggle. The Japanese offered and actually gave the Indo-Chinese their freedom, recognising their independent state. Yet when the French returned, thanks to the victories of the British, the Americans and the Russians, and only after British and Kuo Min Tang troops had previously entered the country and disarmed the Vietnamese, it was expected that things would return to the status quo of 1939. The French-educated élite, led to believe in democratic government as a reality, resisted and were persecuted as agitators, nationalists or "communists." Many of them actually became nationalists on realising that true co-operation with the French was impossible until the French completely changed their minds about how to deal with overseas peoples. When Ho Chi Minh rallied the youth and the majority of the intellectuals of his country in the struggle against the French administration, the French Union received a serious blow. "Its deathblow," many said. Nor did the long and bloody Indo-China war help matters in that respect. The funny thing was that it was not Ho Chi Minh who opposed the principle of the French Union: maybe he was its only partisan. It was the anti-communist Vietnamese government which bitterly denounced the whole idea.

What spelt the doom of the French Union was the paradox of the French Government, in answer to the Indo-China war, insisting more and more on increasing the centralisation of power which the idea of the French Union was intended to defeat. Instead of showing courage and making timely concession to save what could still be saved, the Paris Governments, possibly smarting under the memory of the humiliation of their country in 1940-44 acted on the principle of "what we have we hold." Many Frenchmen felt that victorious or at least undefeated Britain could afford to give India her independence. Defeated and then liberated France could not give up Indo-China without a struggle for a second time without losing her entire prestige for good—a disastrous mistake dearly paid for in human lives, suffering and wasted resources. France went definitely wrong in insisting on her role as the great assimilator of backward peoples, to enable them to share in a French tradition as a joint inheritance, when millions of colonials looked back to inheritances and traditions of their own, particularly the North Africans. The entire colonial empire soon became once more part and parcel of the French Republic. In Morocco the outbreak of militant nationalism was followed by a police terror which would have been more appropriate for the Gestapo than for a democracy. The surviving institutions of the French Union, the President of the Union (*ex officio* it is the President of the French Republic who assumes this post), the High Council of the French Union, and the French Union Assembly, have absolutely no power. The High Council is not elected, while the Assembly's sole function is its consultative role which is not even taken seriously. The fact that Indo-China seems now unlikely to show any interest, and that Morocco and Tunisia have not sent any delegates so far,

foreshadows a poor role for the Union if it becomes a working reality. Participation of Negroes from West and Equatorial Africa may, at best, turn the Union into a sort of Franco-African debating club. Not much of a prospect!

Yet it must not be thought that all the remaining French territories constitute a uniform, monolithic entity. Each territory has its own problems, and therefore its own institutions to meet and deal with them. Algeria, for instance, is an integral part of France, divided, like France, into Departments (three of them). She is thus politically and economically, even juridically, under a quite different regime from either Morocco or Tunisia, and sends deputies to the National Assembly in Paris and Senators to the Senate. Yet the electors and the elected are not Algerians but French settlers. Thus the special electoral system in Algeria is destined to perpetuate the domination of Europeans over natives. An Algerian deputy in the National Assembly is out of the question, so a local Assembly with strictly limited powers has been set up in Algeria, strictly controlled by the French Governor. Local Assemblies are also to be found in other colonial territories, but they have no clearly defined power. The French Union never received a constitution of its own, and the French Constitution also serves for the Union, what there is of it.

Several state departments or ministries in Paris have been entrusted with the solution of colonial problems: The Minister of the Interior deals with those territories which have been promoted to the rank of French Departments: Algeria, Guiana, Guadeloupe and Martinique in the West Indies, La Réunion in the Indian Ocean as well. The Minister of Foreign Affairs is responsible for Morocco and Tunisia. It was in this capacity of Foreign Minister that M. Mendès-France granted Tunisia self-government in internal affairs. A special ministry was created to deal with the Associated States of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia. Since all French overseas territories count as indivisible parts of France, every French Minister has some responsibility for some aspect of colonial administration. Since, however, French governments these last ten years have not exactly been characterised by great stability the administration of colonial territories was somewhat irregular. French administrative experience differs from that of Britain in that France never had responsibility for a large territory peopled by French settlers, as was the case with the Dominions peopled by British settlers who barely looked to the mother country for protection and guidance. Nor are the French possessions characterised by homogeneity. Being a leading civilisation, France has, of course, difficulties in appreciating the wish of socially more backward peoples to give national expression to their own culture.

France is a land of principles rather than expedients. When a principle fails to work stagnation ensues rather than rapid reorientation. The French have found it difficult readily to change their methods when they failed to yield the expected results. Opposition to a legitimate nationalism among the Arabised peoples of North Africa has turned that nationalism into a negative form of extremism. Has the lesson been learned, after the failure to subdue Tunisia? Many French colonists still hope that after the Indo-Chinese settlement France will have enough troops to hold Morocco, yet such a way of holding a country can only breed fiercer and fiercer

terrorism. It seems that the only answer to the question: Is the French Union doomed? is: "Yes, unless an example, a positive one, is made in Morocco, following the concession to Tunisia." Actions speak louder than words, and such a settlement in Morocco will give renewed courage and confidence to all those who believe that the French Union has been still-born and vindicate those whose faith has not been shaken. Only through the desire of all its peoples can the French Union live when shaped according to their mutual needs. A climate of friendly partnership must first be created, and then a constitutional instrument. It is for the French Government to decide whether the French Union shall survive or not.

DAVID PHILIP.

T. S. ELIOT, O.M.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, in 1930, appeared a symposium of essays edited by Professor Norman Foerster, entitled *Humanism and America*, to which leading American Humanists, headed by Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, contributed. Among these writers was a young disciple of Babbitt's who had studied under him at Harvard, Thomas Stearns Eliot. His essay, "Religion without Humanism," revealed wherein he differed from More and Babbitt, differences re-emphasised in his "Humanism of Irving Babbitt," published in Eliot's *Essays Ancient and Modern*, and in *After Strange Gods*. But set Eliot beside the "modernists" of his own generation, Yvor Winters, Alan Tate, Edmund Wilson, and it becomes obvious that the Humanist influence was too deep-rooted not to colour at least parts of his creative, as well as his critical, work. This influence, I believe, is the background of his attempt, growing in urgency and in relevance to the modern situation, to probe the question, "What is Sainthood?", a theme which runs through and unifies his first three plays, *Murder in the Cathedral*, *The Family Reunion*, and *The Cocktail Party*.

The Middle Ages, wrote L. J. A. Mercier in his *Challenge of Humanism*, were concerned with *Literae Divinae*. Renaissance Humanism shifted its emphasis to *Literae Humaniores*. The ideal of the former was the saint, of the latter *l'honnête homme*, the "complete man." One of the essential traits of complete humanity is that it is impinged upon by intimations from two other planes, the natural below and the supernatural above. To be truly human man has to hold the balance between these conflicting worlds. On this basis American Humanism developed its philosophy which, according to Babbitt, differed from religion in putting as the foundation of human life, not man's divinity, but what distinguished him from the other animals, the power of reason to discriminate among his impressions. The two noblest manifestations of Humanism, in Ancient Greece and Confucian China, were independent of the supernatural. Nevertheless, Babbitt allowed that in actual practice, without the humility of religion, man tended to fall into Stoic pride or Epicurean relaxation. He needed, therefore, an awareness of the supernatural which to Babbitt, as to Eliot,

revealed itself within human experience as a principle of "vital control"—*le frein vital*, or the "inner check," as More frequently described it in his *Shelburne Essays*. This discriminated among man's multitudinous impulses and harnessed them to the "higher will," the manifestation in man of that central abiding Reality which Plato had distinguished as "the One," as opposed to the vast phantasmagoria of physical phenomena, "the Many."

It was with the operation of the "higher will" in human experience that More and Babbitt were principally concerned. Although they appeared to concentrate upon the middle or "human" plane, "reason" to them was not primarily the discursive reason which analyses and defines, but *intuitive* reason, fusing our impressions into a way of life through the agency of the "creative imagination." Thus while seeking a middle way for *l'honnête homme*, Babbitt, and even further More whose work was impregnated with a sense of the invisible mystery thinly veiled by nature, found themselves exploring the way of perfection trodden by the world's saints. Their conception of Humanism as a way of balance and mediation depended less on intellect than on will. It discriminated rigorously between two types of mysticism: "false" mysticism which, like that cultivated by Rousseau and his followers, was expansive, overflowing the barriers which control man's impulsive nature and suffused by an emotional self-identification with the phenomenal universe; and "true" mysticism, born of the strict disciplining of man's expansive tendencies in favour of an intense inner concentration. Of this spiritual discipline resulting from the exercise of the "higher will," operating as a principle of "vital control," the saints were to Babbitt the supreme example. With this Eliot agrees wholeheartedly. "There is much chatter about mysticism," he wrote in "Religion without Humanism." "For the modern world the word means some spattering indulgence of emotion instead of the most terrible concentration and *askesis*. . . . Only those have the right to talk of discipline who have looked into the Abyss."

Eliot's main objection to American Humanism as such was that it claimed to provide for the whole of life while lacking the intellectual discipline of philosophy or science, and the emotional discipline of religion. But he admitted the value of a less assertive humanism which alone could hold the balance between science and religion, and prevent either from denying its true character in an attempt to reach a false compromise. "It is the spirit of humanism which has operated to reconcile the mystic and the ecclesiastic in one church, and having done this in the past, humanism should not now set itself up as another sect, but strive to continue and enlarge its task, labouring to reconcile and unite all parts into a whole." It is this spirit of humanism which informs the plays, although I believe in many instances it corresponds more closely to More's and Babbitt's Humanist ideals than Eliot was prepared to allow in 1930.

Such a Humanism reconciles mystic and ecclesiastic, not only within one church, but within one man. Becket is such a synthesis in *Murder in the Cathedral*; as indeed is Eliot himself. Humanism's worst enemy is dogmatism which More denounces as the *Demon of the Absolute* in a volume of *The New Shelburne Essays* by that name. Such dogmatism sets itself

up as a complete solution of the human dilemma, rejecting the way of mediation. As the *libido dominandi*, it drives man to a false lust for power, personified in *Murder in the Cathedral* by Henry II, whose influence is omnipresent, although he does not appear. As the *libido sentiendi*, it drives man to a false mysticism, while as the *libido sciendi*, it begets false ecclesiasticism or rationalism, both involving the intricacies of theoretical argumentation. Becket is beset by both these cravings. The main action of the play indeed depends less on the outward conflict between him and the King than on the inner tension. All that really matters passes between Becket and his Tempters, particularly the Fourth, whose temptation is the more insidious because it plays upon his desire for martyrdom, a subtle form of "false" mysticism whereby finite man aspires to infinite power over the imagination of his fellows.

In opposition to the *libido sciendi* of rationalism or theology, the *libido sentiendi* of false mysticism is scepticism, the action of the critical mind which does not force experience into a ready-made mould. True religion and Humanism accept the knowledge that man does not know, and would have him abide humbly in the partiality of his present insight. But acceptance of human limitation has two aspects. It may be that of the relatives in *The Family Reunion*, a confused groping in an unfamiliar world, where knowledge is of a kind sufficient only for the most banal pursuits, enabling them to simulate outward motions without understanding their inner motives. Everyday life is passed entirely on the plane of the Many, and is therefore diffuse, fragmentary, without any centripetal pattern. There is, however, another form of the acceptance of human limitation, the wisdom of negation which the Psychiatrist in *The Cocktail Party* commends to Edward, afflicted by the Demon of the Absolute;

("Nobody likes to be left with a mystery;

It's so unfinished")

to whom he gives this advice:—

"The one thing to do

Is to do nothing. Wait."

To the Humanist this suspension of judgment is the way to true wisdom.

The "knowing one does not know" springs only from the true, the uncynical disillusionment of those who have, in Eliot's phrase, "gazed into the Abyss," a point reached by Celia in *The Cocktail Party* and by Harry, Mary and Agatha in *The Family Reunion*. To have reached this point involves a spiritual tension unknown to those living exclusively on the natural plane. Of his other relatives Harry says:—

"They don't know what it is to be awake,

To be living on several planes at once."

Only those who do inhabit several planes realise the "costingness" of such reality, but they can do nothing to relieve the tension; they are

"Only watchers and waiters,

Not the easiest rôle."

Nevertheless there is a health-giving vision in their very disillusion which distinguishes it from the confused phantasmagoria which haunt the man who lives entirely on the shifting plane of the phenomenal universe, and who awakens suddenly from the glamour or complacency of false illusion to the nightmare unreality of an equally false disillusion.

The theme of real and false disillusion, one of the major *motifs* of More's *Shelburne Essays*, affects both *The Family Reunion* and *The Cocktail Party*. Throughout the former, words to suggest the insubstantiality of man's experience if he inhabits only the natural plane are multiplied to create an atmosphere of shadows moving in a grim, grotesque charade. Harry remembers his wife as "a restless, shivering painted shadow in life. She is less than a shadow in death." The relatives are "here at Amy's command, to play an unread part in some monstrous farce, ridiculous in some nightmare pantomime." A similar sense of unreality besets Edward after Lavinia's return in *The Cocktail Party*. He tells Reilly: "I have ceased to believe in my own personality." Lavinia had been "only a ghost to him."

The greatest terror such confusion brings is the sense of man's essential loneliness. Eliot continues the New England tradition of Hawthorne and Melville in his stress upon the separative effect of "sin." Edward and Lavinia are separated by their lovelessness, not only from each other, but from humanity. Edward's first glimmering of hope comes in his intuition that in this world such loneliness is man's lot. Harry has felt cut off by his imagined guilt. Haunted by the Eumenides whom he supposed to be figments of his own diseased imagination, he awakens from illusion only by discovering that they represent an actual phase in his family's history. This knowledge frees him from his torment and enables him, as the atoning victim expiating vicariously his family's corporate guilt, to *accept* the Eumenides.

Such atonement can come only through an extremity of dereliction. The Saint must gaze into the Abyss, endure a desolation of soul far exceeding the shadowy isolation of ordinary men. Eliot's quest in the three plays is the same as More's throughout *The Shelburne Essays*, for "the good life." Once the Chamberlaynes have been stripped of every vestige of self-sufficiency and exposed ruthlessly to themselves, they discover, through their very wretchedness, a way to resolve their dilemma by *acquiescing in their human condition*, avoiding excessive expectation, and learning to tolerate themselves and others. Reilly offers Celia this solution, and, in reply to her query:—"Is that the best life?", assures her that:—

"In a world of lunacy,
Violence, stupidity, greed. . . . It is a good life."

This is the life to which Mary and Agatha must adapt themselves, thereby accepting "wanderings in the neutral territory between two worlds." They abide on the human plane, aware of intimations from the natural and the supernatural, holding the balance precariously between the two. This purely human condition Reilly can describe to Celia in familiar terms because she has seen others following it. But there is another way which is "unknown, and so requires faith—

The kind of faith that issues from despair.

The destination cannot be described;

You will know very little until you get there;

You will journey blind. But the way leads towards possession

Of what you sought for in the wrong place."

This is the way that Harry too must go, from a world of insanity, following "the bright angels."

The individual, like Celia, has ostensibly the right to accept or reject this course, but, in fact, to those who have once gazed into the Abyss, there can be no recall to the banalities of everyday living. "There is nothing else to do," Celia says. Sainthood is thus a sudden simplification, the "do best" of Piers Plowman.

Only those who have the making of saints—not of "normal people"—are sent to the Psychiatrist's sanatorium. But sainthood does not mean seclusion. Sanctity is a state of mind, not an outward condition. Some return to various functions in society, working unobtrusively among men. Harry's family, unable to comprehend his decision, approximate to the truth only by saying that he is going to be a missionary, although the phrase means little to them. Celia becomes a nursing sister in an austere order, and meets her death by crucifixion near an ant-hill.

Eliot is studying the psychology of sainthood within modern society but to do so, has to link it with the great traditional values of the Church. The Psychiatrist obviously represents a supernatural agency—some critics have suggested God—although he claims no omniscience or infallibility. More probably he represents the Church, working through such human ministers as Julia and Alec, superficially secularised, vulgar and shallow, their treasure hidden in earthly vessels, as Eliot admits of the Church in "Religion without Humanism." Reilly's presence lifts *The Cocktail Party* on to a plane where *The Family Reunion* does not aspire. The sainthood of Harry does not involve specifically Christian standards. The avenging presence of The Eumenides, the idea of vicarious expiation, the acceptance of a plane above reason where men of insight may find their higher perceptions confirmed, these are elements of the purely Humanist tradition, notably from classical literature. But the need for voluntary atonement and the sacrificial and redemptive quality obviously attributed to Celia's death take their significance from Christian Revelation with its central emphasis upon the Cross.

Such a consummation of pure Humanism in the deeper insight of Christianity is not peculiar to Eliot. More found it imperative to supplement his admiration for certain experiential truths of Orientalism and Platonism by the miracle of the Incarnation, a position he developed in *The Greek Tradition*. And if Babbitt never evolved beyond his first clear-cut distinction between the human and the supernatural, his ideal of behaviour was still the Saint, however futile it might seem to Eliot without the inspiration of Christianity. Nor was his practice entirely on the "human" plane. More records the outburst of an Oriental visitor who, introduced to Babbitt at a dinner, exclaimed:—"Oh, Babbitt! He is a holy man, a great saint." Then added to More, "You are not a saint at all, only a philosopher, while you, my dear Frank," (to his host, Frank Mather) "are the wickedest man I know."

We still have to await the canonisation, official or unofficial, of Mr. Eliot whose nearest approach to such distinction is the achievement of an O.M. But at least he has helped us Occidentals to recognise a saint in our midst if we meet one; only his Saint is peculiarly like a Humanist—with the wings of faith added to the pilgrim's staff.

UNTOUCHABILITY AND FOREIGN MISSIONS IN INDIA

UNTOUCHABILITY has for thousands of years been a cancerous growth on the body politic of India; it is hardly necessary to emphasise the difficult problem it now presents to Indian nationalism. Untouchables known officially from British times as the Scheduled Castes, numbered about sixty millions when India was divided between Hindu and Muslim in 1947. About fifty millions were included in independent India; the rest, ten millions or so, went to Pakistan. The Indian census of 1951 puts them at fifty-one millions, 144 to every thousand of the population. As during the British regime, the vast majority live in the hundred thousands of villages in the Indian countryside in conditions little better than serfdom. They are relegated to groups of insanitary hovels, well away from the main village; few own land, most of them work as agricultural labourers; others carry out the scavenging work of the village, the tanning of hides and other occupations degrading for the caste Hindu. In the towns scavenging is the main employment. In point of fact the disabilities of former times still persist: not yet has the Hindu, especially when he lacks higher education, given up the age-old theory that untouchability is a socio-religious element in Hinduism. Outcasts almost everywhere find difficulty in getting a supply of fresh water; they are pushed away from the village wells; often they have to hire a Hindu to draw water for them, since their touch pollutes the well-rope. Temple entry is generally prohibited. Under Gandhian influence there was some improvement. Mahatma Gandhi himself worked for the regeneration of these unfortunate people. The hope that he would exercise his predominant influence in their favour after independence, died with him.

The British Government, for its part, felt that the removal of the blot of untouchability from Hinduism was a matter for the caste Hindu, reflecting as it did, religious prejudices; legislation directed against it would have created many difficulties. The Government, however, insisted on the outcast being admitted to State Schools; a measure not easily enforceable and often avoided. Employment was given them where possible; several regiments, notably that fine corps, King George's Own Sappers and Miners, were recruited from untouchables trained and led by British Officers and British N.C.O.s (It won laurels in both world wars). The outcast owes an immense debt to Christian missionaries, British, American, French, German, for example. They gave outcasts education, medical help, taught them habits of cleanliness, trained them for employment of a better class; many became Christians. Education gave converts self-respect, even caste Hindus in many cases regarded them as differing from, and less objectionable than, their fellows who remained unconverted. The dawn of Indian independence found the outcast community still helplessly clinging to the skirts of Hinduism. Hindu statesmen naturally felt that untouchability was a challenge to Indian nationalism. India was to be a secular state; there must be no degree of citizenship; untouchability—regarded as a socio-religious attribute must go; in the new constitution inaugurated in 1950 it was abolished. The political impotence of the community was, however, recognised by the grant of separate

representatives for a period of ten years, with joint electorates with the caste Hindus. This, of course, means that only in rare cases is the outcast M.P. really independent of Congress.

What is the position of this unfortunate community after five years of working of the democratic Secular State? There seems to have been little progress in the countryside even in states where the law makes what is called the practice of untouchability an offence. Only rarely has an outcast had the courage to take an affront or a case of unjust treatment into a criminal court. There have been many reports of ill-treatment of outcasts in the Press. Thus in Bikanir despite legislation penalising discrimination against outcasts, there have been cases of denying to them water from village wells, in Gaya district village land-owners burnt down an outcast school and forced a hundred outcast families to emigrate. The caste Hindu grievance against them was that they had demanded higher wages for work in the fields. Other unpleasant episodes have been reported, for example the boycott of outcasts for refusing to do work they considered degrading; the result was economic extinction. In Bhuj caste Hindus removed their children from a school because an outcast had been appointed teacher. In another case the Collector of a district was reprimanded by Government because outcasts in his headquarters town were not allowed to use the public taps. "Lend me a regiment," he replied, "and I will enforce the rule." In a Hyderabad village outcasts were branded because of a suspicion that they were spreading cholera.

The Commissioner of Scheduled Castes reports many instances of a similar kind. On one occasion, he notes, a housemaster in a Government school hostel refused to accept water from an outcast. This was in Madhya Pradesh (former Central Provinces). A curious episode occurred in the compound of the Resident Magistrate's Court in Delhi, 200 yards away from the Parliament building. Some outcasts had drunk water from vessels supplied at Government cost. For this they were abused by the Clerk of the Court, supported by Policemen; between them they made the culprits buy new ones. Many states, according to the Commissioner, have failed to co-operate. Harassment of the outcast in one form or another was very widely spread. He thought a Central Government law punishing offenders in matters relating to untouchability was essential; but the real remedy for the outcasts' troubles was self assertion on their part and an appeal to the law. But how, one may well ask, would the insurgents face up to the economic boycott that would follow?

Perhaps the most severe indictment of the caste Hindu attitude towards the untouchable comes from two noted outcast leaders, Shri Jagjivan Ram and Dr. Ambedkar, themselves members of the community. The former is a Minister of the Central Government. Speaking in Bikanir a few months ago when inaugurating the Rajasthan Depressed Classes League Conference, he said that he felt the situation was so serious that the only radical remedy should be adopted, the abolition of the caste system of Hindu Society, a system which had condemned one seventh of the population of the country to a life of degradation; it had to be obliterated sooner or later. Abolition of caste would, he admitted be immensely difficult, mainly because every Hindu, as an individual, functions, not in Hindu Society as a whole but in a small group of his own caste, or sub-caste

(varna) and naturally is loath to do away with the group with which he is intimately connected.

Dr. Ambedkars' outstanding ability was recognised by his appointment as Law Member of the Indian Constituent Assembly convened soon after independence; in that capacity he was architect of the new Constitution, an achievement for which he won generous encomium from political India. After four years working of the system he was so disappointed with the results, especially where his community was concerned, that he declared in the Upper House in a speech early in September that he would be the first to make a bonfire of the political structure for the building of which he was so largely responsible. One of its main defects was that it had failed to give any protection to the minorities against the tyranny of the majority. Everywhere the outcast was exposed to the harassment and insults of the caste Hindu. Special measures were necessary, for example provincial governors (shades of democracy!) should be given special powers for the protection of minorities. In reply to criticism of its policy as regards untouchability the Central Government put forward a Bill termed the Untouchability (Offences) Bill. It was recently debated in the House of the People. Many members took the opportunity to attack the government for its failure to eliminate the disgrace it implied. As to the Bill itself the general opinion seemed to be that it did not go far enough. Enforced segregation in residential areas and in schools should, it was thought, be penalised. Doubtless the Bill will soon find a place on the statute book.

Another development closely related to untouchability, is the growing hostility of the high caste Hindu extreme right, *e.g.*, of the Mahasabha and the Jan Sangh, for example, to Christian Missions whose work is so largely concerned with the uplift of the outcast, and of the depressed and backward classes generally. An argument that appeals to the caste Hindu in this context is that attempts to gain converts to a religion on the grounds that it is superior to the religion of the vast majority of the citizens of the State constitutes a threat to law and order and is politically objectionable; the more so because of the system adopted of offering attractive inducements as a reward for conversion. The Working Committee of the Mahasabha is not prepared to leave to government the responsibility of dealing with the activities of foreign missions and according to the *Hindu* of 26th July, it is preparing a campaign against what it describes as a growing menace. A resolution was passed at a recent meeting of the party calling for the co-operation of all parties in bringing mission work under official control. It went on to comment that the growing number of foreign missions in India was all the more a menace in view of America's pledge to give military aid to Pakistan. In recent years, the resolution adds, the United States has increasingly looked upon the Church as an aid to imperialism. American Churches have been taking an open stand on current political issues. Leakage from the Hindu fold must be stopped. Surprisingly the resolution ends with an appeal to Hindus to train and discipline missionaries to work among the outcasts and convince them by precept and example that the so-called Untouchables are part and parcel of the Hindu organism!

In Madhya Pradesh the movement against missionaries was so strong that the State government appointed a Committee to investigate the

charges brought against them. The missionaries were not represented and doubts are thrown on the impartiality of the Committee from the fact that its Chairman went out of his way, soon after his appointment, when addressing students at Nagpur, to assert that imperialists always had some vested interests in missionary enterprise. Further he stressed the danger of disruption of the national unity in the name of religion. Not content with its attacks on missionaries the Hindu Mahasabha has launched a vigorous campaign for *Shuddhi* (re-conversion of those who had been converted to Christianity) giving as its reasons for the movement the necessity of checking missionary activities in Hindu society; the Arya Samaj claims to have re-converted 25,000 untouchables to Hinduism. One wonders what their status is after the change. Are they casteless Hindus, with or without their former disabilities?

The crusade against missionaries imposes a difficult problem on the Indian Government. They are obviously anxious to avoid giving it a religious complexion. It is true that Dr. Katju the Home Member is reported to have announced early in the year that that government would not tolerate the religious activities of foreign missionaries. A few months later however, when discussing the question of missions in the House of the People the Home Minister modified his position by saying that the government attitude had nothing to do with religion. It was a political and national problem, a problem of Law and Order. "If," he said, "anybody starts a superiority race between religions, then it becomes a law and order question and people would not tolerate it now." Pandit Nehru, explained his views on the missionary problem last July, in a letter addressed to Congress provincial Committees. "Where foreign missionaries are concerned," he wrote, "it is not the religious question that is at issue, but rather the question of the admission into our country of foreigners for any purpose. We welcome them, but we apply certain rules in regard to their entry which have nothing to do with religion." He goes on to condemn the tendency in some parts of India for an aggressive attitude to be adopted towards Christian missionaries. Personally, he did not appreciate proselytization, but he had no business to thrust his opinion on others. He could understand an individual changing his religion because of certain convictions; mass conversions were another matter; in such cases there must be an absence of conviction. He thought *Shuddhi* was largely political. "It is this political tinge which has nothing to do with religion that I deprecate." It must be admitted that Pandit Nehru does not give a clear lead to militant Hinduism in this problem regarding the work of Christian missionaries in India. But one may, perhaps, assume that he deprecates the action taken by the Mahasabha. The President of the Indian Republic, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, is more definite. Speaking in Mysore a month or so ago to a gathering of local Christians, missionaries were free, he said, to carry on religious activities. He acknowledged the services of missionaries in the medical and educational fields. "In such matters, we are only carrying on the traditions and heritage of our forefathers." The anti-missionary movement has reached a stage at which the government will find it necessary to intervene. It will be interesting to see how they handle this thorny question. Is there any hope that there might be a concordat between the government and the missions on the policy

which the latter should adopt in future? It would indeed be a tragedy, for the outcasts if high caste Hindu opposition should seriously embarrass the uplift work missionaries are doing for the benefit of these unfortunate creatures.

It seems very unlikely that missionaries would be so misguided as to get involved in politics. Tact and common sense should help them to steer clear of suspicion. And it is to be hoped that state governments will encourage their work when it is obviously in the interests of the people. Recently it may be noted seven missionaries have been expelled for objectionable activities. Of these three were American the rest Italians. The Indian Government has to face up to many difficult and urgent problems, there is little doubt that it will now make a sustained effort to eliminate untouchability from the social and economic life of the country. Is it unfair to comment that the high caste Hindu would be better employed in promoting such efforts rather than in working up a campaign against missionaries? But as the Commissioner of Scheduled Castes has noted, the outcast must put up a fight himself, risking the consequences. He has a right to claim official help if he has to face a boycott. New legislation at the Centre should be a strong support. He may look for special privileges, educational, especially technical training. His troubles are largely economic, a rise in his standard of living is essential. The fixing of the wages of the agricultural worker at a reasonable scale would be a help; the possibility of better housing especially in the villages should be kept in view. Houses might be built by the outcasts themselves if given official encouragement. It is the policy of government to provide land wherever possible for the outcast, but the area of waste and other land available is strictly limited. A scheme that might be worth considering would be, following the example of Japan, to set up small scale industries in the countryside, linked with main industries in the towns. The necessary power should be available in the near future, in most parts of the country, as the huge hydro-electric schemes in process of development begin to function. But when all is said and done the driving power to remove the stain of untouchability from the social life of India must come from the caste Hindu.

WILLIAM BARTON.

MME DU BARRY—I.

SINCE the death of Mme de Pompadour in 1764 Louis XV lacked a friend in whose company he could find happiness and peace. He felt no affection for his Ministers or the members of his Household. For a brief space Mme d'Esparbes seemed a possibility, but her candidature was frowned on by Choiseul, still at the height of his power, and her charms were unequal to her claims. Other women were available in plenty, but he had always craved for something more than physical delights. Would he ever again find someone who could combine the rôles of mistress and familiar friend? Looking round the Court he discerned no one with the requisite qualifications. Why then should he not once again explore beyond the bars of his gilded cage? The news of Mme de Pompadour's charms and accomplishments had reached him from the bourgeois world

of Paris, and sharp eyes—particularly those of Richelieu, First Gentleman of the Bedchamber—were on the lookout for a successor. A second Pompadour could scarcely be expected, for her gifts were unique; but a combination of youth, beauty and vivacity might outweigh disabilities of education and lowly birth. That at last, at the age of fifty-nine, the *blasé* ruler found what he needed—comradeship and *joie de vivre*—was a landmark in the history of France. If the two middle decades of his life may be labelled the reign of the Pompadour, the last quinquennium carried the bright standard of Mme du Barry.

The parish register of Vaucouleurs, a little town in Champagne, records that *Jeanne, fille naturelle d'Anne Bécu*, was born on August 19, 1743, and baptised on the same day. At her father's identity we cannot even guess. Her mother, daughter of a cook and herself a dressmaker, soon gave birth to a second child, also of unknown paternity, and migrated to Paris in the hope of earning a higher wage. In the capital she found not only a situation but a husband, and her daughter was educated at a convent at the expense of a rich friend. Returning home at the age of fifteen the beautiful girl was apprenticed to a fashionable hairdresser who fell violently in love with her. Forced to leave owing to a quarrel between the respective mothers, she became *lectrice* to a wealthy widow living near Paris, whose two inflammable sons competed for her favours; and once again the peace of a household necessitated the dismissal of the charmer. Her third situation was in a fashionable showroom where at the age of eighteen temptations surged over her like a flood. Among the dissolute throng which frequented the establishment was Comte Jean du Barry, a successful army contractor whose flagrant debaucheries earned him the nickname of *le Roué*, a title reminiscent of the orgies of the Regency. Jeanne Bécu was added to his list of conquests, and the dressmaker's daughter sailed into society as the Comtesse du Barry, a title to which she possessed no claim, since the neglected wife of the *Roué* was alive. In his spacious mansion she met a crowd of aristocrats, for lavish entertainment could always fill a salon. Despite her plebeian origin and scanty education she took polish and looked the great world full in the face, unembarrassed and good-humoured, vivacious and radiant. Though she had always aspired to better herself there was little of the calculating schemer about her, and indeed there was no need to scheme. Nature's gifts, her face and personality, spoke for themselves. Her charm lay in her lack of pose, her childlike gaiety, her frank enjoyment of Vanity Fair. Amoral rather than immoral, she accepted the advances of her admirers and savoured every intoxicating hour as it flashed past. Who could set bounds to the fortunes of this woman so obviously destined to please?

When and where the King saw her for the first time we do not know, but it seems likely that contact was established soon after the death of the Queen in 1768 by the *Roué* himself with the aid of the valet Lebel and perhaps of Richelieu as well. The latter, who knew her, expected merely a nine days wonder, convinced that when the King learned that the enchantress was an obscure illegitimate and that the so-called Comtesse du Barry was a mistress, not a wife, the scales would fall from his eyes. But he had never cared much about trifles when they interfered with his pleasure and now he had ceased to care at all. When Richelieu enquired

what he found so alluring in his latest flame, he replied that she made him forget his sixty years. To the jaded ruler the dazzling creature seemed like a breath of spring after a long winter of loneliness and depression. Seeing her in chapel Horace Walpole described her as pretty but not striking, adding that he would never have inquired who she was. Unlike the Pompadour, who looked attractive in repose, the face of her successor needed lighting up.

No one was happier at the turn of events than the Comte du Barry, whose earlier attempts to secure a diplomatic post had been repelled by Choiseul and who now felt his feet on the ladder. That his pretty mistress must leave him was a trifle, for her place was easy to fill. The usual condition that a potential Favourite must be a married woman was met by a nominal marriage to his brother, the Chevalier Guillaume du Barry, a retired naval officer living in the depths of the country. A further service was rendered when the *Roué* furnished his ex-mistress with suitable clothes and jewels, carriages and lackeys, to build her up into a *grande dame*. Ambitious courtiers of both sexes climbed on to the band-wagon, including the cynical Richelieu who soon grasped that she had come to stay. Her *clientèle* was widened by the adherence of Choiseul's enemies who, after a decade of unavailing opposition, saw their chance at last. Her triumph was the talk of the town, and the *Chansonniers* were soon hard at work.

Quelle merveille!
Une fille de rien.
Une fille de rien,
Quelle merveille!
Donne du Roi de l'amour,

Est à la Cour!
Elle est gentille,
Elle a les yeux fripons.
Elle a les yeux fripons,
Elle est gentille.
Elle excite avec art

Un vieux gaillard.
Le Roi s'écrie:
L'Ange, le beau talent!
L'Ange, le beau talent!
Viens sur mon trône,
Je veux te couronner,
Je veux te couronner.

The King cared little what his people said about him, and Mme du Barry, unlike the Pompadour, was too much a child of nature to trouble about satire, envy and abuse. She lived for the moment and every day she felt the ground firmer under her feet. "The lady lives in a residence near that of the late Comtesse de Pompadour," reported the Austrian Ambassador to Maria Theresa. "Her liveries are magnificent, and on Sundays and *fêtes* she is seen at the Royal Mass in a chapel reserved for her." The King had once again found the intimacy, the relaxation, the stimulus which the de Nesle sisters and the Pompadour had once

supplied and which his furtive visits to the Parc aux Cerfs could not possibly provide. The older he became the more he longed to be rejuvenated by the magic of beauty and youth. Such was the fascination that the project of reviving the institution of *maitresse en titre* floated into his mind. That she coveted the post was natural enough, but even the autocrat could not elevate his lady-love by a stroke of the pen, for tradition required a vital condition to be fulfilled. Some great lady had to be induced to present her at Court by the promise of substantial rewards. After the terms demanded by a Marquise and a Baronne had been rejected as too high, the Comtesse de Béarn volunteered for the ceremony if her debts were paid. When the date had been fixed for January 25, 1769, she lost her nerve, for the frowns of Mesdames were unconcealed. Alleging that she had sprained her ankle, she absented herself from Court and the ritual had to be postponed. A few days later the King was injured in the hunting field and was nursed by his daughters who kept the enchantress at bay. Trusting in the favour of the King the Favourite met the weeks of waiting with a light heart, and her confidence was rewarded when the ceremony was fixed for April 22nd.

The presentation of Mme du Barry ranks among the most colourful episodes in the history of the French Court. While the Pompadour, with her more sensitive feelings, had found her début an ordeal, the du Barry took it in her stride. That the injured Queen had gone to her rest diminished the strain, and at fifteen the new Dauphin was too young to count. At the last moment it seemed as if the cup might again be dashed from her lips, for the elaborate *coiffure* took longer than expected and the King, annoyed by her unpunctuality, spoke of calling off the ceremony. A moment later her arrival was announced to the crowd in the *Galérie des Glaces* by Richelieu in his capacity as First Gentleman of the Bedchamber. At the sight of his mistress, radiant in a white gown and blazing with diamonds, the King's resentment melted away. She went through her paces without a trace of embarrassment and without a single mistake, saluted Mesdames and the Dauphin, and retired in a blaze of glory. Whatever might be the stain of her birth and the occasional vulgarity of her manners, friends and foes agreed that such a lovely mistress had never been seen at Versailles. Once again France possessed the expensive luxury of an uncrowned Queen and her ruler a cheerful comrade for his old age. Apartments were allotted to her in all the royal palaces, the Chateau de Louveciennes became her property, and she found herself a European celebrity. Except for Choiseul, Mme de Gramont and the Royal Family, the Court was at her feet, and Voltaire saluted her in sparkling verse. Two portraits of her were painted by Drouais, one as Flora, the other as a huntress in the man's attire she wore when she joined the royal hunt. Horace Walpole saw her again on September 17th and was struck by the absence of powder and rouge. Though she shared the prevailing passion for jewels and gambling, she learned to enjoy the *objets d'art* by which she was surrounded and to appreciate Shakespeare. In view of her origin it is astonishing how quickly she adapted herself to the minimum social requirements of the Court.

The first major result of her installation was the fall of the Minister who had held the reins of government firmly in his hands for nearly twelve years. Unlike Richelieu, who trimmed his sails to every passing breeze,

Choiseul realised too late that "la fille," "la coquine," as he called her, was more than a butterfly and had come to stay. His peril was increased by the tactless hostility of his masculine sister, the Duchesse de Gramont, who was believed to have aspired to the position now occupied by a shameless *cocotte*. Even the Minister's gentle wife found it difficult to conceal her feelings. "The disdainful demeanour and ungarded language of the Duchesse de Gramont and her intimate friend the Princesse de Beauvau," reported the Austrian Ambassador to Maria Theresa, "and the weakness of the Duc de Choiseul in following their lead, the open war he is waging against the Favourite and his public jests at her expense have long turned the King's heart against his Minister." The new Favourite, like the King, wished for nothing better than to live and let live, to be on good terms with everyone, high and low. She was much less inclined to vindictiveness than the Pompadour who struck without mercy when she met an obstacle in her path. She sent a message to Choiseul that if he wished for a *rap-prochement* she would meet him half way. Left to themselves they might have negotiated a *détente*, but the Favourite had unwittingly become the spear-head of the attack on the Minister by colleagues who were jealous of his power.

The King's dislike for changes in his entourage was notorious, and his liking for Choiseul remained intact. Distressed by the friction between the Minister and the Favourite, and possessing no other potential pilot of equal ability and experience, he strove to avert a break. "Tell your sister to be more careful or I shall exile her," he exclaimed to Choiseul, but the warning was in vain. There was talk of the Duc d'Aiguillon, the nephew of Richelieu, whom Choiseul regarded as his most serious rival; but when he mentioned his apprehensions to the King he received a reassuring reply. "How can you imagine that d'Aiguillon could replace you? What good could he do, hated as he is? You manage my affairs well and I am pleased with you. But beware of your *entourage* and of busybodies. You know Mme du Barry. *Elle est très jolie, j'en suis contente, cela doit suffire*. She feels no hatred for you, is aware of your ability, and wishes you no harm. The outburst against her has been terrible and largely undeserved. Am I desired to take a girl of birth? If the Archduchess was to my taste I would marry her with great pleasure, but I should like to see and know her first. The fair sex will always trouble me, but you will never see me with a Mme de Maintenon."

The letter was followed by a long interview between Choiseul and Mme du Barry at Fontainebleau, but by this time the rift was too deep. She was a good-natured woman, testifies the Duc de Croy, and wished no harm to anyone except Choiseul whom she hated. "I was astonished that with his amiable nature he did not win her over, but he almost seemed to challenge her authority." Only when she realised that he could not be tamed did she press the King for his dismissal, and she was never to make such a request again. The Minister's enemies tried to undermine his position by charges that he was friendly to the rebellious *Parlements* and that his devotion to the *Pacte de Famille* might drag France into an Anglo-Spanish dispute about the Falkland Islands; but it was the tears of the Favourite more than any political issue which turned the scale. "The lady no longer hides her hatred," reported Mme du Deffand to Horace

Walpole; and the interview was a tactical error. "He is subjected to pin-pricks, for instance exclusion from the little suppers in the private apartments, and when they are partners at whist she makes faces and shrugs her shoulders." Without the moral support of his strong-willed sister he might have resigned without waiting to be dismissed.

The strongest card in the Minister's hand was the unstinted confidence he enjoyed in Vienna and Madrid. While he was at the helm the Empress and Kaunitz knew that the Austrian alliance would remain intact and the King of Spain was assured that the *Pacte de Famille* was in safe hands. So long as the colonial rivalry with England lasted—and there was no prospect of its termination—the maintenance of the friendship of Austria and Spain was an axiom of French policy. No one understood this vital consideration better than the King, and it was doubtless this factor more than any other which prolonged Choiseul's ministerial career by many months. Though the Seven Years War had proved a disaster for France there was no thought of a new orientation, for no alternative was in sight. Indeed, in view of the emergence of Prussia as a Great Power and the apparent invincibility of England, prudence dictated a strengthening not a weakening of the Hapsburg alliance.

What could be more natural than to cement the treaty by ties of blood? On the death of the Queen in 1768 Louis XV had coquetted with the idea of marrying one of the elder daughters of Maria Theresa, but such an unnatural union had only to be considered to be dismissed. For a moment the Finance Minister, Abbé Terray, dreamed of securing the Pope's assent to a dissolution of the Favourite's marriage on the ground of non-consummation, to be followed by her marriage to the King. But why should not a much more suitable match be arranged on a lower level between Marie Antoinette, youngest daughter of the Empress, and the eldest grandson of Louis XV, who was only one year her senior? The plan originated soon after the end of the Seven Years War, and informed discussions took place between Choiseul and the Austrian Ambassador. On her twelfth birthday a symbolic dolphin (dauphin) was presented by the French Ambassador, and on her thirteenth the Empress bade her Ambassador in Paris select a French priest to train the destined bride. "I am impatient to know who will be chosen as the confessor of my daughter. I should also like a *friseur*, but I leave everything to Choiseul." The choice—and there could not have been a better one—fell on the Abbé de Vermond who did his best for the warm-hearted but indolent girl who hated the sight of books. An artist was despatched from Paris to paint her portrait, followed by a coiffeur. The marriage contract, signed on April 4, 1770, fixed her allowance and promised jewels worth 100,000 crowns. The Papal Nuncio officiated at the marriage by proxy, the Dauphin being represented by a brother of the bride. "May your Majesty be good enough to guide her," wrote the Empress to the King. "She is full of good will but at her age I beg indulgence for any mistake. I commend her as the most tender pledge of the happy union between our states and dynasties." As the Archduchess drove away from the Hofburg her mother whispered: "Be so good to the French that they can say I have sent them an angel." They knew they would never meet again.

The Empress furnished her daughter with a budget of counsels and

commands. "You will find a tender father who, if you desire it, will also be your friend. Love him, obey him, try to anticipate his thoughts as much as you can. It is this father, this friend, who is my whole consolation in my grief, in the hope that you will follow my advice to await his directions in everything. Of the Dauphin I say nothing. The woman is subject to her husband in everything, and she should have no other occupation than to please him and do his will. The only true happiness on earth is a happy marriage. Everything depends on the woman." Not a word was said about the Favourite.

The bride of fourteen was welcomed at Compiègne by the King, his three daughters, his three grandsons, and Choiseul, and delighted everybody except her timid and tongue-tied *fiancé*. "The Dauphine arrived four hours ago," reported the King to his grandson the Duke of Parma. "I am pleased with her, and so is my grandson. She is charming, but quite a child. The whole of her household is enraptured." He described her as "ma Duchesse de Bourgogne," alluding to his mother, the Rose of Savoy. Two days later the Court drove away, halting for a brief visit to Mme Louise in her nunnery at St. Denis. The night was passed at La Muette, a small hunting lodge in the Bois de Boulogne, and in the evening the Dauphine had her first view of the Favourite of whom she had never heard. Mme du Barry had never appeared at formal gatherings, but on this occasion, to the general surprise, she sat beside the King. It was inconceivable, commented the Austrian Ambassador in his bulletin for the Empress, that he should have chosen this moment for an honour so long withheld. When the bride innocently enquired what was the function of that pretty woman, it was explained that she was there to amuse the King. She was soon to learn the ugly truth from Mesdames. Next day the court drove on to Versailles, and on the following morning the marriage was celebrated by the Archbishop of Rheims.

G. P. GOOCH.

To be continued.

NORWAY—TOKYO VIA THE NORTH POLE

BODO, which was completely destroyed during the war, is to-day perhaps the most modern town in Norway with white stone buildings, pleasant restaurants and elegant shops. I thought, however, that the most original sight was a signpost showing global distances, so typical for our age of aviation. North Pole 6 hours, 5 minutes; Tokyo (via North Pole) 32 hours; Tokyo (via India) 70 hours 5 minutes; Fairbanks (Alaska) 14 hours 30 minutes; Thule (Greenland) 6 hours 40 minutes; Los Angeles (Arctic route) 22 hours; London 8 hours 40 minutes, etc.

It is no accident that this signpost has been raised in Bodø. Already in 1955 it will be the starting-point or at least the most important transit station for the flight to Tokyo via the North Pole. While the world looks to Denmark and the route Copenhagen-Søndre Strømfjord (Greenland)-Winnipeg-Los Angeles is regarded as the great technical adventure of our days—S.A.S. has already more ambitious plans. (By the way, the first modern hotel is now being constructed in Søndre Strømfjord, the Danish-American base in Greenland, which has so far been closed to tourism.)

Almost all agreements and concessions have been signed for the Bodö-Tokyo route. For the last two years a number of test flights have already been carried out with highest officials from the United States, Sweden, Norway and Denmark as passengers. There were no accidents whatsoever and everything went off according to schedule. On the 1955 route it will be possible to reach Tokyo via the North Pole, Anchorage (Alaska) and Shemya (Aleutians) within 32 hours. The route flown hitherto Scandinavia-Frankfurt-Rome-Tel Aviv-Abadan-Karachi-Calcutta-Rangoon-Bangkok-Manila-Tokyo took 70 hours and five minutes. Not counting intermediate stops, the actual flying-time still amounted to 57 hours. S.A.S. regrets that in contrast to the United States it will not be possible to achieve an air agreement with the Soviet Union. In that case it would be possible to fly to Tokyo via Franz Josefs Land, which is controlled by the Russians, and the 32 hours would decrease to 20.

Not only Bodö but the whole of Norway anticipates this North Pole flight with great enthusiasm. As I discussed this with a Norwegian friend, he explained to me: "This has a lot to do with our traditions. After all, Greenland was discovered by the Norwegian Viking Erik Raude in 985 and his son Leif Erikson discovered America in the year 1,000." Throughout the centuries the Norwegians have been fishing in these waters. In 1888 the great scientist, diplomat and humanitarian Fridtjof Nansen went across Greenland on skis. But the real polar visionary in the spirit of modern aviation was Raoul Amundsen. Between 1903 and 1906 he sailed through the North West and the North East passage with the famous ship "Fram," which also served Nansen during his bold expeditions. In 1922 Amundsen started his first flight across the North Pole from Alaska. His crash at the take-off did not discourage him. Three years later he made a second attempt, this time with Riisa-Larsen. They reached the 88th degree of latitude, when a forced landing became unavoidable. In Ny Alesund (Spitzbergen), the northern-most settlement of the world, I saw the landing-mast, Amundsen's house and a simple monument.

In 1926 the unfaltering Amundsen, who fanatically clung to his aim of conquering the Pole, managed to get across to Alaska. Contrary to the highly cultured Nansen, who radiated human warmth, Amundsen was a tough character. He did not make friends easily, but he is regarded to this day as an ideal leader of polar expeditions. Energy, genius and geographical conception, as well as the passionate desire to accomplish an aim once set, were united in his character. This spirit was inherited by Riisa-Larsen, who in 1920 obtained Pilot Certificate No: One for passenger planes. During the war this energetic man was the first chief of the Norwegian Navy-Airforce in London. Apart from dynastic exceptions, he is probably the only one who holds the rank of general and admiral. When this grand old man joined the S.A.S. in 1947 as chief of the planning department, the pole-plans began to take shape. One of the first passenger groups to fly across the Pole was the crew for the Norwegian hospital in Korea. Today it is an accepted theory that the route across the Pole is the shortest for heavy bombers and for atomic warfare. Much less has been said about the peaceful use of this sphere. Attempts to use it also commercially began in Norway exactly four years ago. The Norwegians were encouraged by the thesis that the great initiative always came from the

North. In fact, 90 per cent of mankind lives North of the Equator. Places like Stockholm, Berlin, Paris, London, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Montreal, Tokyo, Shanghai, Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev are all situated between the 30th and the 60th parallel. This is the belt of strength, and as the aircraft does not recognise any geographical obstacles and the shortest way between many of these places leads right across the Pole, it was naturally desirable to make use of it also for commercial aviation. The great Dutch and British navigators wanted to realise the dream of the North-West Passage. But their dreams were bolder than the technical possibilities, which are only open to the aircraft. The project itself is not new. Already before the first world war Prince Heinrich, brother of the last German Emperor, and Count Zeppelin travelled to Spitzbergen to examine the pole chances for the air-ship. However, the Norwegians were the first to undertake the practical work.

More airfields will be at the disposal of the Polar route than on the traditional across the North Atlantic. Most of them were built for military purposes, but in the hour of need they would naturally benefit also civil aviation. In general, S.A.S. received every support and encouragement from the military authorities. Safety conditions on the polar route are very favourable. Greenland has flight ice terrain and in an emergency there is a good chance to make a belly landing on the ice. The United States also maintain three floating ice islands on the coast, and they have a well developed rescue system with helicopters and ordinary planes. Atmospheric conditions leave nothing to be desired. They are much more difficult on the Equator with frequent rainfalls and dampness. Above the Pole, on the other hand, there is ideal vision and no clouds as soon as a height of 4,000 metres has been reached. In Southern regions, for instance over Central Europe, clouds cut out sight up to a height of 6-8,000 metres.

A special navigation technique has to be adopted in the polar region. So near to the magnetic North Pole the compass cannot be used any longer. It is also the area of the Northern lights and there are often radio storms, so that the pilot has to find his way without compass or radio. Last not least, the meridians are so tight together, that it is difficult to know the exact position. With two planes flying in the same direction, the one, which has already passed the Pole, is flying southwards, while the other is still going north. Therefore, the traditional aids, radio, compass and maps have become useless. They were replaced by the oldest method, astro-navigation, the reading of the stars, which providence is facilitating by the complete absence of clouds. In winter one can trust the stars and in the summer the sun does not set night and day and one always knows where the sun is in rotation to the globe. The gyrorector, specially designed for S.A.S. polar flights, replaces the ordinary compass and has been installed in all the company's planes. On leaving Bodø it is fixed on one star. Last not least, so-called grid maps have been designed which replace the ordinary ones. The flight captains stress that with the help of these grid maps they never miss the geographical North Pole. Eventually, the Pole is becoming a more realistic conception, which no longer has anything to do with Jules Verne's wishful thinking. Its accessibility, of which Amundsen only dreamed, is to-day a sensation and will be tomorrow the same every-day event as the trip from Bodø to Oslo. A. J. FISCHER.

THE PAN-EUROPEAN IDEA

UNTIL falsified by the events of fifty years ago Europe's "Great Illusion" was held to be that war between her major Powers would ever be sufficiently a business proposition for them to resort to it. Is Europe, early in the second half of the same century, entering into another "Great Illusion"—that war will be abolished henceforth by the pooling of the sovereignties of the Powers within the framework of a political Union such as was contemplated by the institution of the Council of Europe at Strasbourg? To so many had that belief come until quite recently that there was a lively rivalry among those who held it as to who in our times was most entitled to the credit. A select group of Right Wing politicians claim it for their own illustrious leader (and for themselves as his devoted followers) who in two post-war orations, at Fulton and at Zurich, extolled the "European Idea" in his finest phrases, to be followed soon after by his convocation of the Council at Strasbourg. But, as was acknowledged by Sir Winston himself at Zurich, a considered plan for a United States of Europe had been put forward as long ago as 1923 by Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, who had organised at Vienna the Pan-European Union, and pressed it forward continuously ever since by successive stages against every kind of opposition. Only when it was ripe to be institutionalised did the idea merit the support it gained from the leading statesman. If, however, credit is to be given to the modern personage most entitled to it, it is only just, if it will be the reverse of popular, to award it neither to the Englishman nor the Austrian but to a German, the Emperor Wilhelm II.

As may be remembered by the few still surviving the eighteen-eighties, soon after the accession of Wilhelm II, there appeared in most of the illustrated publications of Europe a cartoon. It depicted a group of female figures of varying types of beauty and shades of colouring. In the centre a buxom blonde, with raised arm, pointed to a distant horizon on which were massed hordes of yellow men. "Nations of Europe," the central figure was depicted as saying, "look to your most cherished possessions." The designer, if not the executant of the picture, was the Kaiser himself, and the obvious object of his solicitude was the then much talked of Yellow Peril. The cartoon provided the Europe of that time with a subject for satire at the expense of its royal and imperial inspirer; but looking back to-day it can hardly be denied to Wilhelm II that he was the first in our time to have the vision of a United Europe against an eastern peril, if a farther distant one than faces the Europe of today. But what did he do to give effect to his idea? History records that what he did was, by successive stages, to shatter it. When thirty years after he left his throne and country to spend the rest of his life in exile, after defeat in a war of his own choosing, it was to see the collapse of every one of the props on which he had based the United Europe of his conception, that is, her three great Empires, Russia, Austria, and his own, each of which had overthrown its monarchy, while two of them—Russia and Austria—lost all their smaller dependent nationalities from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Europe, by the withdrawal of Soviet Russia to the east, had now shrunk by one half and politically was predominantly democratic if not socialistic. Any future appeal for European unity, therefore, had to be based not on inter-monarchical but inter-parliamentary

co-operation. From the Imperial standpoint, his reign turned out to be a Reign of Error—the first of a series of such reigns.

The European Idea, handed on to the democracies at the close of the first World War, came very near to realisation by the end of the nineteen-thirties, thanks partly to the co-operation of the nationalities, old and new, in the work of the League of Nations; thanks partly to the Foreign Ministers who negotiated the Locarno and other regional peace Pacts, but thanks also to the persistent propagandist efforts of the Pan-European Union whose founder, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, succeeded in securing from France and Germany, through their two Foreign Ministers, Briand and Streseman, the famous declaration in favour of not merely a European Union but a close federation. The second Reign of Error followed the death of the two champions of federation and the failure of their successors to give effect to its essential pre-condition, a complete reconciliation of France and Germany such as would have followed an agreement on Disarmament at the Geneva Conference of 1932. That failure gave reviving German nationalism a pretext for withdrawal from the League, and afterwards for a revival of aggressive militarism under the Hitler regime and elsewhere—in Italy, Japan, and in some of the eastern European states—of the spirit of *sacro egoismo*, alike in the field of armaments and in the erection of protective trade barriers. To the failure of the democracies to unite while the time was ripe we owe the inauguration of Europe's third Reign of Error, for which the guilt rests again upon a German head. Yet it cannot be denied that even in that head—Hitler's—the European Idea had a lodgment. For, when he had accomplished what he thought to be German "liberation" from the shackles of Versailles and the resoration of her lost European territories, he did propose to the West, and particularly to Britain, that Europe, still safe from Bolshevism, should unite—again under German leadership—and "look to her most sacred possessions" against an eastern peril nearer than China. The refusal of the West to have anything to do with Hitler's New Order was followed by an attempt by Germany, unaided, to destroy the Soviet and all its works. Britain—in her wisdom, one must presume—preferred to ally herself with Stalin's Russia against Germany than with Hitler's Germany against Russia, with the result that the Third Reich followed the First and Second rapidly down the road to total ruin.

It remained, then, that the continuance of the Reign of Error in Europe should be by those who had combined to destroy Germany as a political unit, dividing it between the four victors into zones of military and political government. It can hardly be denied, in the light of events, that this third Error was a cardinal one, for which prior responsibility must lie with Roosevelt, through two of his decisions, one that the war against Germany should end only by Unconditional Surrender, the other his agreement with Stalin that Soviet Russia should be left practically in political and economic, as well as in military, occupation of all the territories east of the Elbe, including five provinces of Germany itself. If the Allies, instead of insisting on unconditional surrender, had shown readiness to receive peace proposals from anti-Hitlerite elements in Germany, on their own overthrow of the Third Reich, the situation of today, with the prospect of a Third World War, might never have arisen.

What of today—from the angle of the European Idealists? Accepting the “Iron Curtain” as definitely down over a Europe divided on a line that bisected Germany, the democracies decided to rest content with a Union in the West alone, with such outside as might feel it safe for them to join in. The western zones of Germany formed themselves into a Federal Republic and were admitted to the Strasbourg Council. Under the inspiring leadership of Sir Winston for two years it appeared as if western Europe was moving towards not mere union but actual federation, through “supra-national” controls being accepted for her basic industries, her finances and commerce, and even for her armed defences, to be controlled by “communities” representing the popular Assembly of the Council. Then it fell to Sir Winston to assume the reins of government, with a cessation of his leadership of Europe. With that cessation Europe lost the sense of self-confidence his leadership had provided for it. The old Franco-German divisions reasserted themselves; the “supra-national” institutions lapsed, and, in the case of defence, collapsed. Instead of a federal structure Western Europe became once again a coalition of armed forces and Foreign Office diplomacies, over whose operations no democratic control takes effect or seems likely to do so. What was once Europe geographically, after the close of the First World War, has become two Europes, facing each other across a potential battle-line which, should it be crossed from either side, will involve the entire Continent in annihilation through the use of weapons exceeding in horrific capacity anything dreamed of in the wildest fantasy. Thus may be begun the third and final Reign of Error of which there can be no correction.

But there may be prevention, and those undertaking it may be the Pan-Europeans, wisely guided, as they may be. At its Conference last autumn at Baden-Baden, which I was privileged to attend as a British participant, the Movement resolved to conform with the provisions of the Paris Treaty for Western defence, and “pressed without delay for common political institutions leading step by step towards European federation, a single community, inspired by a European patriotism.” Emphasis is laid on the primary purpose of the idea of European unity today, as ever—peace, and then on “human dignity, the safeguarding of liberty, prosperity and social security, a common market assuring the free movement of men and goods, peaceful co-existence, an end to the Cold War, to the arms race, and to atomic peril.” To achieve these objects within the non-federal framework that follows the Paris Treaty will not be easy for the pan-Europeans, faced as they will be now more firmly than before at Strasbourg and elsewhere by the Imperialists and anti-federalists from London. The latter, at their own Conference at Westminster early last year, conceived a united western Europe not as an independent entity, but as one contained within a union of territories in the Commonwealth and Colonial Empires, whose basis would be preferential tariffs against the rest of the world. The pan-Europeans, on the other hand, have from the start aimed first at a strictly European federation, including states alike eastern and western. Unbreakable peace between those states themselves remaining the objective, acceptance of partition, especially one that divides Germany into two, can never be entertained by them. As there are no stronger adherents to the European Idea than the Federal Germans themselves, led by Dr. Adenauer,

it may come to pass that the Reign of Error inaugurated by a militarist German Emperor may be ended by a democratic German Chancellor, federally united with the democratic leaders of those states of Europe that can make and prove a just claim to be the true inheritors of the traditions of Greece, of Rome, of the Christian Church, of the Renaissance, and of liberal humanitarianism. In such a federation there should always be admission open to states that wish and are qualified to enter. An adjourned session of the Pan-European Congress was held at the end of March, at which consideration has been given—but of which a report has not yet been published—to steps by which to bring the European Idea, in its revised implications, before the peoples of the countries favouring Federation. It is to be hoped that such proposals may not fall entirely on deaf ears in these islands.

VIVIAN CARTER.

QUEEN CAROLINE AND JEANIE DEANS

IT is generally agreed by the critics of Sir Walter Scott's work that he is at his very best or most at home when drawing on his own country and people for a basis of a novel. We are therefore assured of such a success in the material of "The Heart of Midlothian." This is full of local colour and incident. It is a moving story of two sisters, daughters of a most rigid old Covenanter, David Deans, who is a small farmer in the country outside Edinburgh. Jeanie is the elder, Effie the younger. The latter has become acquainted with a rascal who is the father of the child born to them and Effie stands accused with the crime of child-murder. It is round this tragic plot the story is worked out. Leaving out the details of the trial and verdict of guilt Effie now awaits the sentence of death to be carried out. Here her sister Jeanie arrives in the picture and takes on front rank importance. She has decided to do her utmost to save her sister's life in spite of the opinion and counsel of their friends. These cannot see any way out of the law's decision. Nothing daunted however Jeanie decides to undertake the long, dangerous, and trying journey by road to London entirely on her own with the view of obtaining a Royal pardon. In what would seem to be an almost insuperable situation Scott very neatly works out a possible solution to fit the case. It appears a grandfather of Reuben Butler, a lover of Jeanie, had done a former Duke of Argyll a good turn, and Reuben proposes to write a letter to the present holder of the title in which he will urge his Lordship's assistance in obtaining Effie's pardon as a requital. Jeanie gratefully accepts this offer, goes on her adventurous travel, reaches her destination safely and eventually meets the Duke. Here we have a little pastiche of Georgian romance with an authentic touch of detail and atmosphere which takes the reader into an acceptable view of the period. Scott dealing with his own people and his knowledge of the Court is able to paint a picture at which he is a master. Lady Louisa Stuart, a great friend of Scott, admired the story and completely fell for Jeanie who, she says, "without youth, beauty, genius, warm passions, or other novel-perfection, is here our object from beginning to end." Lady Louisa's other admiration was for the author's portrait of the Duke, in real life a great-uncle of hers. He is depicted with great skill and is made to live for us as he

deals first with Jeanie and then with the Queen. The Duke had an illustrious record behind him and was deservedly popular with the Scots. "He was," says Scott, "alike free from the ordinary vices of statesmen." Rather eccentric and uncertain in his public conduct, the people of Edinburgh were grateful to him for supporting the city over the Porteous riot. In this he upset the English Court and the House of Lords by his strong partisanship. It is certain he was much more popular with his own folk than he was in the South.

Scott's portrait of Queen Caroline is nearer life, and her meeting with Argyll at Richmond is a most attractive piece of writing. In Thackeray's bitter picture of the Georges he pays tribute to Caroline as a brilliant helpmate to the King. "Why," says he, "did Caroline, the most lovely and accomplished princess of Germany, remarkable for beauty, for cleverness, for learning, for good temper, take a little redfaced staring princeling for a husband, and refuse an Emperor?" G. M. Trevelyan is not far behind Thackeray in his admiration for this woman. "His (i.e., George II) paragon of a wife, Caroline of Anspach, he valued far above any of his mistresses, and greatly to the advantage of his subjects took her advice on public affairs." A meeting between a Royal personage and one of their subjects has been attempted by a later novelist of fame. Thomas Hardy has introduced such a meeting in "The Trumpet Major." This is Anne Garland's unexpected introduction to King George III. Here it was not, however, a case of seeking assistance in a desperate situation. Anne had just bid farewell to Robert Loveday who was joining the *Victory* as a seaman. Unknown to her the King saw her crying and asked what was causing her grief. On being told His Majesty asked her lover's name and on being informed it was Robert Loveday said, "Loveday—a good name. I shall not forget it. Now dry your cheeks, and don't cry any more."

Having reached London Jeanie's next task was to interview the Duke before she could approach Royalty. Argyll having been told of her call agreed to see the girl. Scott's description of the interview is most charmingly set down. Lord David Cecil in his study of Scott says "his vernacular dialogue is style in its highest sense. He has achieved that rarest of literary triumphs, a form of speech which sounds perfectly natural and which is yet as expressive as poetry." It is so here and in the subsequent meeting with the Queen Caroline. Jeanie tells the Duke she has come up to London "in the way of getting a reprieve or pardon, Sir, or the like of that." "Alas," says the Duke, "you have made a long and sad journey to very little purpose—your sister is ordered for execution." Nothing daunted Jeanie reminds Argyll that "there is a law for reprieving her, if it is in the King's pleasure." So, in the end, the Duke agrees to see what he can do for her, although quite aware of the disfavour he fears the Royal couple have for him on account of his activities over the Porteous riots. The Duke, having arranged for the meeting of the Queen and Jeanie at Richmond, took care to be on the scene earlier in order to have an explanatory interview with Her Majesty and to make the latter fully aware of the reason for his unusual request. When they met, Argyll noticed the Queen was accompanied by a lady-in-waiting. This was Lady Suffolk, one of the King's mistresses, trusted by both King and Queen, but who lay, says Scott, under strong obligations to the Duke himself. After an exchange of courtly banter on

the Duke's position in the Royal circle the Queen asks Argyll what the exact request is he wishes to put before her. "It is no suit of mine, madam, replied the Duke. . . . It is a business which concerns His Majesty, as a lover of justice and of mercy . . . the present is a matter of more private concern, and respects the person of an obscure individual. . . . What is the affair, my Lord? . . . The matter, madam, answered the Duke, regards the fate of an unfortunate young woman in Scotland, now lying under sentence of death for a crime of which I think is highly probable that she is innocent. And my humble petition to Your Majesty is to obtain your powerful intercession with the King for a pardon." This did not please the Queen at all, and she informed the Duke that he had as much right to approach the King as she herself had. And after referring again to the troublesome Porteous affair Queen Caroline asks Argyll what was his particular interest in Jeanie. On this there is some more banter between them, and the Duke explains the law under which Effie Deans has to suffer and tells the Queen of Jeanie's affectionate efforts on behalf of her sister.

At last the Duke manages to touch the Queen's heart and she agrees to meet Jeanie face to face. "Jeanie," says Scott, "had a voice low and sweetly toned . . . and eke besought her leddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature." The Queen asked Jeanie how she travelled up from Scotland. "'Upon my foot mostly, madam' was the reply. 'What, all that immense way upon foot? How far can you walk in a day?' 'Five and twenty miles and a bittock.' 'And a what?' said the Queen to the Duke. 'And about five miles more,' replied Argyll. 'I thought I was a good walker,' said the Queen, 'but this shames me, sadly.' 'May your leddyship never hae sae weary a heart that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs!' said Jeanie. 'And I dinna just a'thegither walk the haill way neither for I had whiles the cast of a cart . . . and divers other easements,' the girl added. 'With all these accommodations,' answered the Queen, 'you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and I fear, to little purpose; since, if the King were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite.' 'She was confident,' Jeanie said, 'that baith town and country wad rejoice to see His Majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature'." The Queen then brings into discussion the Porteous riot and asks, "'Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?' 'No madam,' answered Jeanie. 'He is dead and gone to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister—my puir sister Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered. She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that His Majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. Oh, madam, if ever ye ken'd what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature . . . have some compassion on our misery! Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death. . . . Oh, my leddy, then it isna what we have dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will

be sweeter in that hour, come when it may.' Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn. "'This is eloquence,' said her Majesty to the Duke. . . . 'Young woman,' she continued, 'I cannot grant a pardon to your sister, but you shall not want my warm intercession with His Majesty'." The Queen has found Jeanie irresistible with her impassioned eloquence, so artless and heartfelt, and in the end Effie goes free. "Jeanie Deans," says Maurice Hewlett, "is beyond Shakespeare." A most fitting tribute on which to end this sketch.

W. H. GRAHAM.

RUSSIA'S WAR ON ISLAM

SINCE my last article in the *Contemporary Review* on Russian policy and activities in the Middle East very considerable changes have taken place in this field. Faced with the strengthening of the Islamic front brought about by closer relations between Turkey, Pakistan and the Moslem World, confronted by a rise in the power of Moslem elements within the borders of the U.S.S.R. itself, the Kremlin has recently jerked itself out of the illusion that pan-Islamism could be revived in the service of international Communism under the direction of such puppets as the Central Asian Mufti Rasulev. While the clandestine activities of Soviet agents in Asia continue unabated, and cover-organisations purporting to be Moslem-inspired carry on their fifth-column work throughout the Moslem east, the tone of internal and external propaganda has entirely changed. The ideological battle is still on: now, however, the mask has been dropped.

Through their press and radio the Soviet propagandists have of recent months been proclaiming the fundamental irreconcilability of Islam and Communism, stressing the need for greater vigilance on the part of the anti-God movement, ridiculing the observances of the Moslem faith.¹ The savagery of the attacks over Tashkent and other stations, the hysterical tone of the articles in the *Kazakhstan Pravda* bear eloquent witness to the extent of the supposed peril of the Moslem "reactionaries", and the fear of the Soviets that Central Asia's forty million Moslems may come into closer contact with their coreligionists of Persia, Afghanistan and Turkey. The extent of the Moslem "resistance movement" in the Central Asian republics is revealed by several telling disclosures. We learn, through the medium of the Soviet press itself, how *Komsomol* (Young Communist) leaders are in their personal life in fact practising Moslems. One satire speaks of the "disgraceful" way in which a decorated woman teacher, "in whose hands was the education of the young", actually celebrated her wedding with religious rites. Even worse, the entire population of one area stopped work in order to attend the *Bairam* festival which the "reactionary Mullahs" were celebrating. Indignation knew no bounds when the writer revealed how the collective farm accountants, also in the plot, went so far as to falsify all accounts and pay-

¹ Compare this with such statements as this:—

"There is no difference between Socialism and Islam . . . the Koran is in accord with the programme of the Communist Party." 1935 edition of the *Great Soviet Encyclopaedia*, vol. 29.

sheets, to make it appear as if three whole days had in fact been worked by the villagers.

There is, too, considerable alarm being currently manifested by Communist writers on the Islamic theory of *jihad*—Holy War. Such a war according to a recent article, is the invention of the capitalists as a weapon against the poor. A holy war has never been waged against the "imperialist" nations—only at their behest. And at this point a very interesting factor creeps into Soviet anti-Moslem propaganda. Fundamentals of Islamic doctrine are incorrectly described, attacked and refuted. Whereas, formerly, Moslems were told by Lenin to "rebuild their religious life in the Soviet Union without fear", and informed in 1926 by *New Orient* that "M. Stalin is a pious Moslem", the accent is now upon the allegation that Islam is pro-capitalistic, anachronistic and primitive. According to Nur Mohammed Khanov, a Central Asian friend who escaped from the U.S.S.R. in 1952, these attacks are generally penned by Soviet Moslems at the behest of the Russians, and themselves form a part of the anti-Russian campaign which flourishes underground in the country. By making their allegations ridiculous in the extreme, explained Nur Mohammed, the self-styled Loyal Communist Central Asians (of whom he claims none to be genuine) produce in fact a derisive reaction from the Moslem readership. Moslems in Russia to-day, according to this informant, are sufficiently coached in their beliefs to know when such propaganda is palpably false. Not so, it seems, the Russians themselves.

Refugees escaping across the Afghan and Persian borders report that the Turkomans, Tajiks and Uzbeks of Central Asia are experiencing a new revival of Islamic religious and social thought, particularly among the intelligentsia, as a sort of reaction against a generation of sterile communism. Millions of Central Asians served in the Red Army, and after seeing something of the outside world are more inclined to think for themselves. A further factor which has completely estranged Moslem Russian sympathy from the policy of its leadership is the fate of the Crimean Tatars and the Bashkirs: two entire populations which were wiped out to a man after the war as a result of their alleged collaboration with the German invaders. How Islam has survived at all in the U.S.S.R. must be considered something of a mystery. Present Russian policy, however, seems clearly to be the crushing of the Islamic community within the Soviet Union, before it feels too strongly the impact of increased Islamic solidarity upon her borders. Most people in the West think of "Russia" as a vast, sprawling territory of agriculture and rolling steppes, inhabited by a people who are little understood, and who understand others still less. The average Middle Easterner until recently knew little more than that within those borders were the golden cities of Bokhara and Samarkand, and wondered sometimes how Moslems under Soviet rule were faring. Reading the newspapers of Moslem countries for the past two years, however, one finds that this curiosity is growing stronger.

I have recently read an article by a British authority on international affairs, published in an influential journal, in which he makes a point which has from time to time puzzled most thinking westerners. Imperialism, he says, is hated in the Islamic world, but it seems to be regarded as the monopoly of nations with *overseas* empires. What, however, of the millions

of Moslems under Soviet rule? The answer lies in the fact that few people—Moslem or otherwise—have had access to reliable facts as to what is happening and what has taken place in Soviet Central Asia. Yet, industrially and in agriculture, this part of the world is vital to the Red economy. Here are concentrated the bulk of the nation's oil, vast tracts of food-producing land, most of their cattle, hundreds of vital factories—and perhaps forty million Moslems. Russia was ruled by the Islamic Golden Horde for close on three hundred years. Since the third Moslem century, unceasing war has been the rule between the followers of the Prophet and Muscovy. The taking of Kazan and Astrakhan by Ivan the Terrible some 400 years ago in his Crusade was the turning-point of Moslem power. Intrigue, aggression and penetration continued throughout the Tsarist period against the Central Asian khanates, the Turks and the Afghans, bringing into prominence such leaders as the great Shamil who held the Caucasus against imperialism. Whitewashed by the Soviets, he has recently been demoted to the rank of "reactionary".

The Bolshevik Revolution at first kindled a hope of national and religious independence. When, however, Communism's real motives became clear, the Moslem banner was raised in war, and some of the worst battles of the Revolution were waged on Moslem soil. By 1921 the Bokharan Amir Alam Khan had fled to Afghanistan, Enver Pasha's panislamic movement had been crushed, and only the *Basmachi* guerrilla fighters were left to carry on the struggle. For over thirty years the Basmachi Movement continued, with covert and overt acts, to combat Communism as best it could under the circumstances. Farmers deprived of their land, rescued forced labourers and other elements formed the backbone of this effort. During the 1920's, it seemed at first that Communism would make a common front with Islam everywhere. The hopes of the Central Asians were high and were reinforced by an influx of Indian exiles from the political struggle there. Then came the famous exhortation from Lenin: "All you toiling Moslems . . . build up your mosques and your faith!"¹ Coming out of hiding, the Moslem resisters were first feasted and fêted by the Communists. The leaders were, however, soon mown down by the machine-guns of the traitor Ibrahimov in the courtyard of Bokhara's Friday Mosque. The further efforts used by the Reds to break the unity and spirit of the Moslems were often ingenious in the extreme. Actions by Communist experts called in to control the five Central Asian republics were made to appear logical from the Communist and Islamic viewpoints. The first step was the harnessing of the faith to State requirements. If you cannot crush Islam at once, thought the Reds, penetrate its ranks and divert its activities to your own ends. Religious teachers were trained in Communist panislamism and sent to the surrounding countries preaching revolt and union with Moslem Central Asia.

The carefully-evolved and vital system of irrigation canals in Central Asia was destroyed by the simple expedient of neglect. This meant starvation and diversion of all other feelings in favour of the search for food. Sixteen million Western Russians were imported and planted on the land in Moslem Asia during 1922-1939. This element was intended to form a wedge in Islamic solidarity, and provided informers at every level.

¹ Lenin-Stalin Proclamation of December 19th, 1917.

of society. Even Soviet statistics themselves bear witness to the systematic destruction of the Moslem population of the U.S.S.R. According to Soviet figures the Kazakh population fell between 1926 and 1939 by over one-fifth, when its normal rate of increase should have been over one-sixth. Therefore, in those thirteen years alone one Kazakh in three who should have been alive died. Among the stock-raising population of the Moslems one man in three and three animals in four died as a result of the forced attempts of the Communists to take over their herds and this during the period of the Second Five Year Plan alone.

I have quoted only actual facts and figures. Personal stories of the people who manage to escape across the frontiers to the south tell the most harrowing tales of whole communities wiped out for failing to attain their production "norm"; of mass deportations to Siberia; of starvation and forced labour. Being late for work at a farm or factory is classed as "sabotage" and punishable by life imprisonment. Ninety-two per cent of the yield of any crop is the share of the Government, while the remaining 8 per cent may be used by the people of the collective. The ration of the worker, according to the official scale—when he can get it—is twenty kilogrammes of rice per annum. A skilled worker may earn as much as the equivalent of £45 per month. Good pay? Perhaps not so good when a pair of shoes costs just this amount. The people of Central Asia today go about their work in a state of fear. If a father teaches his son to pray, he lives for years afterwards in terror lest the child innocently reveal this fact, casting suspicion and worse upon the entire family or community. Of the three generations which live side by side in Central Asia each one has been most cleverly cut off from intellectual contact with the other. The oldest generation reads and writes in the Arabic script. In the nineteen-twenties the use of this was abolished, and the Latin alphabet made compulsory. Since the nineteen-thirties, however, the Russian orthography alone is used.

What is to happen to Islam in Central Asia? It seems most unlikely that it will disappear or even be seriously affected by the present stepped-up campaign against it: if we can go by the record of the past thirty-five years. At the same time there is now far more contact between Moslems on either side of the Iron Curtain than most people suppose. And there are to-day far more people in the Middle East anxious to make active contact with their Moslem coreligionists in Central Asia than say ten years ago. What the Russians have to contend with is that Moslems, wherever they are, cannot think of themselves as being truly a part of any other world than their own—whose centre is Mecca, not Moscow.

SAYED EL-HASHIMI.

DANISH TRADE WITH RUSSIA

ONE could not exactly speak of a tension in the relations between Denmark and the U.S.S.R.: the two are just out of beat. The negotiations for a renewal of their annual trades agreement have been suspended *sine die*. But the General Treaty of Commerce and Payments concluded in 1948 remains in force, and transactions are going

on as in the past on a basis of barter. The recent trading agreements had provided for a mutual exchange of goods to the amount of some 145 million Danish crowns (about \$21 million) each way; actually they reached about double that sum. Denmark was exporting butter, bacon, beef, cheese, pickled herring and ships; she received from Russia oil-cakes, soya beans, cereals and cotton fibres. When the agreement of August, 1953, was nearing its end a Danish delegation went to Moscow. The Danes wanted to add petrol and lubricating oil to their purchases, and negotiations seemed to be running smoothly when the Russians asked for 2 tank ships to be built at Danish shipyards. The Danes refused and the pourparlers came to a dead stop.

There had been a precedent. Denmark had not long ago supplied a fleet of 7 tankers to the Soviet Union, but this very transaction had annoyed the U.S.A. When the first had been launched in Copenhagen, in July, 1952, Washington stepped in and threatened Denmark with ceasing financial assistance if the delivery was fulfilled. The State Department invoked the American "Battle Act" of 1951 which forbade the President to aid countries supplying strategic material to the Communist world, and tankers had been listed with that category. But Denmark held that she could not be bound by a Law that did not exist when the contract was concluded in 1948. Thanks to the friendly comprehension of President Truman the storm was calmed and the tankers were delivered. This time the Battle Act was there. Denmark had become a partner to NATO and had undertaken to prohibit the export of strategic material, including tankers, beyond the Iron Curtain. No more than on the former opportunity did she think of failing to her commitments: she refused even to discuss the building of the ships, from that same principle as had then made her deliver the goods.

The Russians remained deaf to the Danish arguments. No tankers, no trading agreement! they said. And *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, *Tass* fell upon the Danish government with their customary display of epithets among which "lackeys of Wall Street" was the most innocent. But they did not impress the Danes who, with the exception of the Communist party, themselves the "lackeys" of Moscow, were unanimously backing their government. A deputation of workers from a certain shipyard actually called upon the Prime Minister asking that the prohibition should be raised; but the Amalgamated Metalworkers T.U., which the Communists had not succeeded in infiltrating, promptly disavowed them. When a Soviet Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs imprudently declared that the building of the tankers had actually started at some Danish shipyards he found himself confronted with denials by the Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs and the chairmen of the shipyards as well. The implications of the incident overstep the frontiers of Denmark. The Soviets have recently been passing contracts for building a number of ships with countries such as Western Germany, the Netherlands, Great Britain and Sweden. All will be trawlers, or fish refrigeration, or transport vessels which are not considered strategic material. Only from the Danes has Moscow requested tankers. The Russians perhaps imagined it might prove easier to bend a small country to their will, and, once the opposition of this had been broken, they would have created a precedent opening a breach in the

front of NATO; but the Danes did not fall into the trap.

Most people in Denmark believe that the Soviet will soon come round and the negotiations will be resumed. Relations have of late "borne the stamp of a better atmosphere", according to *Pravda* (July, 1954). This has been manifest in the case of the contest (to which Sweden is a partner) about the arbitrary extension of Russian territorial waters in the Baltic to 12 miles from the customary 3 miles. Recently Danish fishermen found inside the new forbidden zone have no longer been charged with spying and their ships held back indefinitely; they are now being dealt with correctly, or even in a friendly manner. Again, the Russians have made public that their participation in the Maritime Emergency Service in the Baltic which they had discontinued since the war will be promptly resumed. We are also hearing compliments on the occasions of reciprocal students' voyages and sporting matches, and in September a group of 80 Danish industrialists are opening an exhibition of their products in Moscow, which has been made front page news in the local papers. On the other hand the Russians are raising renewed accusations against Denmark and the other Scandinavian countries, for instance when recently the Northern Council held its session in Oslo it was denounced as "a camouflaged plotting against the Soviets, and an attempt to draw Sweden into the orbit of NATO". Useless to point out, military and foreign topics lie by statute outside the scope of the Northern Council. The "bases" incident is being unearthed again periodically, with varying orchestration and each time accompanied by "revelations" of overpowering evidence of the guilt of Denmark (and Norway, for similar reasons).

Denmark keeps cool throughout this alternation of storm and sunshine, and refuses to swerve from her adopted line of conduct. She is well aware that any step on the road of "appeasement" would only weaken her own position, and that a firm attitude is most likely to inspire respect with such an adversary. Denmark certainly wishes to develop her economic exchanges with Russia and cultural intercourse as well, together with anything generally that might promote good understanding of each other, and therewith the cause of peace. But she refuses to be bullied, avoiding provocation, while the consolidation of her defences is proceeding within the framework of NATO. At recent meetings at the head-quarters of that Organization several members have been suggesting revision of the strategic materials lists in order to activate East-West trade, the extension of which everybody acknowledges to be an economic and political necessity. Denmark has joined the move, which presents a particular interest to her by reason of her geographical situation and her traditional rôle as an intermediary between the riparian countries of the Baltic and the world abroad. Yet the Danish Foreign Minister has declared that his country will not use the suspension of negotiations with the U.S.S.R. to liberate herself from her obligations in respect of export of strategic material, and that in particular she has at no moment been raising the question of tankers. In dealing with the Russians each party keeps observing the other, trying to guess how far he is likely to go; nobody will play his trump card, and the best tactics may sometimes prove to be playing above-board. That is what Denmark has been doing. But perhaps the U.S.S.R. methods may justify the predictions of some who warned against negotiat-

ing with them at all because, sooner or later, they said, they would be "playing politics". The Danes know the Russians of old, and are aware that their conceptions of the "rules of the game" are sometimes at variance with ours. Fore-warned is fore-armed.

Copenhagen.

KAY HECKSCHER.

AROUND ENGLAND ON HORSEBACK IN 1698

ENGLAND of the late seventeenth century was an exciting place. Prosperity and development filled the air, for this was the great age of coal, of new industries, of new manufacturing processes. A new class of wealthy business people had arisen, and their spirit of adventure brought profit to the country as well as themselves. It may seem natural that in an era of such dramatic social and political change someone should want to set out and travel the land to see for themselves just what was happening. But when we realise that the "someone" was in fact a self-confident young lady of 35, and that in the course of merely one of several journeys she rode 1,551 miles alone on horseback across "roads" that were often no more than tracks, we may feel a good deal more than idle curiosity about her story. Celia Fiennes, as she was named, was born in 1662 at the manor house of Newton Toney in Wiltshire, into a family which had been unitedly Roundhead in the Civil War—and whose head, Celia's grandfather, Viscount Saye and Sele (known throughout the land as "Old Subtlety") was one of the first Puritan leaders. With such antecedents it is not surprising that Celia was an ardent Whig and a pious Nonconformist, but at the same time it is clear that she was a progressive young woman, very much in sympathy with all the new and exciting vistas that were opening up. With a family background that gave her, so to speak, a foot in both camps—one generation being linked with the aristocracy, the next mostly married to the new business magnates like Celia's brother-in-law, Sir Edmund Harrison, who owned plantations in America and was a director of the New East India Company—Celia Fiennes possessed many advantages as a traveller. In many parts of England, for instance, she could rely on finding relatives with large and comfortable country mansions to afford her food and shelter. And then through them she had introductions to other country squires and aristocrats (so that in her time she became guest at many of our most famous stately homes, including Wilton, Chatsworth, Coleshill, Thorpe, Hinchingsbrooke and Mount Edgecumbe.)

Yet with all that—the mere contemplation of a journey of 1,551 miles around England in the 1690's is enough to make one shudder. Because of the tendency to enclose every scrap of good land, roadways were often narrowed down so much that—as on parts of the London to Canterbury road—two horsemen could not even pass each other. Forced labour necessary for the upkeep of roads was but spasmodically applied, and conditions were shocking, especially in wet weather. Wheeled traffic, like the optimistically named "Flying Coaches" running between London and Oxford, only added to the deterioration of the roads. There was practically no organised hedging and ditching, and it was often necessary for a traveller to clear his own way where the hedges were overgrown.

Potholes in the middle of the roadway were frequently to be encountered, and flooding was a constant danger—so too were the numerous and extremely active highwaymen of that day. In the face of such hazards Celia Fiennes' numerous trips, culminating in "My Great Journey to Newcastle and to Cornwall" of 1698, become even more remarkable. Indeed, only perhaps Daniel Defoe who later performed a somewhat similar journey can compare with her feat; and he was, after all, a man. She was obviously no ordinary woman. Like Defoe she kept a *Journal* of her travels, and though she speaks seldom about herself directly she lets fall enough in the way of clues for us to piece together the picture. She was, one feels, a woman of tremendous vitality, perhaps rather masculine—certainly not at all romantic or sentimental—and well able to take care of herself by means of a sharp wit and a trenchant plain-spokenness. She was, as befitting a Puritan of that day, excessively prim about dress. She only consented to bathe at Bath on being assured that the yellow canvas bathing dress would fill up with water and not reveal her figure; and she commented acidly, about the fine paintings at Lord Exeter's house at Burghley, that "they were all without garments or very little." But she offset this primness in personal matters by an avid interest in the new and even unconventional in the matter of industries and social affairs. She was fascinated by the new silk and paper making processes set up by French refugees at Canterbury, by the "makeing of fine tea-pots" in what was to become the Potteries, by the stocking knitters of Nottingham, the lace makers of Honiton, the cotton firms of Manchester.

All these things and many others Celia Fiennes discovered for herself on her "Great Journey" of 1698. This took place in the summer of that year, and the route encompassed Colchester, Ipswich, Norwich, Ely, Huntingdon, Leicester, Derby, Chester, Liverpool, Preston, Lancaster, Kendal, Penrith, Carlisle, Newcastle, Durham, Harrogate, Leeds, Manchester, Shrewsbury, Worcester, Gloucester, Bath, Bristol, Wells, Taunton, Exeter, Plymouth, Penzance, Launceston, Dorchester, Salisbury, Winchester, Windsor and back to London. In fact, practically the whole of England was covered except for a part of Yorkshire, the Central Midlands, and Kent, all of which she had visited before (during her life she did, in fact, visit every English county as well as penetrating briefly and with displeasure into Wales and Scotland.) Obviously the summer of 1698 was unlike our modern summers, for she recorded that in the whole of her journey there were only *three* days of rain. Despite this kindness of the weather she encountered mud in the lowly areas, often having to ride her horse along the grass banks rather than on the track, and she was nearly drowned on a flooded causeway near Ely. At Alresford she was thrown from her horse, at Lancaster her horse fell on the cobbles, and at Fowey in Cornwall her horse plunged into a bad hole in the road full of water (from which dangerous position she coolly extricated herself by giving the horse a good strapping.) There were other dangers, too. Near Chester, "two fellows all on a suddain from the wood fell into the road, they looked trussed up with great coates and as it were bundles about them which I believe were pistolls, but they dogged me one before the other behind and would often look back to each other and frequently jostle my horse out of the way to get between one of my servants horses and mine."

In Celia Fiennes' opinion this was "the only tyme I had reason to suspect I was engaged with some Highwaymen," but fortunately it was market day at nearby Whitchurch and there were too many people about for the men to commit the robbery they were no doubt contemplating.

What makes Celia Fiennes' account of her 1698 journey so fascinating (apart from the sheer adventure itself)—and incidentally of such value to historians—is the way she notes down all sorts of minor facts and figures. Thus, staying at Leeds she notes that almost everything is very cheap except the ale—but then the ale itself is exceptionally strong and "for paying this groat for your ale you may have a slice of meate either hott or cold according to the tyme of day you call, or else butter and cheese gratis into the bargain." Then again she notes how wool is farmed out to workers in their cottages by capitalist clothiers or middlemen; and passing through the large towns and cities, though faithfully describing their attributes, she is sufficiently knowledgeable to note that Liverpool is "London in miniature as much as ever I saw anything" and a rapidly booming town, whereas Lincoln has a decaying air, and Norwich is no longer worthy of its claim to be the second town in Britain. Wherever possible the intrepid lady horse-rider endeavoured to stay with relatives or their friends, or perhaps the local clergyman. But this did not entirely protect her from the seamy side of life, not by any means! There were many occasions when she had to spend the night at a lowly inn or some tumbledown cottage, perhaps in a room like the one at Ely where for company she had "froggs and slow worms and snailes," or the cottage up in Cumberland where she could not sleep because of the peat smoke.

As Celia Fiennes headed her horse westwards, so she found that the roads became narrower and more enclosed. But she pressed on, perhaps spurred like many another traveller by the romantic destination of Land's End. Crossing Cornwall, for all its primitiveness, she seems to have been well fed, and noted in particular an apple pie with custard and cream on top served at St. Austell. She viewed with disapproval, however, the custom of men, women and children all smoking pipes of tobacco (curiously, she made no comment on the custom of Manchester "Blew Coate" boys brewing and drinking their own beer.) Of the Cornish women she wrote, "I must say they are as comely sort of women as I have seen anywhere tho' in ordinary dress, good black eyes and crafty enough and very neate." At Land's End the indefatigable researcher noted not so much the view as the fact that the poor cottages looked like barns much like those in Scotland—"but to doe my own Country its right the inside of their little cottages are clean and plaister'd, and such as you might comfortably eate and drink there, and for curiosity sake I dranck there, and met with very good bottled ale."

"For curiosity sake"!—how simply and bravely that sums up the eccentric, somehow lovable character of this remarkable seventeenth century figure—the prim daughter of a Roundhead Colonel who thought nothing of riding alone across the face of a country that was still comparatively uncharted (her journey was made only one year after the law was brought in ordering a general erection of signposts, and she seems hardly ever to come across one,) and in which bad roads and ruffian highwaymen were equally notorious. It was indeed for curiosity sake that Celia Fiennes made her

many journeys (including, in addition to the Great Journey, trips into Berkshire and Oxfordshire, Herefordshire and Gloucestershire, through Sussex and along the Dover Road, and through Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire to the North, as well as visits to several London Coronations and Royal funerals, and to the Courts of Justices, the Houses of Parliament and the Lord Mayor's Shows.) But it was a curiosity that she devoutly believed should be shared by her fellow countrymen and women, whom she exhorted, in a preface to her *Journal*, to spend more of their time in travels about their native land and thus "form such an Idea of England, add much to its Glory and Esteem in our minds and cure the evil itch of over-valuing foreign parts." After completing her travels in 1703 Celia Fiennes lived on to the ripe old age of 79, dying on April 10, 1741. Her *Journal* describing the journeys was not published during her lifetime, however, and indeed had to wait nearly two centuries before it appeared in 1888 under the title *Through England on a Side Saddle in the Time of William and Mary*. So the neighbours of "Mistress Fiennes," that respectable old lady who spent her last years at Barnet, where she endowed the Nonconformist Chapel at Wood Street, probably never knew that it was the same Mistress Fiennes who rode horse across the hills and dales of England to see for her young and brave self the great stirrings of a nation of which she was surely a most worthy patriot.

DENYS VAL BAKER.

Contemporary Review

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A GERMAN LIBERAL *

The first volume of the reminiscences of the sturdy octogenarian Dr. Jäckh is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of Germany before and during the First World War. Ever since the Frankfurt Parliament of 1848, sometimes described as the Professors' Parliament, distinguished intellectuals such as Treitschke, Sybel and Virchow have taken an active part in politics. Dr. Jäckh has one foot in the academic world and the other in the political arena. Würtembergers possess a reputation for independent thinking and good fellowship, and this massive volume leaves the impression of a warm-hearted and energetic man who gets on well with everybody. This documented narrative introduces the reader to a German Liberal, loving his fatherland but never forgetting that it is part of the wider association of states which have inherited and enriched western civilisation. No living German is more hostile to the sabre-rattling tradition of Prussian militarism, and if citizens of the short-lived Hohenzollern Empire may be roughly labelled Potsdam or Weimar, his place is unhesitatingly with the latter.

The most attractive feature of the work is to be found in the portraits of the leading actors on the political stage drawn from personal knowledge. The Kaiser appears in the light in which we have learned to regard him now that the passions of the First World War have had time to cool, namely, as a well-meaning ruler, much less in control of policy than many people believed and much less of a superman than some of his flamboyant utterances tended to suggest. After the fall of Bismarck in 1890 it was this or that Minister—sometimes a Chancellor, sometimes a Foreign Secretary, sometimes a Minister of Marine—who pulled the strings. Bülow is the author's *bête noire*—sycophantic, slippery, shortsighted. Insincerity in any form excites his contempt, and the posthumous publication of his ill-natured Memoirs damaged his reputation more than any attack by his foes. The Tirpitz policy, which drove England into the Franco-Russian camp, is condemned as severely as it deserves, but the formidable Admiral receives the respect due to a patriotic servant of the state who works without concealment towards his goal.

While Bülow and Tirpitz are denounced as the principal authors of the crazy policy of adding England to the enemies or rivals which Germany already possessed, Bethmann Hollweg and Kiderlen-Waechter are saluted as far-seeing and peace-loving statesmen who realised that the confidence of the British Empire was vital to the interests and even to the survival of the German Empire. Bülow's successor, though in no way decorative, was a man of integrity, thoughtful, cultured, and a lover of peace. His failure to arrest the drift to war when he was called to the helm in 1909 was due less to his own shortcomings than to the fact that Tirpitz, with his more dominating personality and more colourful programme, possessed and retained the ear of the Kaiser. As Lord Haldane used to say—and he knew Germany better than any other British statesman—"in this well organised country there is anarchy at the top."

If Bethmann is the Hamlet of the story, Kiderlen, his fellow-Swabian, is the hero. The Foreign Minister, whose tenure of the Foreign Office was cut short after two years by a stroke in 1912, was not to everybody's taste, for his manners were not particularly refined and his language was uninhibited. Here he is presented as the one German statesman since Bismarck to combine an intelligent grasp of the European situation with a powerful will and a capacity to look ahead.

His two main principles were to regain the confidence of England and to keep a tight hand on the Ballplatz. He inherited the conviction of Bismarck, the author of the Dual Alliance, that Germany must be the rider and Austria the horse in order to prevent the latter dragging her partner into an Austro-Russian conflict arising from her ambitions in the Balkans. Dr. Jäckh wrings his hands over the tragedy of Kiderlen's death at the moment when the Eastern Question was revealing its dangerous possibilities, for the Chancellor alone lacked the strength to arrest the rush of the avalanche. The author has little doubt that if Kiderlen had been at his side in the summer of 1914 he would never have allowed Austria to commit her ally to a desperate struggle with the Triple Entente without full consultation. Dr. Jäckh's affectionate tribute to his friend should send readers to his two-volume biography of "The Swabian Bismarck."

When the storm broke over Europe in 1914 the author and a circle of influential friends worked for the limitation of war aims while the Central Powers seemed likely to win, and for a compromise peace when the tide began to turn. The key to the situation was Belgium, the violation of whose neutrality virtually decided the issue of the conflict in the first hour; for behind the British Empire stood the United States, whose instinct for her national security forbade it to watch with folded arms the defeat of its only reliable friend. The efforts of the moderates were in vain, for Bethmann was evicted in 1917, the Kaiser had ceased to count, and Ludendorff, scorning all suggestions of compromise, drove Germany towards her doom. After the collapse in the autumn of 1918 Dr. Jäckh and his friends turned their attention to the organisation of a peaceful world and the political education of German youth. The conflict had cost him the life of his only son to whose memory the book is dedicated.

A brief review of this massive volume affords no space to describe the author's long and intimate association with Turkey and her rulers from the Young Turks and Mustapha Kemal onwards. It is one of the consolations of his old age as he surveys the world from his happy anchorage in New York that Turkey is now integrated into the partnership of the free nations after a renaissance as spectacular as that of China. Readers will look forward to the second volume which will describe the author's unresting activities, firstly in Weimar Germany, then in England, and finally in the United States. When Talleyrand represented France at the Congress of Vienna he described himself as a good European, and in those distant days it was enough. After the two most destructive conflicts in history Dr. Jäckh, like most reflective minds in every land, has become a citizen of the world.

G. P. GOOCH.

* Ernst Jäckh. *Der Goldene Pflug*. Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. Stuttgart.

RACIAL CONFLICT

Many books have been written about the Boer War—its origins, its conduct and its consequences. Mr. Pyrah has chosen a narrower field* by limiting his study to the eight years from 1902 to 1910, that is to say from the peace of Vereeniging to the founding of the Union of South Africa. The principal interest for the reader lies in his analyses of the psychology of the leading actors in the drama. Undoubtedly he has tried to be fair though keen protagonists on either side may well consider that in this he has not quite succeeded. One of his most striking conclusions is that Joseph Chamberlain the Colonial Secretary was the disciple rather than the master of Alfred Milner, and that he was often carried far beyond his own predilections by this forceful pro-consul. To Milner's personality in spite of his sincerity and ability Mr. Pyrah attributes much of the difficulty of securing a reconciliation with the Boers. In view of his portrait of Milner it comes as rather a surprise to find Mr. Pyrah defending Milner's actions in sanctioning the introduction of the Chinese to work the gold

mines on the Rand. Campbell-Bannerman comes in for very high praise for his statesmanlike action in restoring free self-government to the Boer Republics and for the masterly speech by which he won his Cabinet to full support for this proposal. Mr. Pyrah suggests that C-B had been greatly fortified in his stand by the memorandum which Smuts had presented to the Colonial Office. Of this document he writes:—

"With deep insight Smuts had sized up the character of the men, principally Campbell-Bannerman, with whom he had to deal. He also showed a commanding grasp of the current political and social theories which the Liberals seemed to be endeavouring to apply in the sphere of domestic affairs. It would appear that he left out of account no relevant argument which might hold an attraction for the Liberals, and all were welded in consummate fashion to serve the supreme end."

He also pays special tribute to Louis Botha for the high principled and loyal way in which he interpreted and carried out his side of the bargain with the British which compelled him at times to stand out against many of his own countrymen. Though Mr. Pyrah's book was only published this year it seems to have been mentally completed several years ago—at any rate before the advent of Malan's accession to power and the death of Smuts. It is difficult to imagine that any one writing a book on this subject to-day would paint quite such a rosy picture of the Settlement as is contained in its pages. It is true that Mr. Pyrah recognises that war memories are apt to retain their bitterness for several generations and also that so far as the non-Europeans of South Africa are concerned the Settlement was far from satisfactory. But he scarcely does justice to the grave anxiety which is felt to-day regarding the racial conflicts which bedevil the political and economic life of the sub-continent.

LORD PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

* "*Imperial Policy and South Africa—1902 to 1910.*" By G. B. Pyrah. Clarendon Press. 35s.

MARXISM, PAST AND PRESENT

The world can scarcely contain the books that have been written on Marxism, but for the most part they are singularly unhandy and sometimes only pay Marx the left-handed compliment of telling us "what Marx really meant." Mr. Carew Hunt's present book, like his earlier *Theory and Practice of Marxism*, is invaluable as supplying the professional student and the general reader with just what he wants in the shape of a scholarly, lucid and succinct review in the objectivity of which he can have confidence. There will always be need for more specialized studies of detailed aspects, such as the work of Borkenau and Masani; but Mr. Carew Hunt knows the literature, quotes the sources and writes as somebody (which indeed he is) who professionally appreciates the practical as well as the academic aspects of his subject.

The late Dean Inge once cynically observed that ideas passed through three phases: when what they proposed was denounced as impossible; when it was denounced as immoral; and when people explained that they had said just the same thing themselves. Marxism has been exposed as quite falsely claiming to be an empirical social science comparable to Darwinism. It has been denounced as a conspiracy, more international than the Hitlerite, leading to Leninism, Stalinism and sour tyranny. But still it marches on, *prava superstitio* indeed but triumphant so that, perchance, its complete academic exposure will be reached at about the same time as its complete political triumph, and its opponents discover the virtue of co-existence, although Mr. Attlee has the caution to say that, while its political manifestations co-exist with opposed systems, they are indeed irreconcilable. Thermo-nuclear developments, we are told (even by General

MacArthur), make large-scale hot war merely suicidal for all; what is to be decisive is the cold war. But who internationally dresses the battle here and who is really concerned? Lord Montgomery gets rebuffed when he urges that the matter be taken seriously. When the pacific Burmese enters a door labelled "Psychological Warfare," to find a room full of brash journalists battling "for the soul of the world," what are his reflections? What are Mr. Nelson Rockefeller's plans for his new department? One, I hope, is that all his young men (and perhaps Mr. Donald Maclean's successors in the Foreign Office) read Mr. Carew Hunt's books.

Very occasionally one can detect Mr. Carew Hunt's objectivity deserting him—a trace of the doctrinaire "all-or-nothing" thesis; the suggestion that any social planning "logically" ends in Stalinism; the abandonment, as insoluble, of Mannheim's problem of "Planning for Freedom." But this departure is unusual. Indeed, as he says, the key issue is not economic but lies in various forms of "the abuse of power." Dühring was right. The real target of free opposition to-day must be, not some economic construction as such or absolutely, but a political police power, be it red or black fascist, which is (as Plato said) like all tyranny sodden with suspicion and fear and hence, despite pious hopes about co-existence, by its own inner logic impelled to turn, when it has the force, towards aggression. The real problem with Marx is that, brought up in the noon-day of Classical Economy, he was too much of a capitalist in spirit; too much a believer in Darwinian struggle and competition and in a Benthamite psychology of self-interest; inclined to consign to the devil the hindermost in the inevitable class fight, uninhibited by wider communal or religious considerations and waged *à l'outrance*. The psychology is one of aggressive mistrust and historical pessimism in legitimate descent through the French hedonists from Hobbes. As Acton said, nothing is more irritating—or more damning—than the pedigree of ideas. Marxism is the ghost of materialist Capitalism sitting crowned and gibbering on the grave thereof. It appeals to all who feel inferior, to the hard core especially of students and professional men (such as the brilliant scholar General Mao), not proletarians, in "colonial areas" where the European "red barbarians" behaved disgracefully, and in an Asia fully resurgent for the first time since Marathon. Their culture is not respected and, by test of the profit-motive, they are outcast. They, therefore, await *der Tag*. GEORGE CATLIN.

R. N. Carew Hunt: *Marxism, Past and Present*. Bles. 12s. 6d.

ENGLAND AND ITALY 1815-1847

When the author was killed in France by Fascists in 1937 he left behind the manuscript of this work which has only now been published. Planned as part of a still larger work on the relations between Britain and all the Italian states from 1815 to 1847, the text of this volume was complete, though Rosselli might perhaps have revised it further; some of the notes, however, were only sketched in and have had to be expanded by the editor. What now appears is a very full account of Anglo-Piedmontese relations from the Congress of Vienna to Lord Minto's mission, based on the Foreign Office papers as well as on the Turin and other Italian archives. If it is not exhaustive that is because new sources are still coming to light; the excellent Introduction by Professor Walter Maturi lists those that have appeared since 1937. The work studies in detail not only such Italian crises as those of the early twenties, the early thirties, and the late forties, but also the conduct of Piedmont in other European matters like the Eastern and Spanish questions, and its everyday dealings with Britain on such matters as trade, the Barbary powers, and the rights of the Waldensians. Here one cannot help agreeing with Professor Maturi that the work at times follows the documents too closely and "breaks up, after the fashion of annals, questions . . . which

might have been better treated more organically"—that, in fact, it is sometimes hard to see the wood for the trees. None the less this is an important contribution to the diplomatic history of the Risorgimento; its great merit is that it places the rise of Piedmont firmly in a European setting. Its theme is that Piedmontese policy was above all the result of the conflicting outside forces working on it, and only in the second place of the persistence with which its rulers grasped at every chance, real or fancied, of expanding their possessions and making their weight felt in Europe. Piedmontese diplomacy was clever (too clever at times and with too obvious an eye to the main chance); it was lucky, for even its mistakes—like its devotion in the thirties to a heady legitimism—did it no lasting harm. It seldom lost sight of its aims, the preservation of the country's independence between France and Austria, and her expansion in Northern Italy, but it did not consciously aim at anything like Italian unification. At the same time it nearly always kept in mind the need to secure British support and influence. That influence, if it did little in practice to press forward actively the expansion of Piedmont, did a great deal to restrain the powers—now France, now Austria—that might have prevented it or set it back. British concern for Piedmontese independence, based as it was on permanent grounds of political geography, held true in spite of passing disagreements. Yet this book brings out the notable reluctance of the Foreign Office—when Palmerston happened not to be in office—to exert its influence or even to take much notice of Piedmontese and Italian events. In the earliest years of the period this happened partly because British policy in Italy was wedded to Austria's, but also—it seems clear—because the Foreign Office could not be bothered. For instance it was content to be largely uninformed and inert when the 1821 rising was coming on. Some of its Ministers in Turin, too, tended to act on their own and form views which the Foreign Office neither shared nor cared much about. These recurrent traits of British diplomacy towards minor powers—together with the reluctance to take detailed long views, as distinct from relying on a few basic principles, which sets it in contrast with French diplomacy—have often puzzled foreign historians; Nello Rosselli too finds such imperial improvisations almost too much to credit.

JOHN ROSSELLI.

Inghilterra e Regno di Sardegna dal 1815 al 1847. By Nello Rosselli. Edited by Paolo Treves. Turin. Lire 6,000.

THE KASHMIR PROBLEM

The conflict between India and Pakistan over Kashmir is unquestionably a danger to world peace. For proof it is enough to point to the Communist threat to that country from the Soviet-controlled province of Sinkiang on the north, and to a similar threat from Tibet, dominated by Chinese Communists, who lay claim to Ladakh, in Kashmir, as a Tibetan province. What, one may well ask, would be Pandit Nehru's response to a Communist invasion of that region? How regrettable it is that New Delhi does not seem to realise that the sub-continent with Pakistan and India standing shoulder to shoulder would be a powerful bulwark for world peace. For seven years the Kashmir problem has been before the Security Council of the United Nations. So far, apart from the fact that a cease fire was brought about between the Pakistani and Indian forces in the country, the influence of the United Nations has counted for little.

Dr. Korbel, an expert of the United Nations, who acted in 1948 as Chairman of a Commission sent to Kashmir by the Security Council, in the book under review produces an authoritative survey of the events leading up to the existing impasse, which should be of interest to a wide circle of readers. The failure of the United Nations, Dr. Korbel thinks, was largely due to the unfortunate policy of Lord Mountbatten then Governor-General of India, that the accession of

Kashmir to India must take place before the Maharaja's appeal for military aid to check the tribal invasion from the Afghan borderland could be met. In International law such a move was, in Dr. Korbél's opinion, unnecessary. It gave Pandit Nehru grounds for characterising Pakistan's moving troops into Azad (free) Kashmir as aggressive, a view that has influenced his attitude throughout the subsequent proceedings. It has all along been agreed that the dispute between the two countries should be settled by an impartial plebiscite. The Security Council sent mediators to work out the necessary preliminaries. The outstanding problem was demilitarization. Here India insisted that Pakistan as the aggressor should remove all her forces leaving only a minute civil force to maintain order. India must keep at least 27,000 men and the militia. Pakistan was conciliatory, India uncompromising; the question of demilitarization remains undecided. Meanwhile Fleet Admiral C. W. Nimitz of the American Navy had been appointed plebiscite arbitrator. Pandit Nehru would prefer a nominee from some unimportant small State unconcerned with power politics. Pakistan insists on Admiral Nimitz. The Prime Ministers of the two countries have had discussions without result. Another meeting is being arranged. It is interesting to note that Indonesia has offered to mediate. In political circles both in Delhi and Srinagar there has been a tendency to accuse Britain and the U.S.A. of making attempts to acquire military bases in Kashmir. There is, as Dr. Korbél remarks, no ground for such imputations. He comments that Pandit Nehru has been critical of their advice and of what he calls "foreign interference." While sensitive to American policy he has been, on the other hand, anxious to avoid any suspicion in Moscow about the situation in Kashmir. Dr. Korbél expresses the opinion that a settlement might have been promoted if the issue had been referred to the General Assembly of the United Nations. In a foreword Fleet Admiral Nimitz notes that the dispute concerns the whole world and not Pakistan and India alone; he commends Dr. Korbél's study as a very important contribution to history.

SIR WILLIAM BARTON.

Danger to Kashmir. By Dr. Josef Korbél, with a Foreword by Fleet Admiral C. W. Nimitz, U.S. Navy, Princeton, New Jersey.

HUBERT AND JAN VAN EYCK

Hubert, the shadowy elder brother of Jan Van Eyck, is a baffling figure over whom art historians and critics have been sharply divided. Some have shrouded him in non-committal vagueness, others have given him the distinct outlines of a great individual. Mr. Brockwell takes his firm stand on a proposition that, in the light of all available evidence and in spite of all previous assumptions, there are no decisive reasons for supposing that such a person ever existed. His demolition of the personality is thorough and convincing. His method consists of a systematic rebuttal of all the documentary evidence which, hitherto, has been regarded as sufficient testimony of Hubert's identity. The complex details of the inquiry are concentrated round the magnificent 15th century altarpiece "The Adoration of The Lamb" which, after years of dispersal, is now gathered together in the Cathedral Church of St. Bavon in Ghent. Indeed the only grounds for believing in the reality of Hubert are to be found in the historical context of this great Polyptych. For there is no other written record to show that Hubert ever painted any other picture. Indeed, as Mr. Brockwell emphasizes, whereas Jan Van Eyck died in Bruges in 1441, Hubert is not heard of until over a century later when Lucas de Heere, a painter of Ghent, published his ode in praise of the altarpiece. In these verses Hubert's name emerges for the first time; so does the persistent legend that both the Van Eycks worked on the altarpiece, that Hubert had begun it and Jan, after his brother's death, completed it. Belief in this legend was fortified by the wording of the Quatrain, the inscription along the base of the four

exterior panels of the Polyptych. Here the work is ascribed jointly to Hubert, "than whom no greater painter is known" and John, "only second to him in ability." The Quatrain is dated 1432 but, in Mr. Brockwell's view, it was not inscribed on the frame in that year. On the contrary, thanks to the research of M. Emil Renders, the Belgian critic and collector, and his discovery of the 16th century manuscript of Christophe Van Huerne, there is ample reason for thinking that the Quatrain was not even composed until as late as 1616. Mr. Brockwell's sole concern is the establishment of facts. To the casual student the conclusions will be acceptable provided he can reject unreservedly all the previously recognized attributions to Hubert. It is perhaps a defect of the book that the author does not attempt to appreciate the altarpiece in terms of art criticism, nor to deal—except by flat contradiction—with the sincere and valuable opinions that have been founded on a sensitive and intelligent appraisal of aesthetic phenomena. Nevertheless, it is a profoundly interesting and tenaciously sustained thesis which will doubtless assist in effectively laying the ghost of Hubert Van Eyck once and for all.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

The Van Eyck Problem. By Maurice W. Brockwell. Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d.

A PRACTICAL IDEALIST

In 1904 Joseph Rowntree of York created three social and charitable trusts and, for their endowment, disposed of more than half his wealth. "One man's vision" has been written to celebrate the Jubilee of one of these foundations—The Joseph Rowntree Village Trust. It deals mainly with the birth and development of the village community of New Earswick where bold and original housing reforms first saw the light of day. A striking picture emerges of the Founder. His Quaker "concern" to improve the lot of humanity led him to avoid mere palliatives and to seek out the fundamental causes of poverty and squalor. He was a great philanthropist, but in his housing reforms he was severely practical. It was his deliberate aim to set new national standards, and he realised that public authorities and private landlords would follow his lead only if his schemes were soundly based. He was a Liberal and not a paternalist; therefore his village communities must be self-governing as well as self-supporting. He was as anxious to promote a healthy community life as he was to build sound and attractive houses at rents which the lowest paid workers could pay. Not every ideal has been realised. The plan to provide houses at the lowest level of rents had to be abandoned as early as 1918. The candour with which this and other difficulties are discussed by the author gives the reader confidence. There were evidently tense moments between the Village Council and the Trustees, aesthetic arguments with the experts, even flirtations with the flat roof heresy on the part of Joseph Rowntree himself. Thanks to Sir Raymond Unwin, Barry Parker and the uncommon willingness of the Trustees to accept good advice, New Earswick not only escaped the cheap and meretricious in design and construction but was a long way ahead of the rest of the country in all its original building projects.

This is an unusual book not only because pioneer work is necessarily unique but because the problems of a Housing Trust are so varied. One learns about trees, grass verges and cul-de-sacs as well as of sewage disposal, concealed television aerials and heat storage systems. There are encouraging accounts of experiments to cater for the ageing and infirm and to improve the Health Service by means of a mobile clinic. One finds a most lucid explanation of the benefit to the Village Trust of the almost incomprehensible Housing Repairs and Rent Act of 1954. What is even more admirable is the record of the Trust's work in education. Not only was the New Earswick Primary School of 1904 a generation in advance of prevailing standards, but the opportunities enjoyed by the pupils anticipated by decades principles which were not officially recognised until the

Education Act of 1944. The policy to limit primary classes to 30 pupils has yielded statistics which should be of the utmost value to educationalists.

"One man's vision" is a mine of information and the freshness and frankness of its approach is most attractive; so much so that in important directions many readers will wish for more. A "tenant's-eye view" of the work of the Trust would be useful to the social student. And there is likely to be more general interest as to ways in which the Trust will develop than the indications in the final pages of the book can satisfy. It is one of the greatest values of this record that it illustrates how richly personal initiative has contributed to Britain's social revolution. Yet from the first, Joseph Rowntree foresaw that ultimately the public authority would emerge supreme in the sphere of housing reform. That has now happened, but there remain vast areas in the community life of the country into which the pure light of Joseph Rowntree's vision still needs to penetrate. The future is not clearly discernible; but nobody can be aware of what the Village Trust has accomplished, and of the devotion with which the Founder's ideals have been served by a succession of gifted and imaginative Trustees, without feeling a sense of eager confidence in the promise of the second half century.

PHILIP FOTHERGILL.

One Man's Vision. Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.

THE MIDDLE CLASS VOTE

Certain concepts have become firmly rooted in our political thinking and talking which derive their popularity less from their usefulness than from our laziness. Two of these have been selected by Mr. Bonham for study; they are "the floating voter" and "the middle class voter." Who are these persons? Do they indeed even exist in the form in which popular use of these terms implies? In particular, are they, as is so often supposed, identical? It is relatively easy to give substance to the idea of the middle class voter—though, as Mr. Bonham shows, less easy to give him precise definition. By an analysis of census returns and public opinion polls he has shown what proportion of the population may reasonably be regarded as middle class and how this class has voted in the three postwar general elections. In fact under his statistical scrutiny the positive concept of "middle class" has to some extent dissolved. To be replaced by its component groups, such as "higher professional", "middle business" or "managerial"; indeed he himself is disposed to substitute a negative classification, "not working class." Not that this altogether solves the problem. Either way, as Mr. Bonham points out, we are left with an "intermediate group" (a group incidentally extremely hard to survey) who include about two million workers (partly by hand, partly by brain)—quite enough to swing a British general election. However, the main lines of Mr. Bonham's findings are clear enough. In an electorate of about 34 million, about 10 million may be regarded as middle class. By themselves, they can decide nothing. And indeed they do not try to. Just as the working class divides itself politically—in the proportion of about two to one, Labour to Conservative—so the middle class divides. It does not provide proportionately. In 1945 it gave two votes to Labour for every one to the Conservatives. In 1951 the proportions were more than three to one. Does this mean that it was middle class defection that robbed Mr. Attlee of power? Did the middle class "float"? No, says Mr. Bonham, or at least no more than the working class itself. Conservatism's main gains came from Liberals and non-voters. At the same time within the middle class itself shifts in allegiance differed greatly; "small business" veered back most sharply to Conservatism while the "lower professional" group retained about the same proportion of Labour sympathisers in '51 as in '45. Mr. Bonham's study thus places class and occupational analysis of one-third of the British electorate upon a

sound statistical basis. As such it is a very valuable contribution to our knowledge of electoral behaviour. At the same time it must be remembered that its evidence is necessarily drawn from only three general elections, one of which, that of 1945, was peculiar in the inadequacy of the register and the relatively low poll. One hopes that Mr. Bonham's findings can be supplemented by comparable investigations at the next general election, whenever Sir Winston decrees that it shall be.

H. G. NICHOLAS.

The Middle Class Vote. By John Bonham. Faber & Faber. 21s.

TOTAL WAR

If one finds this to be in some ways a disappointing and discursive book it is perhaps only because the title, with its reference to this barbarous and gloomy century which has seen the Return of the Tyrants, arouses too high expectations. M. Aron is a former adviser to General de Gaulle, a leading political commentator in France, and a columnist of *Le Figaro*. If one has a complaint, it is not that the political sentiment of *Le Figaro* more than occasionally peeps out, but that, where we expect this book to lead up to logical and clean-cut conclusions, we find ourselves, on the contrary, thrust back to the door wherein we went. We are to have, we are told, more faith and resolution. And this, it appears, can go beyond some Toynbeeian mission of ideas to the extent of re-enforcing the mission by armed justice in the sense of "winning the limited war." But this will be "in order not to have to wage the total one," since "the unleashing of violence settles nothing." Maybe it could yet settle who wins; and maybe we may not be permitted this convenient goal (which one recalls in 1938 was Ribbentrop's) of "winning a limited war." One recalls the idle hope of applying "limited" economic sanctions to Japan. This goal will apparently be practicable thanks to a balance of power, such as will at least prevent a world government or universal empire, owing to the fortunate possession by one country of a quasi-monopoly of the decisive weapons. The situation may have changed since this book was published in France, but one may well doubt how far any country, even America, enjoys to-day such a quasi-monopoly. On the contrary, whoever has the final ounce to win the total war will also win the limited war. It would seem that either we must have an organic union (to which history offers no precedent) of the Free World strong enough to make victory too dubious for a challenger who is reasonable—as against Sir Norman Angell it must be added that challengers are frequently irrational or, if military expendability in total war prevails against economic potential, we may expect a military demination followed, more probably, by a *pax Sovietica* or even ultimately by a *pax Sinica*. The European Civil War has been waged, not least by General de Gaulle's supporters, too long. Faith and resolution consist in seeing that the "potential" is made "actual" in time.

M. Aron's work is more brilliant than stable, in this resembling the French politics which he so insistently denounces. The real trouble with *la guerre totale* (a French term in origin) is that atomic warfare now enables it to be waged; and that Mr. Truman's "baby"—to use the ex-President's own term—is more technologically calculated to destroy Mr. Truman's country and its allies than the Kremlin. The nemesis of the technological pride of Babel has fallen on its builders. Nothing can save them but, as Response to Challenge, a campaign of creative ideas—which perhaps they lack. But those who wage it must bear in mind that maybe the human race prefers tyranny and "trains running on time;" and has to be "compelled to be free." The harsh truth is that liberty can only be assured by personal courage—and not even then, as Hellas learned, without bold statesmanship.

GEORGE CATLIN.

The Century of Total War. By Raymond Aron. Verschoyle 25s.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

THE FIRST HALF CENTURY

In a new volume of the Home University Library, David Thomson, Lecturer in History at Cambridge, has set himself the task of writing an integrated world history from 1914 to 1950. In an Introduction (which is perhaps slightly on the long side) he explains that he is concerned with the general trends of the age—not only the political and military but also the intellectual, social and economic ones—rather than with a catalogue of events in any particular country or region. He succeeds well in his task. The book is readable, comprehensive and stimulating. While fully within the reach of the general reader it should also interest the specialist. The author shows how the 1914-1918 War was both the last (and greatest) of the Nineteenth Century wars of nationalism as well as the first of the Twentieth Century wars of ideology. The two sides were almost equally matched in their ability to apply new industrial processes to war. "Thus, paradoxically, the war of speed and rapid movement became on the field of battle a war of stalemate and attrition." To achieve victory concessions had to be made to the people to secure a greater war effort. "The welfare state was much promoted by the warfare state." The author is not afraid to take sides. Writing about the Treaty of Versailles, he rejects criticisms that the treaty failed because it was a patchwork of conflicting purposes. In his opinion it was not necessarily the worse for that. But he criticises the settlement for being harsh in the wrong places and lenient in the wrong ways. The book is perhaps most interesting in its examination of the effect of public opinion on diplomatic and political developments. Discussing the situation following the first World War, the author says that the postulate of liberal thought—that democratic peoples would be peace-loving—was a fallacy. Liberal democracy, furthermore, did not triumph. "All that was left was the paradox of an international machine operating on a basis of atomistic nationalism . . . neither universal enough to achieve general conciliation, nor cohesive enough to achieve decisive action as a concert of powers." What conclusion does the author reach? He says the attitude prompted in him by the study of recent world history is humility rather than pride. In his opinion it is rare for men to extract from great events just the benefits for which they hope. He does not much believe in blue prints and prophets to deal with the predicaments of mankind.

FRANK EYCK.

World History, 1914-1950. By David Thomson. Home University Library. O.U.P. 6s.

SHELLEY'S IMAGERY*

Although Matthew Arnold's conception of Shelley as a beautiful ineffectual angel is now largely abandoned, Mr. Butter, after close study of his poems and essays, maintains that their purpose, and bearing on actual life, are still insufficiently appreciated, his poetry being still too much looked on as vague, lovely outpourings of emotion. Our author concentrates his attention on the "intellectual content" of the images which recur constantly in Shelley, some based on his scientific interests, all revealing his thought or contributing to his philosophy. These, in the words of Francis Bacon, are the "Idols of the Cave"—the Platonic image. One of Shelley's most frequent "idols" is the cave itself, which often seems to symbolise the mind's inmost sanctuary; others include fountains, reflections in water, winds, clouds and echoes. The forces of Nature, under the form of genii; personified abstractions; Earth, Sun, and Moon, all play their part. Some of Shelley's beautiful landscapes are a "dual vision"—actual description blending with symbolism. The dramatic element in *Prometheus Unbound* is the conflict between good and evil in the Titan; a detailed analysis of the poem is given by Mr. Butter. His suggestions throughout the book are amply illustrated by quotations. An opening chapter is, naturally,

devoted to Shelley as a love poet, whose heroes pursue some complementary being, the epipsyche, which may mirror and make perfect their own self; this would set forth Shelley's own ideal. Various images are employed as "soul vehicles"—a lamp, musical instruments, books, a veil. Shelley is shewn to have been preoccupied with the idea of the "One and the Many", spirit related to matter, unity in diversity. In him, as in perhaps no other poet, there is a constant mingling of the senses, (synaesthesia), of music, for example, light, scent, and love. A list is given of the scientific authors read by Shelley in his earlier years, Sir Humphrey Davy, Herschel, and Erasmus Darwin among them, and we are shewn how he shared in their approach to modern scientific discoveries, to matter as energy, and others. He dwells on the cycle of ocean, cloud, rain and rivers, transmuting scientific facts into pure poetry. Shelley's conclusions are subject to change; on the problem of personal survival he was undecided to the end. But he believed, as *Adonais* shows, that after death we become one with our imaginings. It is impossible in brief compass to summarise this scholarly work, which cannot fail to give readers a deeper understanding of Shelley.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

* *Shelley's Idols of the Cave.* By P. H. Butter. University Press, Edinburgh. 15s.

Commander Stagg has followed up his books *North Norway* and *The Heart of Norway* with a volume entitled *West Norway and its Fjords : a History of Bergen and its Provinces.* (Allen & Unwin. 18s.) The whole series is the more welcome since Norway has tempted far fewer writers than Sweden. Books on Norway, broadly speaking, deal with places, books on Sweden mainly with famous actors on the European stage. The author knows and loves every corner of the land, and his detailed record of the great trading centre of Bergen is a real contribution to history. Only towards the end do we reach names familiar to modern ears such as Holberg and Grieg. The nightmare of the German occupation, we are told, requires a volume for itself, and Commander Stagg should provide it. No continental nation makes a stronger appeal to Englishmen than this sturdy race to whom liberty has always been dearer than life.

The *New Whitehall Series*, prepared under the auspices of the Royal Institute of Public Administration and edited by Sir Robert Fraser, should find a wide welcome. The old series, published before the war, has been long outdated, and there is a continuing demand for short factual surveys of Government Departments, which are authoritative and readable. The first volume is *The Home Office*, by Sir Frank Newsam, the Permanent Under Secretary of State. The book is mainly concerned with the Home Secretary's primary functions, namely the maintenance of order and the exercise of the prerogative of mercy, which extends far beyond murder cases. Sir Frank defines the "essential task" of his Department "to maintain, in a world that seems to pay a diminishing regard to such principles, the widest liberty, consistent with law and order." The author also outlines the numerous functions and work imposed upon the Department, either by statute or as the "residuary legatee" of domestic administration. The account is concise, factual and lucid; Sir Frank writes with a natural pride in his Department, and, perhaps for that reason, tends to overstress its constitutional role. A great deal of modern legislation, which it administers, has been inspired or initiated outside the Home Office. Moreover to describe the Department as "the last bulwark of liberal opinion" is to ignore the Press and Parliament itself. These are, however, small criticisms of a most informative and useful book.

The Home Office. By Sir Frank Newsam, K.C.B. The New Whitehall Series. Allen & Unwin. 15s.

THE SATANIC MASS

Henry T. F. Rhodes is a detective but he is not a policeman nor is he a "private eye." He is an expert (perhaps the expert) on forged and suspect documents and, more fascinatingly still, a forensic chemist. The qualifications required for success in such work equip their owner to undertake painstaking research and to apply minute observation in almost any field of enquiry, and in his new book* he has displayed a unique ability to expose not merely the criminals—those servants of Satan—but Satan himself. Notwithstanding that there does not exist a single document describing at first hand the rites and ceremonies of the Black Mass, he has revealed in minute detail the order of its celebration from earliest times until the present day. In the course of the centuries the "office" has altered its idiom, but its basis remains unchanged since the days when the earth was young and man, emerging into the light of civilisation, dazzled by the effulgence of its promise, worshipped his primitive gods by means of rites that we describe as "obscene." Mr. Rhodes draws a distinction between the worship of the goat, as practised at the Sabbat, and the genuine Satanic Mass. It is only after reading this enlightening book that one begins to realise how subtle is the difference and how popularly the former is assumed to be the latter. In addition to a general reconstruction of the ceremony in its various ages, we see it used as an expression of revolutionary force, as a remunerative source of criminal activity, and as an exciting plaything for bored young men about town. From the Knights Templars to the Freemasons, from prehistoric times to the twentieth century, the Black Mass, with its reversals and inversions has provided the dangerous haven to which the socially deviated have fled; but, it is not without its humours. When La Reynie cross-examined the Duchess of Bouillon, a suspected devotee of the Devil, he asked; "Have you ever seen the Devil?" her devastating reply was: "Yes, I see him now. He looks very ugly and villainous, and he is disguised as a Councillor of State." Wilkes—"that devil Wilkes"—let his baboon escape from the trap and leap upon the black-mass altar at the precise moment when Sir Francis Dashwood, officiating at a service held in his Medmenham Monastery, uttered the invocation. The atom age has not dethroned the devil, and some would attribute the discovery of nuclear fission to inspiration received from him. Be that as it may, the contemporary celebration of the Satanic Mass seems more sinister, and it may be indeed more destructive, than is the possession of super-hydrogen bombs by either East or West.

JULIAN FRANKLYN.

The Satanic Mass. A Sociological and Criminological Study. Rider & Co. 16s.

* * * * *

Magnificent Journey: the Rise of the Trade Unions, by Francis Williams (Odhams Press, 15s.) is as readable as well as an instructive record of a great movement. The story of their rise and early struggles was first told by the Webbs sixty years ago, and the most important portion of the present work deals with the developments of the twentieth century. The author has known many of the leading figures in the drama and writes with enthusiasm from beginning to end of the volume. The hero of the story is Keir Hardie, the Scottish miner, the founder of the Parliamentary Labour Party, whom to know was to love. The era of struggle is over and the era of joint responsibility may be said to have begun when Ernest Bevin entered the Coalition Ministry as Minister of Labour in 1940. In the final chapter Mr. Williams briefly discusses the two latest threats to the authority and solidarity of Trade Unions—Communism and unofficial strikes—but he refuses to be alarmed. Nothing except mass unemployment seems likely to increase the appeal of Communist propaganda, and unofficial strikes, we are

assured, are not wholly to be condemned, since they often focus attention on local problems in which neither managements nor unions have shown sufficient flexibility. The title *Magnificent Journey* sounds rather flamboyant, but the nation—like the author—has reason to be proud of the determination of organised labour and its officials to keep this mighty movement on constitutional lines.

* * * * *

Ledoux has attracted considerable attention during recent years, since his work, although mainly executed in the late 18th century, appears to be modern; furthermore his book on architecture was published in 1804, thus familiarising a wider public with his artistic outlook. Boullée, although his precursor, because of his modesty and lack of sustained patronage, remained forgotten. His "Essai" on architecture, deposited in manuscript form in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, was overlooked until it was published by Dr. Helen Rosenau, 154 years after the author's death.* From this manuscript, which was to be copiously illustrated by engravings for which the preliminary drawings exist, one can gauge the significance of Boullée as a teacher and his influence on the development of the Empire style. The Editor has established the chronology of his work, including such unusual schemes as the project for a National Library on the present site and a Cenotaph for Newton, of whom Boullée was an ardent admirer. An introduction and notes in English are added to the French text, clarifying the background of the architect's work and emphasizing the "painterly" character of his settings. Indeed Boullée, although an architect, had wished to become a painter, and in his visionary drawings he realised his dreams, undeterred by lack of external success. He was a Utopian planner who set his buildings in an ideal landscape, a reformer, no revolutionary. As such he was a child of the transitional age which saw the emergence of the French Republic. Many of his ideas now appear as contemporary, since they were far in advance of their time. They deserve careful study as historical documents as well as precursors of contemporary functionalism.

**Boullée's Treatise on Architecture*. Edited by Dr. Helen Rosenau. Tiranti, London. 1953. 21s.

* * * * *

Secretary Stimson, by Richard N. Current (Rutgers University Press, 4½ dollars) should be read by all serious students of recent American history, for he held high office under seven Presidents and played a major part in the formulation and execution of policy over many years. Though Professor Current recognises his high character, outstanding ability and capacity for hard work, and finds something to praise in the earlier phases of his public career, the later chapters present a formidable documented indictment of his policy as Secretary of State and later as Secretary of War under Roosevelt and Truman. Despite the glowing tributes to his services by General Marshall and other celebrities, the author portrays him as inclined to be stiff, harsh and autocratic, an Imperialist believing in little except force and determined to use every weapon in a life and death struggle such as the Second World War. The author selects for special reprobation his attempt to deny his considerable share of responsibility for the disaster at Pearl Harbour, for the harrying of loyal Japanese citizens of the United States when Japan launched her treacherous attack, and for the momentous decision to drop atom bombs on two big cities in Japan. This volume is described on the dust cover as "the first assessment of a controversial career", and we may doubtless expect a rejoinder in due course by some admirer of the statesman and the man.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

All too rarely in our reading we are turned back to the wondering child, breath caught at the marvel of creation, startled to discover that nature is a pattern, an endless chain, a binding, and eager to see the mystery whole. So for a space we regain our birthright as poets.

Why clouds do not fall down

John Stewart Collis has never lost it; his new book has this transforming power, nor do Nicholas Egon's drawings break the spell. In *THE MOVING WATERS* (*Rupert Hart-Davis*. 15s.) the practical forester and ploughman, the scientist-scholar, the philosopher who looks on all life and finds it one, now approaches man's relation to cloud, snowflake, rain, hailstone, dew, avalanche and iceberg, spring, well, geyser and cataract, with the same poetic insight and apocalyptic eloquence unsmirched by the purple patch. For him there are no commonplaces: the flooded ceilings of our late long winter demonstrate the miracle of expanding ice, at 20 degrees of frost calling for pipes "strong enough to resist 138 tons to the square inch;" the weaving on the spider's web of filaments of frost is "by the molecules that in another mode tread another loom;" the grinding of glaciers produces the seeds of future continents, mountains sharing mortality indifferently with the butterfly; rivers take the land away, but to the shore where they pile it up.

Resurrected land

To counteract erosion of the soil by sea, wind and drought, man's applied imagination which he calls engineering has persuaded nature to serve him in drainage, water highways, turbine and dynamo; yet, no longer thinking in terms of conquest, our scientists understand that we must work in obedience to her laws: "In the deserts, in the Tennessee Valley and elsewhere, man had put a spoke in the wheel. . . . Now, he puts his shoulder" to it. Mr. Collis's book is made to last; its technical information and factual grasp, its descriptions, of caves formed by

underground water or of mythologic ceremony, its undertones of hope, its appeal imponderable and solid like the earth's coating of atmosphere of which it treats, its wisdom, artistry and style, would have endeared it to Ruskin. Its preoccupation with "the waters from their ascent out of the ocean to their completion of the cycle" would have appealed to Emily Brontë too, who knew well that "soft white clouds" sailing on,

Like spirits of ethereal dew

Which all the morn had hovered o'er
the flowers, would return to heaven eventually.

Two storytellers

It is good to have some sixty of her poems under one roof again, at the end of *WUTHERING HEIGHTS*, in a new Everyman Library printing (*J. M. Dent*. 6s.). Margaret Lane has written an introductory critical appreciation of Charlotte Brontë's preface to the second edition of her sister's "rude and strange production." Sensible Miss Lane does not try to explain the feeling of "the classic purging of high tragedy" that accompanies the reading of the book. She truly says that neither novel nor poems can be copied; one can only accept them "as a great draught of experience." Emily's faults do not matter, for her genius could break every rule. So of the telling of the complicated tale we are content with Miss Lane's summing-up: "It is an outrageous method, and it succeeds perfectly."

Emily Brontë's life of thirty years knew no renown. During its span, beyond her moors and over the border, the first historical best-seller *The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte* was produced and sold like popular fiction. The same author's *Guy Mannering* had confirmed him a decade before as the first of the best-selling novelists, and this had been preceded in 1805 by the first best-sale in poetry, his *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The fabulous hat trick has its commentator in that most able biographer Hesketh Pearson,

whose *WALTER SCOTT: His life and Personality* (*Methuen*. 21s.) takes the opportunity of the collected letters and the *Journal* published in the 1930s to round off our view of Scott as man and writer. The moment is favourable, for one senses a turn in the tide of denigration and neglect. The people who swear they cannot read him nowadays, invariably recall an exception on which they dote. To such, and to newcomers, the circumstances of his life being more astonishing than any of the situations he created, the narration here should lead back to the works themselves. He outlived tragic ill-health, an unlucky love affair and financial ruin. His benevolence, his humility, his dislike of extremes, were exceptional in a man of his literary eminence. His deference to rank was due to his romantic feeling for tradition, not to snobbery: "He paid far more respect to a poor Scottish chieftain than to a modern English lord," says Mr. Pearson. Byron's "good man" seems to have had a character to match his genius.

Writing "The Ugly Duckling"

Who knows what influence Sir Walter Scott was having on the young man in Denmark who was commissioned to do the librettos for opera versions of *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *Kenilworth*? Novels, plays, poems and travel sketches poured from him as the years went by, but the world scarcely connects them with the name of Hans Christian Andersen. Nor has the fame of his autobiography spread wide. In English-speaking countries, at least; this is now rectified by its sumptuous appearance entitled, excusably by Hans Andersen himself, *THE FAIRY TALE OF MY LIFE* (*Maxson*. Distributed by I. R. Maxwell & Co., 242, Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1. £8 8s.). The volume cannot be recommended for bedside reading for it weighs about six pounds in its matching box and measures ten by thirteen inches. But as a piece of book design and printing it is a connoisseur's delight, and surely nothing more

handsome will be on view at the National Book League's exhibition in Albemarle Street this month to celebrate the 150th anniversary of Andersen's birth. The fifty full-page water-colour illustrations, the property of the Copenhagen Royal Museum of Fine Arts, are the inspired work of Niels Larsen Stevns, painted for the Danish edition of a dozen years ago. They cast a glow, cool and delicious, over the story, at first harsh when poverty stalked and the prophet had no honour in his own country. Then the fairy tale comes true, and Andersen is fêted abroad, with Schumann and Dickens and Jenny Lind for friends, an invitation to Osborne from Queen Victoria, and reading aloud at various European courts. He tells of his successes, as of his dole, with the childlike directness we remember of old, and the translation of W. Glyn Jones admirably conveys and sustains the magic and the poetry.

Return of the diplomat

Hans Andersen says when he arrived in Rome: "I soon felt as though I was born there and belonged to it." This should qualify him for inclusion in the next book among the *GHOSTS OF THE SPANISH STEPS* (*John Murray*. 18s.). For most of us from Britain that wide and graceful stairway means Keats and his and Shelley's Memorial House, and it was disconcerting at first to find the two poets so inconspicuous among Daniel Varé's spectres. But we soon see them from his perspective, for the company is vast as it is fascinating, and Galileo, Madame Récamier, the pseudonymous Mr. Hayter, Axel Munthe, Ouida, the "Napoleonides," young Henry Adams, Prince Chigi, Marconi, Eleanora Duse, Browning and Sarasate are only a few who incongruously jostle each other as they pass up and down. Happily Signor Varé has space for quite an instalment of the lively and reflective autobiography we have come to expect from this "laughing diplomat." His relationship with his mother for example—she was out and about, not just on the Steps a stone's

throw away but all over Rome at the age of 91—is sharply conveyed. Seeing “the humorous side of the most deplorable events” she still brought him up according to the notions of her native Scotland. While he disclaims the writing of history for what he calls “this pot-pourri of a book,” of men and affairs of his own and other generations he is a shrewd and kindly observer, to whom his easy knowledge of the English language adds dignity and charm.

La boutique

Another Italian, born at the Palazzo Corsini and surely one of the liveliest ghosts of the Spanish Steps, brings her very individual version of the language—she too has Scottish blood—to decorate her pages. Elsa Schiaparelli’s *SHOCKING LIFE* (*J. M. Dent*, 21s.) takes the adjective from the shade of pink she ‘invented.’ This is no more vivid than her whirling and varied career, divided into compartments labelled Italy, London, Paris, Moscow, New York, Minnesota, Texas, Brazil, without doing damage to a strong and integrated personality. Honest in vanity as in ruthlessness, she emerges from her well-illustrated (and un-indexed) pages a not particularly likeable figure: all the more to her credit that she has not increased a prejudice against people who presume to dictate women’s fashions. Her zest in singlemindedness, her joy in creation, her fortitude in sorrow, command respect and a keen attention as the saga proceeds. If to an outsider her life should seem a dreary round of dress shows, to her it is crowned by her satisfaction in influencing design. We accept that she has always found willing helpers to carry out her crowding ideas, and perceive that the culture of her distinguished ancestry has in her prevented any compromise with the cheap or the nasty. To America goes her tribute for helping her “to obtain a unique place in the world” and to France—who gave her the inspiration.

The conqueror’s dream

“The champion of *dolce France*”

has set Harold Lamb the tremendous task of detaching the legend from the man in *CHARLEMAGNE* (*Robert Hale*, 16s.). By 1000 A.D. he, Charles the Great and dead nearly two hundred years, was inspiring pilgrim and Provençal poet; feudal life and the advent of knighthood cried the fame of “the first king of France” thus defining the disputed boundaries of his empire; and when from England to the Rhineland men set forth on the first crusade, minstrels sang how before them Charlemagne had gained Jerusalem from the Saracen. Of his unlettered youth, of the enquiring, forceful soldier conquering knowledge as well as a kingdom, of his wives and children, of the cunning diplomat and at last the unifier of the western world, Mr. Lamb has patiently garnered and smoothly displayed every accessible fact. He throws new light on the dark ages as he surveys a domain that stretched from the territory of the Northmen of Scandia to that of the Emir of Córdoba beyond Zaragoza, from the Bohemian, Slav and Bulgar regions in the east to the shore of the Franks opposite Canterbury.

Imagery and realism

Europe has burst its banks
And the first floodwaters rising reach
our doors,
sings Howard Sergeant of a later realignment of power. *THE HEADLANDS* (*Putnam*, 7s. 6d.) is a representative collection of his work that rescues him from the ephemerality of magazine reading. We are able to share his communication of experience whether he is climbing the beanstalk of our minds, pondering the sailor “wearing a borrowed face,” or noting the measured breathing of the sea. Lyricism and bitterness are sometimes locked in struggle in his verse, but his impact is such in the sequence on the luckless children of Europe that we cower with him under the shame of shirked responsibility. Those who despair of the aims and values of modern poetry should ponder Mr. Sergeant and think again.

GRACE BANYARD.

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incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY



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THE FAITH OF A LIBERAL

MOST of us, I imagine, have been victims of a curious mental illusion which leads us to expect on meeting someone whom we have not seen for thirty years to find him or her unaltered in appearance. It is this same want of imagination which has led soldiers (not all of course) to prepare for a coming war with the weapons and tactics of the last in the forefront of their minds. And nations suffer from the same kind of disability. In every age the generations are intermingled, but there is one generation which is substantially dominant, and it lives enough in the past to find conscious adaptation a difficult and uncomfortable exercise; it would rather be the victim of evolution than the selective architect of its own future. In Great Britain the ruling generation has not even yet sloughed off outlooks and habits of mind which were the product of obsolete conditions. We are liable to go on our way attended by a splendid Victorian vision—or so it seems to me when I think of the grounds on which the British withdrawal from Egypt was attacked by Conservative back-benchers. Not so long ago, and well within the lifetime of most of our political leaders, we were the rulers and possessors of an Empire on which the sun never set; we could afford a splendid isolation; by our naval supremacy we imposed a Pax Britannica which came near to reproducing the peace of Imperial Rome. We feared no foes, and we wooed no friends. In trade and industry we led the world. All that began "to fade into the light of common day" with the outbreak of the first World War, and the change was consummated by the second. The Empire is in voluntary liquidation. We command neither the sea nor the air and are henceforth little less vulnerable than any part of continental Europe. Isolation is not a possibility and is not even an ideal. We, who once held not merely "the gorgeous East" but the whole world in fee, are a debtor people.

It would be distasteful smugness to suggest that British Liberals are immune from illusion and nostalgia; but it can be legitimately claimed that, just as they have been responsible for the only original political thinking in the last thirty years about our domestic problems, they have been quicker and readier to comprehend the requirements of our new situation in the world; Keynes and Gilbert Murray have been our prophets. The mere force of events has pushed all of us, Conservatives, Socialists and Liberals, into close association with other nations for purposes of defence, for the maintenance of freedom, for its extension by peaceful means, and, nominally at least, for the creation of conditions under which immature countries can come of age and enjoy higher standards of living. But it is not unfair to say that each successive step (with the possible but by no means certain exception of our closer association with the United States) has been taken by British Conservatives and British Socialists with hesitancy and reluctance. The mental illusion persists; it is not realised that a nation today is a province—when it is something better than a parish. Our relations with the Commonwealth are sometimes advanced as a reason against closer identification with Europe—and that again is a phase of the illusion. The case is never argued; it is assumed that our Imperial responsibilities are still of Victorian magnitude. The fact that no Dominion statesman has ever raised a word of protest against as intimate

an association as the British people might desire with the new fabric of Western Europe is ignored. In the case of the Labour Party the illusion of lost greatness is intensified by the instinctive, ill-founded belief that we can, and the unworthy ambition that we should, maintain prosperity and full employment by a purely nationalistic economic policy—a doctrine of devil-take-the-hindmost in international affairs which measures the Socialist fall from grace and idealism.

What are the views of the British Liberal Party which make it the natural and predestined partner of European Liberals and their staunch associate in the Liberal International? Firstly we welcome world citizenship: we do not accept it with a grimace of distaste as a "*pis aller*." Secondly, we have not discarded the view, so generally entertained when "sin and sorrow" struck us, that we shall never have peace in a world of international anarchy. Thirdly, just as we believe that no nation can prosper with an upper ten and a totally submerged tenth, so we hold that you cannot have a peaceful world when about half its population is living on the edge of destitution. Defence against aggression is the first objective in order of time, but we can add, in the words of the Vulgate, "*porro unum est necessarium*"—the steady attempt to remove the manifold causes of war. We believe in eventual world government—not the detailed administration of the world's provinces and parishes by a centralised international Parliament, but the subjection of all nations to the rule of law, the international control of armaments and the international co-ordination and, so to speak, harmonisation of trade. The seeds of that world government are in U.N.O., but for the moment the world's soil and climate are unfavourable to its growth. Meanwhile we are in N.A.T.O. together, in which we are closely associated with Europe, with America and with the British Commonwealth. In that relationship Canada often usefully interprets Great Britain to the United States, and Great Britain does the same service of interpretation for Europe. Still more importantly at this stage of international evolution, Liberals have pushed, pressed, and prodded successive British governments to associate this country much more intimately with Western Europe. We have pleaded for participation in E.D.C. and the European Coal and Steel Community; we have not been scared by the old national idol of sovereignty. We have an instinctive feeling that if Western Europe were to make a success of its struggle to achieve unification (it seems at times more like a series of twitches than a sustained effort) we could not stand aloof. It would be strange if, having always ascribed the success of American industry to its great free internal market, we could expect to live prosperously and as equals among, but outside, great common markets in Eastern Europe, Western Europe and the United States.

British Liberals believe that the principles on which their domestic policies are based, such as equality before the law, absence of privilege, equality of opportunity, freedom of speech, opinion, religion and association, are of equal validity in international conduct. We have led a fight against internal wants, poverty, ill health and ignorance, and we recognise that these evils are lions in the international field as well. Particularly in the economic field is it true that the practice of Liberalism in both domestic and foreign affairs is the key to better and more stable relations between the peoples of the world, and on the last analysis the

Liberal International strives to make Liberalism the dominant influence not only in the relationship of the member countries to each other but within national boundaries as well. And so far as British Liberals are concerned in the matter, they can claim that though their Party has few representatives in Parliament, and therefore only one at Strasbourg, it has a disproportionately large influence on British public opinion, and is, to that degree, able to match what is being done by its fellow parties in other European countries.

ANDREW MCFADYEAN.

THE CROWN AND THE COMMONWEALTH

THE Confederacy is made up of many races; all the representatives have equal votes, and press their several interests. There follows the usual result that nothing is ever done properly. For some are all anxiety to be revenged on an enemy, while others only want to get off with as little loss as possible. The members of such a Confederacy are slow to meet, and when they do meet, they give little time to the consideration of any common interest, and a great deal to schemes which further the interest of their particular State. Everyone fancies that his own neglect will do no harm, but that it is somebody else's business to keep a look out for him, and this idea cherished alike by each, is the secret ruin of all." The above quotation sounds like a rather acid appraisal of the proceedings of the League of Nations between the two world-wars. It is in fact, part of a speech delivered by Pericles to the Athenians on the eve of the Peloponnesian war between Athens and Sparta in 432 B.C., and nearly 2,400 years later we find the late Field-Marshal Smuts addressing the Empire Parliamentary Association at Westminster in these words: "It was largely because in the League of Nations we did not recognise the importance of leadership and power that everything went wrong in the end. What was everybody's business in the end proved to be nobody's business. Each one looked to the other to take the lead, and the aggressor got away with it." Whether Smuts had Pericles' speech in mind when he spoke these words I do not know, but there is considerable similarity between his views on the League of Nations and the views of Pericles on the Peloponnesian Confederacy.

A study of the many attempts made during the last two thousand years to induce different races and communities to take common action in self-defence makes painful reading. History is strewn with the records of unsuccessful and short-lived alliances, treaties, covenants, confederacies and leagues designed to preserve the contracting parties from the depredations of their neighbours. Two such confederacies are still in being; the United Nations Organisation and the Commonwealth of Nations. How far do the criticisms of Pericles and Smuts apply to them? Earlier in his speech Pericles declared that the Peloponnesians were incapacitated from carrying on a war by the want of a single war council necessary for prompt and vigorous action. The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation has gone some way to remedy that defect, but what about the leadership to which Smuts referred? Leadership has always been a very personal thing—so personal in fact, that in olden days when Kings commanded in battle,

the death or capture or flight of the King often led to the dispersal and disintegration of his Army. We all know how the Greeks fared while Achilles sulked in his tent. That sort of thing does not happen nowadays but during the last war every soul in Great Britain experienced the effect of a great man's personal leadership. The result of that war might well have been very different if we had been deprived of the services of Sir Winston Churchill.

There are substantial limits to leadership when it comes to uniting in a common cause a number of nations differing in race, religion, history, tradition and culture, and those limits are more pronounced in time of peace than in time of war. The Roman Emperors in the age of the Antonines got as near to unifying a considerable part of the civilised world as any leaders have done since. The person of the Emperor meant a great deal to everyone from the Euphrates to Newcastle. No doubt the deification of the Emperor helped, and of course compulsion was always in the background. Later on European society was held together for a time by a Universal Church and the Holy Roman Empire, but by the 16th century Nationalism had begun to rear its head and become a powerful solvent of international unity. It still so remains, and is indeed becoming more powerful. The fact that in many countries today the masses are the eventual arbiters of policy, fortifies Nationalism, and so far as foreign policy is concerned, it is by no means certain that the cause of peace has benefited thereby. For hearts tend to govern heads and emotion takes the place of reason. Politicians find that a larger dividend in the form of popular support is paid by appeals to local pride and prejudice, and racial and communal sentiment, than to concepts of international co-operation however eloquently expressed. It is true that clichés like "collective security," "the rule of law" and so forth have been successfully employed to elicit some degree of enthusiasm for joint endeavour, and various 'isms' such as Imperialism and Colonialism can be relied upon to provoke inflammatory responses. Such terms and phrases have an emotional content, provided that they are not subjected to definition and analysis—and they seldom are.

The problem now is, how to foster a core of mutual attraction in the hearts of the members of a multi-national organisation and produce a central figure which will transcend national and parochial loyalties. Smuts held that the League of Nations failed for lack of leadership and power. The United Nations Organisation has power, but where is the leadership? For the masses leadership means a personal flesh and blood leader upon whom the emotion of loyalty can be bestowed. It is not easy to be loyal to an abstraction. The man-in-the-street is unlikely to cheer a covenant, and I doubt whether a procession of the representatives of the members of the United Nations Organisation would evoke more than respectful acclamation from the onlookers. In time of war, of course, there have been occasions when a number of allied nations have agreed to appoint and follow a leader chosen from one of them; for example Marlborough and Foch, and no doubt in the event of a third world-war they would do so again. It would, however, be a confession of failure to rely solely on war to overcome the centrifugal influence of Nationalism and find a personage acceptable to all. But where can such a personage be found in time of

peace? The United States of America will follow its President, and the United Kingdom its Prime Minister, and other countries likewise, but I cannot envisage the United Nations Organisation as the source of a leadership which will command the loyalty and unite the support of all its member nations.

What about the other organisation, the Commonwealth? It is, of course, much the smaller of the two. 60 nations are members of the United Nations Organisation and only 8 of the Commonwealth, though they comprise about one fourth of the world's population, and it may not be long before Rhodesia and the West Indies take their places as free and independent members of the Commonwealth, to be joined, I hope, in due course by others, until much of what is now termed the British Empire will consist of self-governing states. Such a group will be no more racially or culturally homogeneous than is the United Nations Organisation, but it will possess what that organisation lacks, a centripetal influence, embodying in the words of Sir Oliver Franks, "the principle of continuity and unity within the Commonwealth and as such accepted by all the partners." That influence is the Crown. I shall no doubt be reminded that, as stated earlier in this article, it is not easy to move the masses to be loyal to something abstract, and that the Crown is an abstraction. Technically that may be so, but it is an abstraction which its wearer, the reigning Sovereign, transmutes into reality and endows with life. In Her broadcast message at Christmas 1953 Her Majesty the Queen said that she wanted to show that the Crown was not merely an abstract symbol of the unity of the nations of the Commonwealth, but a personal and living bond between Her and Her people.

That bond was made abundantly evident during the Royal tour of the Commonwealth last Spring. I cannot speak of Australia and New Zealand from personal observation, but I can speak of Ceylon, for I was the Governor-General of that country during the Royal visit. It is impossible to exaggerate the spontaneous warm-hearted fervour with which the Ceylonese greeted the Queen—their Queen—the Queen of Ceylon—so entitled by an Act of the Ceylon Parliament. They were moved not only by loyalty to their Sovereign—the latest in line of a succession of Kings and Queens of Ceylon that can be traced for over 2,000 years—but by an almost mystical reverence for a supremely exalted person. As an old man—a Buddhist—from a remote country village put it; "Clearly I have earned great merit in my previous life to have been privileged to see The Queen in this one." On the evening of the day of Her departure the Prime Minister of Ceylon fittingly summed up the feelings of his countrymen in these words: "Our Queen has come, has moved freely amongst us, and has gone leaving behind a trail of happy memories, and millions of joyous hearts and smiling faces." It implies no reflection upon the popularity of the political leaders of Ceylon or of any other Commonwealth nation, to say that not one of them could evoke for themselves anything approaching the devoted enthusiasm which their peoples lavished upon their Queen. For tradition plays a large part in human thought and action. Mankind has had a much longer experience of monarchy than of any other institution, and no form of government has realised more completely than a monarchy the continuity and unity that have always been the objectives of a civilised

state. And, as an English historian has observed: "It is far easier to arrive at the notion of sovereignty, if it is seen to be vested in a single person, than if it belongs to an assembly." Lord Elton was not altogether fanciful when he wrote in his book: *Imperial Commonwealth* that "the Indian masses have always preferred a person to a system, and had there been a Disraeli at hand to advise, George the Fifth might conceivably have been a second Asoka to the Hindus of India, another Suleiman the Magnificent to the Moslems." Moreover, though the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings has long ago been outmoded, I believe that there is still felt in the human heart—and perhaps more deeply in the East than in the West—a sense of the "Divinity that doth hedge a King." But be that as it may, the Commonwealth possesses in the Crown a centre of loyalty and a focus of personal influence, which no other confederacy of free and independent nations has ever enjoyed.

Each nation in the Commonwealth accepts the Queen as the symbol of its free association and independence, and as such the Head of the Commonwealth. In that capacity the Queen is recognised by all its members, seven of whom also recognise Her as their Queen. India, however, has adopted the status of a Republic and Pakistan proposes to do likewise; South Africa may follow suit. It is not very easy to appreciate the advantage to be gained by becoming a Republic within the Commonwealth. There is no peculiar magic in the word Republic, which is indeed practically synonymous with the word Commonwealth. Pakistan is at present a free and independent member of the Commonwealth and intends so to remain; the status of a Republic will not make the slightest difference to her freedom and independence. She is now and will be as completely self-governing as any of her sister nations. But it may make a difference in the attitude of some of them towards her, for—quite frankly—they are not likely to feel the same regard for a people which no longer recognises, as they do, the Queen as their Queen. That may not be to the advantage of Pakistan. Incidentally, a popularly elected Government is less powerful under a President than under a Governor-General. The latter can be recalled at any moment by the Queen on the advice of the Prime Minister, but a President is usually elected for a term of years and if the Government finds him non-co-operative or inefficient, he is much more difficult to get rid of. Presumably Pakistan's decision is partly due to the precedent set by India, and partly to the conception of the Crown recalling bygone memories of subjection and dependence. No doubt in the past Britain made many mistakes in her administration of that part of India which is now Pakistan; no nation in the world has an unsullied record in its dealings with other nations. Nevertheless it is a mistake to be hag-ridden by history, and wiser to relegate past grievances to the limbo of "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago."

In contrasting the United Nations Organisation and the Commonwealth it must not be inferred that they are rivals, and no invidious comparison should be made between them. Their functions and constitutions are fundamentally different. And the Commonwealth is in no sense a bloc, for its membership does not involve any political or economic exclusiveness. Nevertheless the Commonwealth is a unique institution, for unlike the members of the United Nations Organisation, its members

have become the members of a family. The meetings of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers resemble family gatherings, at which questions of common interest can be discussed with the utmost frankness and in complete privacy. The Queen, as the Head of the Commonwealth, is the Head of this great family, this "immense union of nations with their homes set in all the four corners of the earth." She is the centre of a connection between those nations, which legally and in various ways differs from their connection with other nations, for just as there can be no foreigners within a family, no one citizen can be foreign to another citizen of the Commonwealth. That relationship is the basis of its organic unity, of which the Crown is the symbol, and The Queen is, as she said she wished to be, "a personal and living bond between Her and Her people."

SOULBURY.

FAR EASTERN GLIMPSE

A MONTH away from home—when one has been as far as Siam and Japan and touched the smouldering fringe of the Bamboo Curtain—is unsettling. With a little peace one tries to figure out what the experience meant, what human relations are, and what may cause a country, at some point in its history, to go Communist. Looking at a map of the world, one realizes that our Parliamentary Delegation took a sort of By-Pass route to Tokyo. A straight line from London would have taken us across the heart of Russia. A passenger with us on our immense B.O.A.C. "Argonaut" insisted that this was not an artificial détour—it being controlled by the fact that all the great cities of the world tend to be on Deltas; also, a direct route (political considerations apart), would lead across unmanageable mountains. So we took the southern route to the far-off islands of Japan, via Rome, Cairo, Basra, Karachi, Delhi, Calcutta, Rangoon, Bangkok, Hongkong. We arrived at night at Haneda Airport, Tokyo, having seen the endless golden clusters of light round Tokyo Bay, heralding our arrival at the third biggest city of the world after New York and London. From the first moments it was clear that there was nothing "provincial" about Japan. We were met with a battery of fifty or sixty cameras as we came down the stairway from the aircraft. In addition, we found ourselves on "live" television, and in the bewildering glare (and after three sleepless nights) I myself nearly fatally fouled one of the rubber cables passing from a camera to a nation of ninety millions.

In the little V.I.P. room to which we were hustled a host of journalists and more cameras, manoeuvred by Japs in all postures, from ladders, window-sills, and the floor—awaited us. The quality of their questioning was up to London Airport standard on the return of Eden or on a visit of Dulles. I felt: Here was a great nation, capable of advanced thought. And one remembered, too, that they were not even questioning us in their own tongue. As the days went on one had somehow to fit in this sense of Japanese urban civilisation with monstrous behaviour during the last war, and with the fact that a hundred years ago Japan was just ending an ageless period of isolation from the rest of the world. We drove ten miles into Tokyo through endless tram-lined streets reminding one of South London;

and a mood of British frustration, of tense crowds and traffic-lights, was suggested. In the dark we could not see very clearly; if you limited your awareness you could have been in the Kentish Town Road. But no: there are signs in characters I cannot understand, advertisements written downwards; and some of the houses are shack-like even as we approach towards the inner city.

Our hotel was essentially European and full of Americans. It is rather bewildering to travel so far and seem in some ways to be so near to where you had been, with Americans asking about their rooms or some detail at the Reception, as if they had been doing it at the Dorchester or the Cumberland. Our days were spent in a very rigid schedule of meetings, with Prime Minister Yoshida or the Foreign Minister; with the heads of the Shipping Industry or the Cotton Industry; in going to factories, making railway rolling-stock or cameras; in visiting Governors of Tokyo, Osaka, or Kyoto. We saw the ordinary people only as they waited patiently at tram- or bus-stop or crowded the platforms of the elevated railways. We noticed the same mood of resignation that you get in London, the same fact of being used to it. It is part of their modern national heritage—as with us—that it is difficult to get out of cities. After ten at night, our last public obligation over, one or two of us would sneak off into Tokyo and experience an interesting night life. We talked with many men and women and felt a sense of kinship such as links the world. The Japs have hard faces (as one member of our delegation said “the hardest faces east of Basra.”) yet they can relax beautifully, and they have a great sense of humour. Ten thousand miles should not be allowed to separate emotionally two peoples like our own. The Japs are certainly the most western people in the Far East. They are also the most enigmatic. But are we, the British, not the most enigmatic people in Europe?

One of the tragedies of our visit was that we saw no open country, yet we know that Japan is one of the most beautiful countries in the world. It takes an hour to get out of Tokyo in any direction, and the same is true of Osaka, which with its neighbour Kobe is I believe the fourth greatest city on earth. We had to be content with the controlled beauty of parkland round the Emperor's Palace in the capital, and the sort of Oxford or Stratford-on-Avon beauty of Kyoto, the ancient capital. But these famous Temples of Kyoto are now surrounded by a million or more people. Admittedly we saw Fuji Mountain from the air, a cone appearing the size of a county rising with its mysterious snow out of cloud. This was on the return to Tokyo from Osaka. We had travelled to Osaka by night train (marvellously smooth railway): in the early morning before the first suburbs of Osaka started, I saw glimpses of mountain foothill-country, closely and neatly cultivated up to the sheer sides; delicious streams jostled; over there was a great plain, all reminding of New Zealand; charming haystacks such as Van Gogh might have painted. A vista fading before tram-lines.

The noun “enigma” has to come in if we try to assess the Japanese people. Whether they have always been enigmatic in the way in which they are so today I know not. Not having been in Japan before the war, one cannot tell the effect of all that. The psychology of a defeated nation is always deeply intriguing and deeply concerns us. The Japs we met were

extraordinarily elusive in talking about the late war. Often they gave me the impression of trying to appear more stupid in talking about this (or anything else) than they actually were. Language is some difficulty (and they are notoriously bad linguists), but the major difficulty is probably a desire not to lose face in a tongue they are not entirely familiar with. Only once did I experience any rudeness in conversation, and that was when I pressed very clearly on the question of their entry into the war and the momentum leading towards it. At first the two people I was talking to on this tried to pretend they didn't get my question properly; but when no more evasion was possible they simply burst out into prolonged laughter—as if I had asked a most curious and even ridiculous question.

They no doubt have a very subtle ability of hiding things—of even hiding ability. For instance, attending dinners, where all the important people for instance in the shipping or textile worlds were present, and looking at their faces and hearing their limited conversations, one simply could not believe that these were the kings of industry and trade. Maybe that was their intention. Very skilful. They seemed, this nation, to be on bad terms with themselves; to have an intensity and an incapacity for relaxation. This maybe is only true of cities, but these great cities of Japan set the pace, as cities do in England. The drive towards war was certainly related to this sense of uncomfortableness, and being shut into a medium-sized island-context, with very high population and emigration (even when they did have Manchuria, Korea, Formosa, in those days) not popular. They envied, in the early part of the war, German and Italian Blitzkrieg tactics. "We admired Germany," they say, "and saw what she did. We admired the *effectiveness* of what she did." Many Japanese military men had been educated in German Military Academies. The Navy, on the other hand, had been largely trained by us, and the Japanese Navy was, significantly, against the war. A Navy sees the world. The Army and the militant, explosive airforce were for "having a go." Pearl Harbour was in the Blitzkrieg tradition; this fell gamble nearly came off. The effectiveness of the American Navy was drastically reduced for two years.

Pre-war, the Army always had very strict control of the Press, and in those years leading up to Pearl Harbour the average citizen really had not any idea of what was happening. All the same, this explosive *feel* of the nation was operating. They must assert themselves, succeed, and fling their forces far afield. Out of their isolation was bred a sense of cataclysm, a need to "have a shot at something." Rather a childish psychology—but one that easily came about. I found very little obvious sense of guilt about the war. Perhaps the dropping of two atom-bombs, on Hiroshima and on Nagasaki, obliterated a potential, positive awareness of being a guilty nation. But they are a pragmatic people—with a tendency to think that success justifies itself. A Jap said to a friend of mine, just simply, "Zunny Ma Sen"—"so sorry," too bad, we ought to have done better. We just didn't win. It is childlike, cruel, unrealistic, a world of false figures and images. But it is in the Japanese inheritance.

The younger generation are distinctly pacifist: recruiting for the services is resistant. They have had enough, and the thought of atomic war makes the whole nation shrink from the idea of being directly involved in the defence of the Pacific area from a Western angle. The Japs are increasingly

suspicious of the Americans, and increasingly revealing again a natural xenophobia. It is Japan for the Japanese. Hence the desire for rapprochement with Russia and China. Peace in the region, that is what they want; the present Prime Minister Hatoyama said during his recent election campaign that he wanted to resume relations with the Communist countries "in the interests of preserving peace which was endangered by the present balance of power." An aspect of their lack of guilt-sense was the repeated insistence to us that they ought to be given at once the full benefits of entry into G.A.T.T., the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs signed at Torquay in 1951. They were curiously unable to see that defeat in war made their position any different, or that the survival of the cotton industry in Lancashire depended on us going slowly with them over this matter. But I must by-pass this important matter: suffice to say that the population is increasing by 1,200,000 each year and government efforts to encourage birth-control (though serious) are not being very effective. A fresh, expansive mood, a new image of Australia on the skyline, might occur again. The only long-term answer is a chance of expanding trade for all.

I feel Japanese efforts at democracy to be seriously undertaken, but the roots are shallow. One American forecast to me that it was all "Bent Grass"—that the Old Order would emerge again. I doubt this—given a continuing reasonable trade position, granted the absence of acute economic crisis. They are a diligent people—and they work at democracy. We attended sessions of both Houses of the Diet, and felt that, though there were too many cameras in the Chamber, it was not a veneer business. We told them that they were concentrating too much on personalities and too little on policies. I thought back to Westminster. This happens in all countries. Yet anything like the British age-long precious stability of Government is as yet lacking in Japan. We found their semi-circular Debating Chambers discouraging to the development of a desirable Two-Party system. Splinter-groups, as in France, tend to adumbrate.

Leaving Tokyo—that London of the Far East—where at every moment the nose of some electric train would burst from the ground and turn over your head on some fantastically-reared iron-bridge—we turned our faces SouthWest, passing below the tip of Formosa, back to Hongkong again; thence to Bangkok. We spent a few days there in Siam, and really (unlike in Japan) saw some open countryside, and basked in the sunlight of twenty million smiling faces. No need to smile perhaps, with Communism a real threat from Laos and Cambodia. I found the people largely politically unaware; not mechanically-minded; and their police not good at Special Branch stuff, not efficient at studying underground movements which may threaten them. A rural people, living among seas of green rice, their swift-eyed children flying kites or riding water-buffalo in their canals. When rice is green it looks like fenland wheat before it turns gold. The great spaces appealed to my East Anglian mind, and there was peace in the high sky.

Siam is a semi-fascist State, with no effective opposition in Parliament. Yet the dictatorship is benevolent; with the current high export price of rice nobody goes hungry. The Siamese are a very independent lot, and deeply proud of their Monarchy. They have a charming love of ceremony. They have never belonged to a Colonial power, and exhibit none of that

persisting resentment associated with new-found freedom, as in the case of her neighbours, Burma or Indo-China. These folk want to remain independent in their own romantic world, and their leaders realize the dangers of a political bush-fire running, in a high wind, from China southwards—the advancing Bamboo Screen, red and destructive. But the mass of the people are (nearly) blissful in ignorance. There exists no formed, wide-based public opinion as in western countries—or in Japan. It will remain so for some time. Yet new flames are burning. Communism is without influence there at the moment; but will it perhaps sweep in, in a vacuum to a delightful green land?

On cold London Airport again, I thought of Haneda Airport, and of how our two desperately industrialized nations have almost a bond—of Purgatory.

NOEL-BUXTON.

ARGENTINA TODAY AND TOMORROW

ARGENTINA provided a series of shocks, surprises and a score of reasons for humbling embarrassment. In ten weeks I travelled about 7,000 to 8,000 miles by primitive punt, ancient rowing boat, luxurious aircraft, new motor launches, shining limousines from abroad, and a train to the local Torquay that outdoes the Brighton Belle. For a newcomer to South America's most vibrant republic who had read the few books published in the United States, some of our own out of date traveller's reminiscences, and snippets in a Press so sadly preoccupied with sex, lust, sadism, the contrast between mental picture and reality proved beyond credence. Even in our serious newspapers little appears about the progress, the giant strides, in modern Argentina, and less about the places outside Buenos Aires, unless, of course, and until General Peron imprisons a Catholic priest, a student is detained, military plotters are arrested or tried, and Communists make a protest; besides the occasions when an air disaster obliges or a train crash gives a good death roll. Even more unfortunate for sections of the popular Press is the passing in her climax of effective work of mercy and planning for the downtrodden, of Senora Eva Peron—for the writers cannot pursue her now to her penultimate resting place with miserable and unforgivable outbreaks. Whenever, and this was frequent, leading Argentines asked what kind of picture I had nursed about the country and people, before my descent 7,000 miles from London after about 36 hours in the soothing comfort of the clouds in a luxurious Scandinavian liner, I gave a reply that shamed me more than the questioners. But the Argentines agreed my view was similar to that expressed by other travelled and normally-read people from the West, and not only from the British Isles. I had said briefly, "My impression was of a state in which President Peron has filled some concentration camps with political opponents and soldierly plotters, Radicals who remain outside flee through Uruguay and Chile, the regime is disliked but kept in power by a splendid police force. Religious freedom does not exist. The country is backward and in urgent need of aid from the West in all ranges of technical development."

How did I set about my task? I was allowed to go where I chose,

to ask the questions I specified. I visited the most southerly inhabited town in the world, where President Peron has abolished the notorious penal settlement of Ushuaia, on the borders of the Antarctic Ocean. I interrogated murderers in prisons in Buenos Aires, spent many hours mingling with the detainees of the establishment outside the city where students, Communists and priests share unusually cosy quarters. I sat on the platform with President Peron at several functions, was invited to his box with Vice-President Radhakrishnan of India and the then Japanese Foreign Minister for the Loyalty Day ceremonies on October 17th, listening to the frenzied applause of about half a million Argentines, mostly well dressed workers. Ministers normally inaccessible to visitors gave me all the time I wished and answered my questions candidly. I spent hours chatting with girl students who have the President's park for their sports activities and thus provide the expected type of gossip conventional in western capitals and—cafes, particularly when it is encouraged and disseminated by foreign diplomatists. I spoke with foes of the regime, with foreigners in humble and major employment, with women who would gladly give their lives to defend Peron and his regime, to whom the man is little less than a Divine gift. And the number of these women is truly astounding, in capital, in neighbouring provinces, in villages a thousand miles away and more. To anyone accustomed to the poor clothes of Western Europe and the cafes of King's Cross, the far higher average standard in the Argentine capital and the better towns is impressive. The food eaten in Argentine towns and in the countryside is largely meat, often two pounds a day. But the organisation of supplies is not faultless, and in an officers' mess where I was provided with a furnished house and servants, in Rio Gallegos (where the spring tides reach 52 feet above the ebb), I noted that the three main dishes consisted of a form of macaroni, then tagliatelli and then a sister of the macaroni variety with perhaps half an ounce of meat content. Elsewhere steaks weighing a pound or more, cooked, were not unusual. Unemployment is unknown and many thousands of Chileans, people from Paraguay, from Bolivia, and from Spain, Italy and Germany are added to the labour force regularly, for short periods or for years. The beginning was good: my companions, mostly Germans from the Western zone, and I landed at an aerodrome more modern and imposing than the eternally temporary concoction of huts with which passive Britons appeared satisfied year after year, and amused visitors tolerated with a sinful snigger, at Heathrow till 1955 and at Northolt.

Within a few hours I received shock treatment, at a number of nationally famed institutions, the Children's City, Students' City, the Eva Peron Hospital and the Eva Peron Home for the Aged, a few miles from the capital. Neither in Sweden or Switzerland, let alone the British Isles, have I seen luxury, comfort, ostentatious disregard of expense by planners, builders, decorators and dietetic experts, to rival what I was shown by Argentines growingly conscious, yet far too modest, about their new place in an unheeding world. It seemed as if the dreamer who was executant, Eva Peron, had said to herself, "My own humble and miserable days of uncertainty in my youth shall not be known by the poorest of my fellows . . . the more wretched their conditions at home the more fabulous must be the months they spend in my Children's City, the years in Students' City.

The tapestries I shall order to be a copy of those in the President's own study and ante-rooms, marble floors and lounges and foyers, will also be the same, curtains will be no worse than in the reception rooms of the President, tables similarly, and even statues. The young must leave these memorials to my struggles and my work, conscious of their equality with the best of Argentina's educated, cultivated sons and daughters." Her dreams came true; her orders were obeyed implicitly, lovingly.

Long after the ladies and gentlemen in Argentina and beyond, who spoke of this woman in terms that must be a final judgment on their own taste and sense, become unidentifiable cold ashes, the work of Eva Peron in the establishments I have named and in countless others in a republic twenty two times the area of England and Wales, will rise as a monument lasting many decades. Young Argentines leaving these and several thousand new schools of magnificent design and many technical colleges for artisans will be uniquely free from the pangs of "not belonging," of not having been brought up in environment as generous as some of their brothers and sisters. I see these folk stepping into the world with square shoulders, heads high, speaking to the world in altered tones and phrases. Let me refer to the Eva Peron Hospital, some miles from the "Paris" of Latin America. The 400 beds are looked after by an army of nurses, trained in the Nurses' School of Argentina, and 220 full-time medical personnel, with home or foreign or double qualifications, often with post-graduate diplomas. Every one of the 11 X-ray rooms with its own apparatus made in Argentina, the U.S. and in the case of the machine for examining brains in Germany, had a waiting room, and adequate facilities for preparing the patient as well as the completion of notes. Archives rooms had a British Museum quality and splendour. Even the forms to be filled up by the army of dentists, similar to those used in Children's City, made me wish some missionaries were diverted from "Darkest Africa" to other places, to study rather than teach.

These concepts of the place in the life of the nation occupied by a modern hospital are a guide to the status of universities, vast mixed schools and other educational centres. Often as I rested between my day's six or seven appointments in Buenos Aires I looked out of my windows on the seventh floor of the Alvear Palace Hotel towards the Law Faculty of the University of Buenos Aires, a grandiose palace dangling between the pacific parks designed by early English visitors and the enormous river. The Dean of the Faculty, Professor Fernandez Moreno, a distinguished jurist who has often represented his country at international gatherings with colleagues who do not belong to the Peronista Party, showed me the main halls, examination rooms, corridors, his own studies, professors' conference studios, students' meeting centres—till my mind and eye were dazzled by refinements of light, shade, carpet, tapestry, curtain, sofas, chairs—beyond reaction. Once a week about 2,000 ticket-holders, town people, academic notables, students and friends, pack the major hall for a concert by a gifted home or foreign orchestra or musician.

Big cities with merely tall apartment blocks, whether in Park Lane or Buenos Aires, dazzle, but do not impress me. Riches gained swiftly in the past half century by wheat, lamb, railway, beef and textile barons, overnight determined to please their wives or friends, are clearly displayed in the

generously planned avenues of a capital with four or more million inhabitants. Many private "houses" seem like multiplied editions of the ambassadorial residences that deign to shine on Kensington Palace Gardens. Some avenues are so wide that in the centre the authorities have planned separate lanes for traffic and under rising trees paths for pedestrians. They need to be generous for the speed of the vehicular traffic is a good rival to what is to be seen in Casablanca. Yet despite the absence of traffic lights, the density of cars, lorries, vans, accidents appear to be rare, though the garages must make a fortune out of the frequent renewal of brake linings. It was not without reason that I called the faultless chauffeur lent me by the Foreign Office, Senor Massa, "pilot." In a limousine intended to travel at 60 to 70 miles an hour on the open road he attained speeds that would be a credit to a reconnaissance machine, particularly when we were leaving the Eden-esque Alvear Palace about five a.m. for an aerodrome whence an hour later I should be rising for a flight of 1,000 or 2,000 miles (the same day). Massa was rather restricted in his ebullience, despite the impressive printed notice on our windscreen, "Free Passage," when we approached the centre, close to the biggest hive of roomy, palatial, air-conditioned cinemas showing Argentine, Spanish, Italian, German, sometimes British or Russian and often Hollywood productions with Spanish sound tracks. The entire street is closed to vehicular traffic after a given hour to enable people to shop-gaze in comfort and safety at goods displayed in Bond Street style.

Good, modest and "cheap" restaurants are open till a late hour, libraries and music shops do business at midnight and one a.m., cinemas and theatre halls and the outsize theatres begin major activity when London's close. But the transport situation is not one of Argentina's major accomplishments, because, maybe, of the shortage of foreign currency. The buses are too small, too few and too capricious. The taxicabs are too rare, too old, and too reminiscent of the spirit of those in London during the days of the American invasion in the second world war. I have often had to walk four of five miles at midnight or later, at the end of a day that began at six or seven, because of my consideration for Massa's family. And the demand of an impudent driver of a horse-drawn carriage for 40 pesos (£1 on the official rate of exchange, 10s. at the rate at which I sold some pesos in a London bank in January) for a slow ride of twelve minutes, made me learn my lesson. I would praise highly the planners of the city for constructing without real excuse a splendid green square almost at every corner, so that people can sit down and rest or chat, or eat their sandwiches of sausages with beef content or half a pound of steak, under a cordial blue sky, the trees tempering the rays of a blessed sun. Yet Buenos Aires is grossly over-populated. If Argentina is to achieve the colonisation of the deserted portions of this enormous new Empire in reasonable time, she will have to be more authoritarian about the distribution of the young and educated citizens as well as the army of café loungers and the regiments of luxuriously clothed middle-men. Those who obtain a magnificent education free must be willing to repay the State, their fellows, their proud Argentina, in part, by agreeing to work for a few years in regions where Argentina has not yet begun to develop her astronomic resources, on and below ground. "Patagonia," which includes the

Territories of Neuquen, Rio Negro, Chubut, Comodore Rivadavia, Santa Cruz and Tierra del Fuego, occupies a quarter of the area of the republic, and has 430,000 inhabitants—a fortieth of the total. Here density in places is one to a square mile.

Irrigation, from the air and by windmills and pumps and canals, land planning, prefabricated houses, bonuses with cattle and sheep and horses, a call by Peron and his trio of loyal lieutenants with between them an unchallengable following among the young, would have a staggering response. The young would make Patagonia an example of wealth equalling that of Buenos Aires Province. The rising Argentine Empire would see these territories as rich and important as any in the world—in the same and other continents. Developed and prospering Patagonia is vital, for tomorrow Argentina will not only expect but will be expected to take her rightful place in the counsels of the Powers. Exports from thriving, bustling Patagonia will swell the capacity of Argentina cheaply to feed the colossal tracts of starving India and Africa, beside helping tired Europe to re-establish a diet conducive to normal work and play it has not known since 1939. Argentina will automatically swing the broad policies of more populous and currently louder-voiced governments now, unconscious of her existence. I foresee enormous settlements in Patagonia, where 25 Belgians can be put down in comfort, of Palestinian Arabs, Egyptians, Japanese, Chinese, Italians, Germans, maybe more Welsh and English, and Croats. To these would-be immigrants of tomorrow I could repeat the dramatic phrases spoken to me in the little known town of Obera, in the Province of Misiones, on the edge of the Brazilian jungle frontier, about 1,000 miles north of Buenos Aires. They pioneered in the forests, worked hard for a decade, had mails once a year, succeeded, now have peace, poise, homes, cars, cattle, sheep, horses, families, a sense of citizenship. They told me of "home" in the Saar and Bavaria, Japan and the Ukraine, Switzerland, Sweden, Croatia. Yet none expressed the slightest wish to leave his "new land." The attachment is sound. I listened to them a few yards from the school with pupils representing 46 nationalities.

I was spell-bound, left my heart on the Chilean mountain frontier, amid the fjords, lochs, lakes, rivers and eternal snows around Bariloche, the town that makes loveliest Switzerland look like a tired Lyons tea-shop near Claridges. The English hostess at Estancia El Condor, where gauchos, her husband and I shared a giant assado at six in readiness for lamb-marking among 2,000 sheep, seemed incongruous by the side of snow on sinister crags, or gentle slopes with rich vegetation in sight of mirror lakes. What of the tall scot, in Harris tweed jacket and creaseless flannels, whose Chilean-English wife playing on a full size table could have given me two blacks with assurance—on the borders of the Antarctic Ocean, on the island of Tierra del Fuego, 2,000 miles south of Buenos Aires? He showed me the rolling plains of Rio Grande, which seemed a double of the terrible first hole at Warminster, near Frome, but my eyes rested on a few of his 200,000 sheep on 450,000 acres of favoured Argentina soil. The grandeur of the empty spaces, their silence, only broken by the gentle voice of my chauffeur, the Delegado and captain of the local air base, tugs, and calls, tugs.

About 150 miles away, south towards the Antarctic, I stood near Ushuaia,

among the sleigh dogs on leave from exploration work in the disputed sixth continent. Above me towered snow eight thousand feet away; by my side were beech trees, soft green turf, that could have been seen at Luffenham or Longcliffe, in the Midlands. But I knew I was not wholly alone, for coming nearer and nearer were the shadows of the thousands of men once exiled by governments to spend their whisp of time on earth on the dreaded island at the foot of Argentina, beneath the cold winds and storms by the Beagle Channel. They sought to tell me of those days. Peron long ago abolished the Ushuaia penal settlement—I saw the terrifying cells, the yards, the corridors under permanent observation by guards. To the tune of the unearthly symphony played by the waterfalls, the unseen animals in the jungle, the fabulously hued birds in the creepers and trees, I was intoxicated at Iguazu by the feast of loveliness and ethereal majesty. These cataracts on the Brazilian jungle border are reputed to be more awesome and wild than any others. For me they were an unforgettable thrill that makes so many others plain by comparison. As the waters struck this or that bank and helplessly I watched birds flying to death on one or other rock, I saw a tolerant blue sky, the raging tornado beneath the quiescent river, and around me the welcome absence of any other mortals. I wondered whether indeed I could be only 1,000 miles north of Buenos Aires, hurried to this outpost of another world in seven hours in the private machine lent me for a fortnight by the Air Minister. The Jewish colonists in Moysesville and in ancient Cordova, all so rested and content; the proud pioneers in the Eva Peron village in the garden of Argentina, the province governed by Dr. Carlos Evans, a practical idealist, Mendoza; the peace-making Mayor in the village formerly run by Bovril Estates; Britons in the Bovril Empire who have not been home for 40 years and still listen to the London news at an unearthly hour. These are other memories.

I shall not easily forget the scene in a prison where a celebrated musician stood alone in the chapel and played a Kreisler favourite—seven years after being found guilty of murder. I spoke to dozens of assassins in any and every prison I mentioned, watched the admiration and respect in which the former Governor of Ushuaia, now Director-General of Prisons, Senor R. Pettinato, was greeted by old "friends" and officials. He has introduced reforms by the dozen, showed me the classes for printing, sculpture, painting, carpet-weaving, textiles, car-repairs, language, foreign grammars, special rooms for good-conduct men in their last six months of detention. I saw yet a more remarkable sociological experiment—in which maybe Argentina is the world's leader. There were smiles and two hours of questions after the luncheon in the Chamber of Deputies, where I wondered whether here brains are not sufficient for qualification, and beauty is also required for a pass. The standard of questioning here, and also in the offices of "*La Prensa*," by a brilliant professor and the editor and staff, may be gauged if I say that it ranged from Spenglerism, the Third Force, Britain's hopes of economic and political independence, Argentina's future frontiers, the problem of the tiny price to Britain of a vast amount of Argentine good-will, "the arid and strategically useless Falklands."

Socialist experiments by Peron, youthful, agile, sad and lonely since the death of his comrade and wife, make him the idol of sufficient millions of workers and professional folk to ensure the party's easy return. External

influences explain the differences between the regime and some sections of the State-subsidised Church. The services are not unanimously behind the Party, but the C.G.T., led by an astute and energetic realist Senor Vuletic, whose microphone manner is skilled and effective, is a good counterpoise. Most important of all are the newly enfranchised women, who do not forget the harsh, bitter, humiliating nights in the day—before Peron's rise to power. Their chief is the fascinating and inflexible Peronista, Senora Delia de Parodi, aged about 35, slim, brunette whose flashing eyes bring tears to male as well as her own audiences. With the English-speaking, informal vice-president of the State, chief of the Peronista (male) Party, Admiral Teisaire, these two others join Peron in all the important and intimate discussions—before action. Often these three leaders arrive in their offices at the same time as Peron, 6.20 a.m. and finish around ten or eleven or midnight. But Peron's shadow in power is the quiet, shy, inaccessible Senor Borlenghi, whose answers to my fire of questions for two hours were as imposing for reflection, candour and depth as for tolerance. This Minister of the Interior and of Justice knows more of prison life than any of his colleagues, but I saw no trace of vinegar.

Argentina's policy over immigration is not settled. The economic questions seem to be in mid-air. America is furnishing daily increasing credits, however, and investments on a fabulous scale. Britain lags tragically, nowhere. None, however, need doubt for a moment the inevitable triumphs of Argentina as a great new power. This Empire is rising surely, and we should be conscious all the time of the need quickly, generously, to help cultivate here wonderful new grafts from the old trees in arid, desolate, divided, over-crowded and exhausted Europe. We must send her envoys she will welcome, encourage Spanish teaching, forget any bitternesses over rail or tram or other deals, think of her as an absolute equal, and recognise that with us on the shores stand Germans, Italians, Spaniards and Americans. Peron's mediation may save our peace.

GEORGE BILAINKIN.

COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI

COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI finished his stormy existence at an advanced age last month in solitude and silence on the French Riviera. He has often been compared to Kerensky, the Girondists, and other Liberals brought to power by a revolutionary wave, and like Goethe's apprentice magician were victims of the ghosts they had called up. His political career spanned forty odd years, yet the five months of his melancholy passage in power in 1918/19 are almost all that is remembered. There is some foundation for this version, but it is an over-simplification. The example of moderate revolutionaries who were overthrown by their more radical partisans constitutes a recurring argument against revolutions. Yet recent history suggests caution. In our own life-time we have seen Conservatives become the modern Girondists; witness the case of Papen and the Prussian military party, many of whom ended on Hitler's gallows; Victor Emmanuel confronted by Fascism, Badoglio superseded by the

"Partisans"; the loyal and patriotic French officers who suddenly saw the Liberation transformed into social warfare, and last but not least the Hungarian Regent Horthy in 1944—all of whom, with their conservative ideals, were as helpless in their disillusion as moderate revolutionaries in the face of revolution. The argument against the Liberals who open the gates upon paths which, paved with good intentions, prove to be those of Hell, remains valid, but experience teaches us to use it with humility. If the whole truth concerning Károlyi were not more complex than this there is still something which distinguishes him from the usual analogies. The barristers of the Duma and the Menshevik Trade Union leaders had no ancestors who received their nobility titles many centuries ago. Nor did they wander in their youth in the company of private tutors from the Sorbonne to Heidelberg and from there to Oxford; nor did their nearest relations wear the Golden Fleece round their necks, nor did they shoot tiger in the company of English Dukes Royal in India in the 'nineties. Few if any Labour politicians of today bear the scars of memorable political duels—almost an obligation for Hungarian M.P.s before 1914—as Károlyi did.

Born in Paris in the family palace overlooking the Seine in 1875, Károlyi's youth was divided between Hungary and France, where he was equally at home, with frequent visits to England and extensive travelling in exotic lands. Though a childhood operation to his palate distorted his pronunciation in every language, he spoke four with equal ease, but in his writing astonishing spelling mistakes occurred. As his youth was divided between countries, so the education of his feelings was divided between rival feminine influences. His grandmother, Countess Károlyi-Zichy, was one of Kossuth's companions in exile in England and Italy in the 'fifties and 'sixties of last century; his step-mother, Princess Pálffy, was deeply devoted to the dynasty, with which the Károlyis, "rebels" in 1849, became reconciled after their return from exile. Catholic education was natural in the family. His French cousins, the Polignacs, the Dillons and D'Orsays, made the sign of the Cross when the hated names of Gambetta or Clemenceau were mentioned—contrary to *bon ton*. Some of his Hungarian cousins voted for Liberal Church laws in Parliament, while his stepmother and her children went to daily Mass in the family chapel to offer expiation for them. The decisive influence in his early life was, however, a Catholic one, though it did not give him peace. His uncle Count Alexander Károlyi, the pioneer of Hungarian land reform and founder of the Agrarian Association, was a friend of Albert de Mun and, like the latter, was a social reformer inspired by the principles of the *Rerum Novarum*. It was Count Alexander who gave Michael Marx and Engels to read, in order to cure him of his "Liberal-Capitalist illusions," for in his youth he was an extremist of the Manchester school; but this proved an overdose of counter-poison. In Hungary hereditary Peers could be elected to Parliament if they meanwhile renounced their seat in the Upper House, and Károlyi was twice a Member of Parliament by this means.

In the short-lived Parliament of 1905/6 and the long Parliament of 1910-18 he belonged to the United Independence Party, which elected him President—perhaps in recognition of his generous contribution to the electoral expenses of the Opposition; before 1914 his income was estimated

at fifty odd thousand pounds a year. The "Independence Party" was not extremist. It wanted an independent Hungarian army, more Hungarian influence in foreign affairs, and the severing of the customs union with Austria, while retaining the personal union under the Crown. The Károlyi group broke away from the main party in 1916 as a gesture against the German alliance. Although as an officer of the reserve he did his duty on the Russian front, he had already tried on the eve of the war to make a rapprochement with the West a crucial plank in the opposition platform against the Premier Count Stephen Tisza. Contemporaries believed this statesman to be utterly devoted to Germany; from documents published since, we know that he preserved his independence and strongly opposed a policy of annexation. In his opposition to Tisza, as in his Slav sympathies and his championing of a democratic suffrage, Károlyi was not far removed from the ideas of Archduke Francis Ferdinand's circle; but his position in Parliament became an isolated one, for only a fraction of his party followed him the whole way. The Radical intellectual group and the Socialist Party—both outside Parliament until 1918—supported him. If the young Emperor-King Karl had succeeded in May, 1917, in concluding a separate peace, Károlyi might have played a part in a coalition government with these new forces. It was his personal tragedy, as well as his country's, that this endeavour was frustrated. Italy said No to the separate peace proposals, and on the other hand it looked too difficult for Austria-Hungary to separate her forces from the German High Command.

Károlyi's call to office came much too late, at the end of October, 1918. Perhaps the policy he pursued would have been in better hands with a man of more balanced judgement, less impulsive temperament and less impressionable mind, but this was only one of the many causes of his tragic failure. By October, 1918, the Czech and Yugoslav émigré groups, at first used by the Allies as a tool, had claimed full independence for the new national states. The agrarian reform, originally approved in principle by the Catholic Hierarchy and many landowners, had either extremist partisans or Socialist opponents who preferred nationalisation to Károlyi's idea of small-holdings. The army was in full dissolution, and with the formation of the new independent states the Monarchy lost its *raison d'être* as a supranational link. The Allies treated the situation superficially as a military emergency. They were reluctant to restrain the Yugoslav, Rumanian and Czech occupation of Hungarian territory. Communist agents arrived from Russia, led by an almost unknown Social-democrat Béla Kun, who soon became a power, mainly because some nationalist officers thought Communist Russia to be the only possible ally against Hungary's voracious neighbours. In Turkey, Mustapha Kemal succeeded because he accepted Russian help, without ceding power to Communism. Károlyi failed, partly because he was himself unable to resist the new *mystique*. He could see no future for the small nations except in an international socialist system.

The Counter-revolution was bitterly hostile to Károlyi. Little personal hatred follows nonentities like Béla Kun, but Károlyi was the bearer of a great national name, whom his fellow-aristocrats and even the middle class of his country could never forgive. Hatred followed him in his exile, and resentment in the subsequent years prevented him from taking a just view

of his country. The sorry epilogue of his return to Hungary in 1945 and his Embassy to Paris in the service of the new "Democracy" is best passed over in silence. Old resentment explains it, his resignation partly repaired it, but nothing excuses it. The early Károlyi and the Hungarian tragedy of 1918/19 will remain a subject of controversy. Among the personal tragedies of a European generation Károlyi's is one of the most outstanding.

BÉLA MENCZER.

MME DU BARRY—II.

"THE King is most kind and I love him dearly," reported Marie Antoinette in her first letter to the Empress; "but his weakness for Mme du Barry—the most stupid and impertinent creature imaginable—is pitiful. She has joined in our play every evening at Marly. Twice she sat next to me but she did not speak to me, and I did not converse with her though I spoke to her when it was unavoidable. As regards my dear husband he has greatly improved. He is most friendly to me and even begins to show me confidence." She confessed that her mother's letters brought tears to her eyes, "*quoique je suis très bien ici.*" The Austrian Ambassador reported that she was adored by her entourage and the public. "There is only one opinion about the Dauphine," wrote Mme du Deffand to Horace Walpole: "*elle grandit, elle embellit, elle est charmante.*" "The Dauphine is always charming and livelier than ever," reported the King to his grandson in Parma in 1771. The only shadow in the picture was the frigidity of her husband, of whom the King contemptuously remarked: "*Il n'est pas un homme comme les autres.*"

While the anxious Empress was receiving cheerful letters from her daughter and reassuring bulletins from her Ambassador a bomb exploded under her feet. "I command my cousin the Duc de Choiseul," wrote the King on December 24, 1770, "to place his resignation as Minister of State and of the Post Office in the hands of the Duc de la Vrillière, and to retire to Chanteloup to await my further commands." His cousin the Duc de Choiseul-Praslin, Secretary of the Navy, received his *congé* on the same day. "The Duc de Choiseul will only see his family and those whom I permit to go," wrote the King to the Duc de la Vrillière, and he was to leave Paris within twenty-four hours. On receiving the letter of dismissal at Versailles the fallen Minister drove to Paris and broke the news to his wife. To the Duchess it came as a relief, but beneath the smiling serenity of Choiseul burned a fierce resentment. Observers who were closest to events were the least surprised. Choiseul, commented the Austrian Ambassador to the Empress, had dug his own grave by his indiscretions. "His continuance in office much longer would have surprised me much more than his fall. Let us hope his successor will not be an even greater muddler." The Empress took the news with less complacency, and the Dauphine shared her mother's regret at the disgrace of the stoutest champion of the alliance. Louis XV thought it necessary to assure the King of Spain that French policy would undergo no change. It was a revolution, declared Horace Walpole, who followed events in

France more closely than any other Englishman. "Choiseul has lost his power ridiculously," he wrote to his old friend Sir Horace Mann, "by braving a *fille de joie* to humour two women—his sister and his wife."

The reaction of the capital was shown by the crowd of carriages which blocked the street in which Choiseul lived. His cheerful temperament and lavish hospitality had won him a host of friends, and a demonstration in his favour served the double purpose of expressing disapproval of the Favourite and the King. Still more striking proof of his popularity was the flood of visitors to his country home in Touraine. To go to Chanteloup, declared Mme du Deffand, was to go to Court. "He is not only the best of men but the greatest of the century," she added; "he will bulk much larger in history than he does today." The ostentatious homage to a fallen statesman was correctly interpreted by the King no less than by his subjects as an indication of the declining prestige of the Crown. Such a manifestation would have been unthinkable in the reign of Louis XIV. His successor was at once too indolent to rule and too easy-going to punish.

Under the shock of indignation Choiseul drafted a stinging letter which on second thoughts he decided not to send. "Sire, I was appointed Foreign Minister by Your Majesty eleven years ago without desiring or expecting it, and I obeyed with reluctance. Since the peace Your Majesty has known how little I have clung to office and the favour it implies. I should feel grateful to Your Majesty for relieving me but for the fact that I have had the misfortune to forfeit the favour of Your Majesty. I was warned of intrigues, for there was no concealment of their plans. But I was deceived by your good opinion of my services, and I could not believe that Your Majesty would conceal my disgrace till the last moment. It is quite simple that Your Majesty considers me unworthy of his confidence and unfitted for my posts. I desire for the glory of Your Majesty and the good of the state that my successors will serve Your Majesty as well as myself. I venture to say that I have not deserved the veto on my movements. I do not ask for kindness to myself. But Your Majesty is just, and I beg for my freedom of movement as the last favour I shall ever ask."

Choiseul settled down to the life of a wealthy nobleman in his sumptuous country home. To Bernis, now French Ambassador in Rome, who wrote to condole, he replied that he had foreseen it for some time and had never felt happier. Yet the loss of his highly paid offices was a heavy blow to a self-indulgent man who had never attempted to live within his income, and even the ample fortune of his wife failed to cover his expenditure. He built, hunted, gambled, and filled the house with dozens of guests at a time. He had his failings, but he knew how to make and keep friends. Though d'Aiguillon, his successor at the Foreign Office, pressed his master to punish his visitors, the King replied that if he were younger he would feel annoyed, but at his age he only wanted peace. The first request for permission brought the reply that he neither forbade nor allowed visits, a formula correctly interpreted as a tacit assent. Never again was such homage to be paid to a fallen demigod till Bismarck withdrew to Friedrichruh. Perhaps some of his visitors may have speculated on his possible return to office on the accession of the Dauphin, but selfish considerations are insufficient to explain the lure of Chanteloup.

Choiseul attributed his dismissal less to the Favourite than to Richelieu

and the King. Ever since the death of the Pompadour the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber had been searching for another royal mistress who, like the Duchesse de Châteauroux, would owe her position in large measure to his support. Among the early occupations of the statesman's enforced leisure was the composition of his Memoirs in which he paid off old scores. "However low my opinion of the King, I think he would never have decided on the presentation of Mme du Barry unless he had been encouraged by Richelieu, and I believe she would never have aspired to presentation without his advice. He would have been able to pass for an old debauchee still amiable in society if he had been wise enough to content himself with the only rôle which suited him. His intelligence, apart from certain graces, is very mediocre. He indulged in fantastic ambitions, convinced that all means were good. His embassy in Vienna was a failure, but he thought himself a great politician. He had courage, commanded armies, and thinks he was a great General. He thought himself fitted for administration. He was brought up at Court, secured a post by intrigue, and he thought intrigue could lead to the highest place. Unaware of the very narrow limits of his abilities he considered himself equal to everything, and when he missed his goal he always attributed it to the jealousy of Ministers. He thought me jealous of him, but I was not. I think of him only as a figure of fun in all his posts. He is the hero of the degradation to which France owes the indecent elevation and extraordinary capacity for mischief of the woman du Barry. The unfortunate character of the King would have been unable to make the kingdom groan so long if he had not been sustained and guided by vice personified in M. de Richelieu." What Choiseul thought of the ungrateful monarch we have seen in an earlier chapter. For Mme du Barry he made allowances, recognising that such a *fille de rien* was bound to fight for her own hand. When his request to the King to continue some of the ample revenues he had enjoyed in his simultaneous tenure of various posts was rejected, he appealed to her to plead his cause, and the good-natured creature managed to save something from the wreck. Many years later, when she too had received her *congé*, she was visited by the man whose fall she had helped to engineer. She greeted him with the words: "It is good of you not to have retained bitter feelings for me." "I never had any," replied Choiseul. His bitterness was reserved for the King.

The vacuum left by the fall of Choiseul was filled by his two chief enemies at Court. The Foreign Office was assigned to the Duc d'Aiguillon who had long coveted the post though his qualifications for high office were few. Of very different calibre was Maupeou, an elderly lawyer who had been First President of the *Parlement* of Paris and was appointed Chancellor in 1768. His first task was to take up the long-standing challenge to the Absolute Monarchy represented by the claims of the *Parlements*. In his Memoirs Choiseul attributes the attack solely to the selfish desire to fortify the royal power, but there was also a case for drastic reform. The whole system of justice was riddled with hoary abuses, among them the purchase of posts, presents to judges, and lack of a modernised jurisprudence. Two years before Maupeou's appointment Louis XV had restated the claim to autocracy in resonant phrases. "It is in my person that sovereign power resides; the Courts derive their power from myself alone; to me

alone belongs the legislative power. If the *Parlements* continue the scandalous spectacle of a challenge to my sovereign power, I shall feel compelled to employ the authority received from God in order to preserve my peoples from the tragic consequences of such enterprises." The warning, published in the *Gazette de France*, was addressed to all the *Parlements* of France. Never had there been so vigorous an assertion of rights; but never had the voice of the monarch produced so little effect, for no one believed that the feeble ruler would match words with deeds. The *Parlements* continued their remonstrances, and in 1767 the *Parlement* of Paris decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits despite the secret disapproval of the King. If the royal authority was to be energetically reasserted it would have to be achieved, not by the ruler, but by a Minister backed by the royal authority and resolved to overcome all opposition. Maupeou summoned Voltaire to his aid, for, though no lover of monarchical absolutism he preferred it to the selfish pretensions of reactionary magistrates. His last historical work *Histoire du Parlement de Paris*, published pseudonymously at Amsterdam in 1769, listed its misdoings through the centuries from the brutal suppression of the Knights Templars to the inglorious reign of Louis XV.

Maupeou's chance came in 1770 when the *Parlement* of Rennes, in union with the Estates of Brittany, censured the Duc d'Aiguillon, Governor of the Province, for continuing war taxes in time of peace. Though the King held his shield over his representative, the *Parlement* declared that he could not perform his duties till he was formally acquitted. Incensed by opposition, the King removed the registers of the *Parlement*, whereupon the magistrates declined to sit. The case was transferred to the *Parlement* of Paris, whose members approved the action of their colleagues. Though a *lit de justice*—the *ultima ratio* of the royal prerogative—annulled the decree, the *Parlement* of Paris condemned d'Aiguillon and was supported by all the *Parlements* of France. The King had always disliked the magistrates, in whom he detected a republican spirit, and Choiseul's supposed sympathy with their claims was one of the excuses for his disgrace. While the attack on the Jesuits had been reluctantly sanctioned by the King, the Chancellor's campaign against the only institutions which challenged his autocracy commanded his entire approval. On the night of January 21, 1771, all the magistrates were arrested and exiled to different parts of France. Having cleared the site, Maupeou proceeded to construct a new edifice. A *lit de justice* at Versailles imposed three edicts, the first suppressing the *Cour des Aides*, the second forbidding the sale of offices and replacing the hereditary magistrates by royal nominees, the third creating a new *Parlement* which, in the words of the King, would provide quicker and purer justice. A Supreme Tribunal was established in Paris with six *Conseils Supérieurs* in the provinces, and the members of the Provincial *Parlements* were also dismissed. The Chancellor's triumph was brief, for the prestige of the new magistrates was irretrievably damaged when the wife of one of their number was charged with corruption and her husband was forced to resign by Beaumarchais, the most brilliant pamphleteer in France after Voltaire. Though Goetzman was the only blemished sheep in the flock, the incident compromised his colleagues and on the death of Louis XV Maupeou's work was undone. The Chancellor

was dismissed, the old magistrates were recalled, and the unreformed system lingered on till the Revolution. The whole drama illustrates the inability of the Government to loosen the grip of vested interests on the rare occasions when it tried.

G. P. GOOCH.

To be continued

PINERO A CENTENARY

A HUNDRED years since the birth of the creator of Paula Tanqueray! We have been so accustomed to thinking of him as a figure of just yesterday—if of a faded yesterday which it was impossible to recall or revive for a while without provoking the scoffers—that it is a jolt to find him a part of history, moving as it were among those shadowy figures surrounding his own Trelawney, to the sound of ghostly applause and hisses. Yet undoubtedly Arthur Wing Pinero, son of a London solicitor of Portuguese Jewish descent, made his first appearance on this mortal stage on May 24th, 1855. Now, more than twenty years after his death, the costumes, and even the manners of his heyday are being discovered to have a certain charm; and even the precise articulation of his plays, once despised, is now sometimes adduced in disparagement of more modern and less careful work. For so long—up to perhaps the beginning of the last War—he was customarily brought forward as a sort of playwriting puppet to be beaten, Punch fashion, to the greater glory of certain other playwrights, notably Bernard Shaw. It is not easy for those of us of a certain age to readjust our views of him and to realise that he occupies a not prominent but a distinctly honourable niche in the English dramatic pantheon.

The long decline in the status of the writer for the stage from about the close of the seventeenth century to the second half of Queen Victoria's reign had many complicated causes. They are still debated. One of them was decidedly not the prevalence of great acting during the period, as has been vaguely suggested. A little streak of dawning better things came with Thomas William Robertson. Enduring the hardships of failure in a theatre not much different from that of the great Crummles, obscure journalist of the old "Bohemian" cast, he lived a life that was a sort of sad and bedraggled romance, culminating traditionally in success and a too-early death. Robertson's masterpiece "Caste," is still sometimes given (a notable revival was at the Lyric, Hammersmith, soon after the last war) because it is easy to make it amusing and effective; but what strikes us at once about this comedy allegedly of ordinary people is its unreality and conventionality. Yet its language was less highflown, its sentiments much less heroic or diabolical than was usual; and in its staging were concentrated certain tendencies towards reproduction of the world outside, so that the old scene of "backcloths" and "wings" and hastily assembled properties began slowly to tend towards the sometimes too, too solid "set" of the modern West End Theatre. Undoubtedly this achievement of a limited realism was a big step towards an English drama once again

worthy of the country's literature. Great drama is rarely solely or even perhaps largely realistic; but in this case realism represented one of those rules which in all arts have to be learned before they can be broken fruitfully. The old un-realism was sterile, for it consisted of stock attitudes, sentiments, language—fittingly enough provided for the old stock companies, with stock actors, heavy fathers, juvenile leads and the like.

The next stage is represented by a number of dramatists of varying talent, among whom stand out Henry Arthur Jones, and above all Pinero. Pinero nursed his ambition to be both actor and dramatist at first in his father's office, doubtless taking note of the "characters" who passed in and out; then at nineteen stepped on to the stage of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, at a guinea a week. Luck and ability combined to gain him a place in Irving's Lyceum company at twenty-two. He was a sound if not apparently brilliant actor, though by the time, a few years later, he felt able to leave acting and concentrate upon writing he had advanced to so considerable a part as Sir Anthony Absolute in the Bancroft's production of "The Rivals." At the Lyceum he gained a name for liveliness and wit and audacity, and even the impressive and oppressive actor-manager allowed him something like a position of privilege. Once Irving saw him sitting on a piece of scenery that stood upright in the wings. "Get up, my boy, get up. You will cut yourself." "Oh, that will be all right, Mr. Irving. We are accustomed to having our parts cut in this theatre."

This was pretty bold, for it touched one of the biggest blemishes on Irvin's artistic fame. He did not, as has been alleged, purposely engage indifferent actors to support him, but he did cut the parts of his faithful and gifted fellow-workers so that his own was always pre-eminent.

By the time Pinero retired from acting in 1884 he had already had a dozen or more plays produced, some of them only curtain-raisers, it is true; but "The Money Spinner" and "The Squire" suggested a developing talent of some importance. Then in his thirtieth year there seemed to be a leap forward, and he produced a series of farces which still have life in them—"The Schoolmistress," "The Magistrate," and particularly "Dandy Dick." In this latter piece—revived in London in 1930 and again soon after the last war—a Dean is depicted who with delightful unwisdom offers to put down £1,000 towards the restoration of his cathedral providing nine other people do the same; and when nine do come forward is obliged to find his share by commissioning his butler to back a horse for him, and—caught administering a bran mash to the animal on which his pious hopes are pinned—is arrested on suspicion of trying to poison it on the eve of the race. There is neat wit in the dialogue of these plays, and satire which does not accord with the notion of Pinero as the mere purveyor of what a limited and Philistine epoch asked from him.

Nevertheless, "Sweet Lavender," which came next, was a comedy suffused with that full-blown indulgence and "kindly humanity" which we associate with the great novelists of the nineteenth century when they were not in their best vein. The character of Dick Phenyl, the barrister who studied the bottle more than the brief but kept a sterling heart intact, was played by the famous comedian Edward Terry during the then stupendous total of 684 performances. Meanwhile Pinero was busy with

his first play then accounted "advanced." This was "The Profligate," a work, of some power ending, as he wrote it, tragically; but John Hare, who produced the play, suggested, in the words of a characteristic contemporary account, "to Mr. Pinero that, as a matter of expediency, it would be well to alter his *dénouement* so as to bring about a reconciliation between the reformed profligate and his innocent wife." This comforting modification was made, so that the cup of poison was almost literally dashed from the profligate's lips in the nick of time; but those whom this moves to mockery must consider the facts of Pinero's subsequent career.

Four plays of lesser importance followed, and then came "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." When the script of this famous play was put in Hare's hands, he dropped it as though it had burned him. Even George Alexander, an old colleague of Pinero's Lyceum days now successfully managing the St. James's Theatre, doubted whether "the public would stand it." Alexander, however, decided in the end to risk it; and for the part of Paula Tanqueray he and Pinero found the very actress they needed, playing ridiculous parts in Adelphi melodrama. The record of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's waywardness and her quarrels with Alexander both during rehearsals and the run of the piece, is part of theatrical history (to a message from the actor manager asking her kindly not to laugh at him on the stage she sent the reply "She never laughed at Mr. Alexander on the stage: she waited until she got home"); but what must be emphasised now is that considering the nature of the part and Mrs. Campbell's playing of it, there is no doubt that something sensationally new greeted that eager gossiping public of 1893. To us it seems an extension of the work of Dumas *fils* and Augier in the Paris of the fifties and sixties; but the name of the bugbear Ibsen was freely mentioned in connection with the play. (A couple of years before the first English productions of "Ghosts" and "Hedda Gabler" had provoked a fearful riot of senseless, prejudiced criticism.) In truth, however, there is no specific link between this superficial story of a misalliance in Mayfair and Ibsen's studies of petty Norwegian provincial life, in which somehow the destinies of the human race are involved.

Aubrey Tanqueray, a widower, to the consternation of his friends, marries a woman who has been the kept mistress of several men. Paula, with no inner resources or energy to cultivate outside interests independent of ordinary society, rapidly discovers the miseries of ostracism in Tanqueray's country house, "Highercoombe, near Willowmere, Surrey"—a veritable fiery furnace, it might be thought, in which to test such a marriage. Then, by a coincidence which is the great flaw in the play and which no amount of sedulous "construction" can retrieve, Tanqueray's daughter by his previous marriage has become engaged to a man who himself, it turns out, had lived with Paula. Finally, Paula kills herself, immediately provoking us to ask whether she was the kind of person who really would do so. Still, Hedda killed herself in the last act, and Paula's flattering imitation may have strengthened those violent shouts of "Ibsenism" which seem to us so far away, so quaintly jangling, and so foolish. It is impossible to speak of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" with anything remotely like unqualified admiration nowadays; but, however strange it may seem, it was nothing less than the most important serious

play in the English language for two hundred years or so, if we except certain blank verse dramas which have not kept the stage. Also it shares with another vulnerable and ridiculed work, Donizetti's "Lucia," an odd characteristic—it simply won't die. The level Pinero reached with "Tanqueray" he sustained, with some lapses, for about twenty years, earning vast sums and giving scope to practically all the best actors and actresses of the epoch.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell was again his leading lady in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," the next serious play. This was about a woman represented to be "advanced," an agitator and a freethinker, but alas, this choice of subject only put weapons in the hands of those, including the redoubtable G. B. S., who really were these things; and they greeted with guffaws the *scene à faire*, in which Mrs. Ebbsmith threw a Bible into the fire, and, then, moved by some inexplicable impulse, retrieved it just in time to become "a different woman." It was, however, the exquisite Max, certainly no agitator, who said delightfully when the play was revived in 1901 that it belonged "to the period when Mr. Pinero was respectfully begging to call your attention to his latest assortment of Spring Problemings (Scandinavian gents' own materials made up. West End style and fit guaranteed)." Though the Ibsen cut was later less in evidence, what was bespoken at this imposing establishment continued to be in much the same style through a long series of plays: "The Benefit of the Doubt," "The Princess and the Butterfly" "The Gay Lord Quex," "Iris," "His House in Order" (with 430 performances, his most successful serious play), "The Thunderbolt," "Mid-Channel," and so on. In most of these plays a by no means despicable central idea is worked out in a way which shows keen observation, awareness of the life surrounding the writer, of the manners and indeed of the emotions of many different sorts of people; and yet. . . . It is not just that the strings of the puppets are sometimes visible, that the machinery he invents to carry on his fable sometimes has unnecessary elaboration, as though by an un-whimsical Heath Robinson; the atmosphere is arid, and insight stops short at a point where it becomes evident that the writer is wanting in all that, for want of a pleasanter word, we must call culture.

No doubt a case could be made out for Pinero as a reading man; but Max, this time forsaking his polished irony, proclaimed that his literary style was that of "a penny-a-liner." William Archer, on the other hand, always impressed by the evidence of conscious skill and painstaking in Pinero's work, rated his fellow critics who "are inclined to minimise his genius simply because his ear for current speech is not unerring." At any rate, it would be possible to compile a dictionary of the Pinerovian language: "commence" for begin, "select" for choose, "observe" for see or notice, "individual" for man, woman or child, and so on; perhaps his best-known personal epigram was "A comedy is a farce by a deceased author"—which seems a shaft aimed at the "deceased" Goldsmith and Sheridan with their Malaprops and Lumpkins and other characters broader than life. We do not count the prose dialogue of either as showing supreme mastery of that medium; but with both it has a savour and a suppleness above all comparison with Pinero's. In fact, in this brief saying is perfectly embodied what we might call the Pinerovian predicament—

the conviction that precise imitation is the aim of the drama, and the inability to realise that even that cannot be attained without a formidable degree of literary sophistication. Yet it is only fair to say that Pinero, whether spurred by constant criticism or not, did make considerable progress in this matter. There is little that would have troubled even Max in "Dr. Harmer's Holidays" an accomplished and interesting if slight essay on a sombre theme, which he wrote in 1924. It was published in 1930, but never performed—though the latest plays of Bernard Shaw were dragged upon the boards almost before the writer had finished transcribing his celebrated shorthand, and greeted with uneasy deference by the critics.

What if anything of Pinero's large output will live? For the subject and the setting of one play he followed a happy inspiration back to the days of his youth in the theatre and beyond to the London stage as Dickens knew it, and as Pinero must have learned of it from his older colleagues of "the profession." Even Robertson himself appears in it, in the guise of Tom Wrench, the obscure actor who finally achieves recognition as a dramatist of an original kind. Bernard Shaw, fuller than ever Robertson had been with a drama of the future, and perhaps not quite fair to Pinero's work in preparing for it, spoke in "The Saturday Review" of "a delicacy of mood 'inspiring the whole play' which has touched me more than anything else Mr. Pinero has ever written." Authentic plays about players themselves are rare, and a little piece so fragrant as "Trelawney of the Wells" may charm generations to come to whom Robertson and Pinero and Shaw, and Coward and O'Casey for that matter may seem almost contemporaries. (The piece was revived at the Old Vic shortly before the last war.) The dialogue, moreover, has no false note, and indeed many felicities.

Pinero was never a great "personality" before the public, and was more than content that this should be so, though he made no pretence of not enjoying the very luscious fruits of his success. All doors were open to him; King Edward VII would ask him to lunch or dinner at Marienbad. Pinero, though sociable, fled society, and was happiest at the Garrick Club or at the old Sussex farmhouse where he would work at his plays, steadily and painstakingly. In his dislike of the vulgar kinds of publicity he was at one with the famous players of his day, the Bancrofts, the Kendals, Irving himself, whose careful dignity and self-respect should refute the notion that "exhibitionism" is the mainspring of the actor's whole existence. His knighthood in 1909 came to him as a genuine surprise. One of the people who had persistently urged it on the Prime Minister (Asquith) was the man who had been most searchingly critical of his work—Bernard Shaw. Towards the end of his life he wrote to Shaw's American biographer, Archibald Henderson that it was among his misfortunes that "I have never been brought into close association with Mr. Shaw. But, like so many others, I have received at his hands numerous acts of kindness, consideration and good-will." The statement does honour to Pinero as much as to Shaw. The quiet decency of his bearing in public relations is conspicuous, and it is as it were the other side of his stout refusal to have his work cut or to be trampled on by actor-managers or that new arrival whom he loathed, the producer. His dramatic work was no doubt limited and faulty, but it was not, as many people think, timid;

with study of it the impression grows of a man determined that the public should accept him on his own terms, who had integrity and a remarkable honesty. That being established, who could refuse a centenary tribute?

DENZIL ENGLAND.

AN EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT OF SUTTEE

THE *TIMES* of October the 21st, 1954, gave a brief account from the *Statesman* and *Hindustan Times* of the widow of Brigadier Zabar Singh, comptroller to the Maharaja of Jodhpur, recently committing suttee in the funeral flames of her husband, in spite of the entreaties of her son and other relatives. 150 years ago, my grandfather, Maj. General Sir William Henry Sleeman, K.C.B., who later was to suppress the religion of murder in India known as thuggee, was present at a suttee and describes this in his "Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official," as follows:—"Gopalpur contains some very pretty temples, built for the most part to the memory of widows who have burned themselves with the remains of their husbands, and upon the very spot where they committed themselves to the flames. There was one which had been recently raised over the ashes of one of the most extraordinary old ladies that I have ever seen, who burned herself in my presence in 1829. I prohibited the building of any temple upon the spot, but my successor to the civil charge of the district, Major Low, was never, I believe, made acquainted with the prohibition nor with the progress of the work; which therefore went on to completion in my absence. As suttees are now prohibited in our dominions, and cannot be often seen or described by Europeans, I shall here relate the circumstances of this as they were recorded by me at the time, and the reader may rely upon the truth of the whole tale. On the 29th November, 1829, this old woman, then about sixty-five years of age, here mixed her ashes with those of her husband, who had been burned alone four days before. On receiving civil charge of the district (Jubbulpore) in March, 1828, I issued a proclamation prohibiting any one from aiding or assisting in suttee, and distinctly stating that to bring one ounce of wood for the purpose would be considered as so doing. If the woman burned herself with the body of her husband, any one who brought wood for the purpose of burning *him* would become liable to punishment; consequently the body of the husband must be first consumed, and the widow must bring a fresh supply for herself.

On Tuesday, 24th November, 1829, I had an application from the heads of the most respectable and most extensive family of Brahmans in the district to suffer this old woman to burn herself with the remains of her husband Ummed Singh Upadhya. I threatened to enforce my order, and punish severely any man who assisted; and placed a police guard for the purpose of seeing that no one did so. She remained sitting by the edge of the water without eating or drinking. The next day the body of her husband was burned to ashes in a small pit of about eight feet square, and three or four deep, before several thousand spectators who had assembled to see the suttee. All strangers dispersed before evening, as there seemed

to be no prospect of my yielding to the urgent solicitations of her family, who dare not touch food till she had burned herself, or declared herself willing to return to them. Her sons, grandsons and some other relations remained with her, while the rest surrounded my house, the one urging me to allow her to burn, and the other urging her to desist. She remained sitting on a bare rock in the bed of the Nerbudda, refusing every kind of sustenance, and exposed to the intense heat of the sun by day, and the severe cold of the night, with only a thin sheet thrown over her shoulders. On Thursday, to cut off all hope of her being moved from her purpose, she put on the *dhaja*, or coarse red turban, and broke her bracelets in pieces, by which she became dead in law, and for ever excluded from caste. Should she choose to live after this, she could never return to her family. Her children and grandchildren were still with her, but all their entreaties were unavailing; and I became satisfied that she would starve herself to death, if not allowed to burn, by which the family would be disgraced, her miseries prolonged, and I myself rendered liable to be charged with a wanton abuse of authority, for no prohibition of the kind had as yet received the formal sanction of the Government.

On Saturday, the 28th, in the morning, I rode out ten miles to the spot and found the poor old widow sitting with the *dhaja* round her head, a brass plate before her with undressed rice and flowers, and a coco-nut in each hand. She talked very collectedly, telling me that 'she had determined to mix her ashes with those of her departed husband, and should patiently wait my permission to do so, assured that God would enable her to sustain life till that had been given, though she dare not eat or drink.' Looking at the sun, then rising before her over a long and beautiful reach of the Nerbudda river, she said calmly, 'My soul has been for five days with my Husband's near that sun, nothing but my earthly frame is left; and this, I know, you will in time suffer to be mixed with the ashes of his in yonder pit, because it is not in your nature or usage wantonly to prolong the miseries of a poor old woman.'

'Indeed, it is not—my object and duty is to save and preserve you; and I am come to dissuade you from this idle purpose, to urge you to live, and to keep your family from the disgrace of being thought your murderers.'

'I am not afraid of their ever being so thought; they have all, like good children, done everything in their power to induce me to live among them; and, if I had done so, I know they would have loved and honoured me; but my duties to them have now ended. I commit them all to your care, and I go to attend my husband, *Ummed Singh Upadhya*, with whose ashes on the funeral pile mine have been already three times mixed.' This was the first time in her long life that she had ever pronounced the name of her husband, for in India no woman, high or low, ever pronounces the name of her husband—she would consider it disrespectful towards him to do so; and it is often amusing to see their embarrassment when asked the question by any European gentleman. They look right and left for some one to relieve them from the dilemma of appearing disrespectful either to the querist or to their absent husbands—they perceive that he is unacquainted with their duties on this point, and are afraid he will attribute their silence to disrespect. They know that few European gentlemen are acquainted

with them; and when women go into our courts of justice, or other places where they are liable to be asked the names of their husbands, they commonly take one of their children or some other relation with them to pronounce the words in their stead.

When the old lady named her husband, as she did with strong emphasis, and in a very deliberate manner, every one present was satisfied that she had resolved to die. 'I have,' she continued, 'tasted largely of the bounty of Government, having been maintained by it with all my large family in ease and comfort upon our rent-free lands; and I feel assured that my children will not be suffered to want; but with them I have nothing more to do, our intercourse and communion here end. My soul (*pran*) is with *Ummed Singh Upadhya*; and my ashes must here mix with his.' Again looking to the sun—'I see them together,' said she, with a tone and countenance that affected me a good deal, 'under the bridal canopy!'—alluding to the ceremonies of marriage; and I am satisfied that she at that moment really believed that she saw her own spirit and that of her husband under the bridal canopy in paradise. I tried to work upon her pride and her fears. I told her that it was probable that the rent-free lands by which her family had been so long supported might be resumed by the Government, as a mark of its displeasure against the children for not dissuading her from the sacrifice; that the temples over her ancestors upon the bank might be levelled with the ground, in order to prevent their operating to induce others to make similar sacrifices; and lastly, that not one single brick or stone should ever mark the place where she died if she persisted in her resolution. But, if she consented to live, a splendid habitation should be built for her among these temples, a handsome provision assigned for her support out of these rent-free lands, her children should come daily to visit her, and I should frequently do the same. She smiled, but held out her arm and said, 'My pulse has long ceased to beat, my spirit has departed, and I have nothing left but a little *earth*, that I wish to mix with the ashes of my husband. I shall suffer nothing in burning; and, if you wish proof, order some fire, and you shall see this arm consumed without giving me any pain.'

I did not attempt to feel her pulse, but some of my people did, and declared that it had ceased to be perceptible. At this time every native present believed that she was incapable of suffering pain; and her end confirmed them in their opinion. Satisfied myself that it would be unavailing to attempt to save her life, I sent for all the principal members of the family, and consented that she should be suffered to burn herself if they would enter into engagements that no other member of their family should ever do the same. This they all agreed to, and the papers having been drawn out in due form about midday, I sent notice to the old lady, who seemed extremely pleased and thankful. The ceremonies of bathing were gone through before three o'clock, while the wood and other combustible materials for a strong fire were collected and put into the pit. After bathing she called for a *pan* (betel leaf) and ate it, then rose up, and with one arm on the shoulder of her eldest son, and the other on that of her nephew, approached the fire. I had sentries placed all round, and no other person was allowed to approach within five paces. As she rose up fire was set to the pile, and it was instantly in a blaze. The distance was

about 150 yards. She came on with a calm and cheerful countenance, stopped once, and, casting her eyes upward, said 'Why have they kept me five days from thee, my husband?' On coming to the sentries her supporters stopped; she walked once round the pit, paused a moment, and, while muttering a prayer, threw some flowers into the fire. She then walked up deliberately and steadily to the brink, stepped into the centre of the flame, sat down, and leaning back in the midst as if reposing upon a couch, was consumed without uttering a shriek or betraying one sign of agony.

A few instruments of music had been provided, and they played, as usual, not, as is commonly supposed, in order to drown screams, but to prevent the last words of the victim from being heard, as these are thought to be prophetic, and might become sources of pain or strife to the living. It was not expected that I should yield, and but few people had assembled to witness the sacrifice, so that there was little or nothing in the circumstances immediately around to stimulate her to any extraordinary exertions; and I am persuaded that it was the desire of again being united to her husband in the next world, and the entire confidence that she would be so if she now burned herself, that alone sustained her. From the morning he died (Tuesday) till Wednesday evening she ate *pans*, or betel leaves, but nothing else; and from Wednesday evening she ceased eating them. She drank no water from Tuesday. She went into the fire with the same cloth about her that she had worn in the bed of the river; but it was made wet from a persuasion that even the shadow of any impure thing falling upon her from going to the pile contaminates the woman unless counteracted by the sheet moistened in the holy stream.

I must do the family the justice to say that they all exerted themselves to dissuade the widow from her purpose, and had she lived she would assuredly have been cherished and honoured as the first female member of the whole house. There is no people in the world among whom parents are more loved, honoured and obeyed than among the Hindus; and the grandmother is always honoured more than the mother. No queen upon her throne could ever have been approached with more reverence by her subjects than was this old lady by all members of her family as she sat upon a naked rock in the bed of the river, with only a red rag upon her head and a single white sheet over her shoulders. Soon after the battle of Trafalgar I heard a young lady exclaim, 'I could really wish to have had a brother killed in that action.' There is no doubt that a family in which a suttee takes place feels a good deal exalted in its own esteem, and that of the community by the sacrifice. The sister of the Raja of Riwa was one of four or five wives who burned themselves with the remains of the Raja of Udaipur; and nothing in the concourse of his life will ever be recollected by her brother with so much of pride and pleasure, since the Udaipur Raja is the head of the Rajput tribes. I asked the old lady when she had first resolved upon becoming a suttee, and she told me that about thirteen years before, while bathing in the river Nerbudda, near the spot where she then sat, with many other females of the family, the resolution had fixed in her mind as she looked at the splendid temples on the bank of the river erected by the different branches of the family over the ashes of her female relations who had at different times become suttees. Two, I think, were over her aunts, and one over the mother of her husband. They were beautiful

buildings, and had been erected at great cost and kept in good repair. She told me that she had never mentioned this her resolution to any one from that time, nor breathed a syllable on the subject till she called 'Sat, sat, sat,' (the masculine form of the word *suttee*), when her husband breathed his last with his head in her lap on the banks of the Nerbudda, to which he had been taken when no hope remained of his surviving the fever of which he died."

JAMES SLEEMAN.

PROGRESS WITH PROFIT-SHARING

GREAT interest has been aroused by the recent announcement of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited that they are about to introduce a profit-sharing scheme from which 75,000 of their employees will benefit to start with, and the announcement by Courtaulds Limited that they propose to establish a scheme on similar lines. In a broad sense "profit-sharing" could be taken to mean all schemes for extra payments to workers over and above the wages agreed on; this would include the payment of cash bonuses out of profits by the employer as a voluntary act on his part on each occasion. It is estimated that about a quarter of all British firms are now practising profit-sharing in that wide sense. In this country, however, the term "profit-sharing" is generally used in a more limited sense to cover only schemes "in which an employer agrees with his employees that they shall receive, in addition to their wages, a share fixed beforehand in the profits realised." This excludes the payment of cash bonuses purely at the employer's discretion. There are a good many British firms that operate profit-sharing schemes in this more restricted sense and the number has been growing fairly rapidly since the Second World War, but unfortunately no post-war statistics have been published for the movement as a whole in the United Kingdom. The profit-sharing movement has also been making rapid progress in recent years in the U.S.A. In 1947 a U.S. Council of Profit-Sharing Industries was founded. Its membership has doubled each year since then and reached 625 member-firms with 700,000 workers in 1953. The profit paid out by the member-firms to their workers in 1952 amounted to \$125 million or about £45 million. According to a recent statement by the Bureau of Internal Revenue of the U.S.A., some 13,000 U.S. firms operate profit-sharing schemes and the number is growing at the rate of a hundred a month. Profit-sharing has had a fairly long history in France and the United Kingdom. It was first suggested by Turgot, the French statesman and financier of the 18th century, shortly before the French Revolution. The first scheme to be put into actual practice was that of the French National Fire Insurance Company; this was started in 1820 and is still working.

The first profit-sharing scheme in this country was established in 1829. The oldest British scheme still working is that which Frederick Braby & Company started in 1865. The Industrial Co-partnership Association was founded in 1884 to promote the profit-sharing movement. There were

27 schemes in operation in 1885; five of these are still working. The movement has made steady but slow progress on the whole, though with ups and downs according to the state of trade. Good progress has been made in times of rising prices and increasing profits. When profits have fallen in times of poor trade and falling prices, naturally the payments to the workers out of profits have fallen and their disappointment over this has led to some schemes being discontinued. In 1920 Mr. Seeböhm Rowntree carried out a thorough investigation of all profit-sharing schemes that had existed up to then in Great Britain, whether they were still working or not. He reached the conclusion that about two-thirds of them, including some that had ceased working for various reasons, were definitely successful schemes, and that many of the other one-third had failed only because of avoidable mistakes in framing the schemes. In his book "The Human Factor in Business," Mr. Rowntree set out clearly the essential points required in a profit-sharing scheme in order that it may gain the workers' confidence and be reasonably sure of success. Fewer mistakes have been made in framing profit-sharing schemes since then. In 1894, 1912 and 1920 the Government published full official reports on the progress of the profit-sharing movement in this country. It is high time for another. For many years up to 1939 the Ministry of Labour published statistics of existing schemes and discontinued schemes once a year in the "Ministry of Labour Gazette." The figures were based on voluntary returns by industry and may not have been quite complete but they were a very useful guide to the general progress of the movement. The last publication of these annual figures was in August, 1939, when particulars were given of the position at the end of 1938. It is a great pity that the annual publication of the figures was not resumed as soon as possible after the War, and this certainly ought to be done without further delay.

One special form or development of profit-sharing is the "labour co-partnership" scheme, in which the amount allotted to a worker out of profits is invested for him in shares in the business. The first such scheme was started in 1894 by the South Metropolitan Gas Company and by 1926 the workers owned £500,000 of its capital. Many other gas companies in Great Britain adopted similar schemes and co-partnership became very strongly established in the gas industry. After the gas industry was nationalised, however, all these schemes were wound up. There was a rapid growth of interest in profit-sharing and co-partnership in the years just after the First World War and many new schemes were started in this country. But during the depression decade of 1929-38 the number of schemes in operation fell from about 500 to 400. The number of workers entitled to participate in the schemes rose, however, from 245,000 to 261,000, so that the movement was still growing a little even in that unfavourable period. The workers participating received in 1938 an average of £11 6s. 7d. each, which was about 6 per cent of their wages. The post-war period since 1945 has again been marked by great interest in profit-sharing and co-partnership, and announcements of new schemes are frequently seen. One noteworthy new scheme is that of Tate and Lyle, which was established in 1950. It includes a special incentive for the workers to co-operate in increasing output and productivity, as payments are made under the scheme only for years when the output and the net

profit exceed certain fixed limits. The firm established the scheme by agreement with the General and Municipal Workers' Union, and it is operated by the firm and the union jointly. This is one example of the tendency for the trade unions to become less suspicious of profit-sharing schemes and more appreciative of their advantages both for the workers and for the community as a whole.

The motor industry is one in which profit-sharing flourishes. Payments to the workers under the Morris Motors' scheme started in 1936 had reached a total of £1,500,000 by 1950. Vauxhall Motors has a highly successful scheme, which is probably largely responsible for its very low figures of labour turnover; for 1954 the employees are receiving an average of over £50 each and this brings the total amount distributed through the scheme to £2,283,000. Joseph Lucas Limited and the Triplex Safety Glass Company also have very flourishing schemes. A sound profit-sharing scheme is an expression of the team-spirit in a firm and a stimulus to the further development of that spirit. It adds to the dignity of labour, since the workpeople own part of the capital used in their work or part of the right to the profits arising from their work and can feel that they are working to some extent on their own account as part-owners. The workers in a profit-sharing firm naturally take a more lively interest in the success and prosperity of the enterprise and become keen on increasing productivity and output and so increasing the profit to be shared. They also generally take greater care over the quality of their work and over avoiding every kind of waste. British industry cannot flourish without ample supplies of risk capital to enable it to keep its plant up to date. There are few people now who can make large savings and industry will have to depend more and more on small savers. Through profit-sharing schemes of the co-partnership and some other kinds workers can help to provide the essential risk capital that furnishes the tools to make their work more productive. When wage rates are negotiated for an industry covering many firms, there are wide differences in the circumstances of the various firms. It is desirable that the more successful firms should give their workers some further advantage in addition to their wages at the general rates, so that workers will be attracted to the firms where their labour will be most productive and will have a special inducement to stay there. A sound profit-sharing scheme is one of the best ways of doing this. These are some of the reasons why the profit-sharing movement is of great importance for the welfare of the nation as a whole as well as to particular firms and their workpeople. It deserves all proper encouragement as one very promising way of promoting the growth of a property-owning democracy. In some South American countries profit-sharing has been made compulsory by law for joint stock companies over a certain size. The Liberal Party advocates doing this here too, but even its own financial and economic experts doubt the wisdom of this proposal and it does not find favour with general opinion. The Conservative Party strongly approves in principle of profit-sharing and co-partnership in industry and, when in opposition, held out hopes of some action to encourage more rapid progress with them in case it came into power. So far no definite proposal has emerged. It is to be hoped that the Government are giving this important matter the careful consideration that it deserves and will soon bring forward definite pro-

posals. Meanwhile, as an earnest of their interest in the profit-sharing movement, they should resume as quickly as possible the publication of the annual statistics of the movement that have not been available to the public since 1939.

D. W. DODWELL.

AFGHANISTAN IN WORLD AFFAIRS

THE Afghans, thirteen million strong, are making a determined effort to win a place in the sun. The regeneration in the ancient land of Afghanistan is steadier and faster than in the other Middle-Eastern countries, and is abreast with that of the Asian countries. At the meeting-point of the renascent Arab and Asian worlds, Afghanistan, scarcely noticed in the world press, is today as important politically as it is geographically. Briefly, the Afghan aim is to build, with as much speed as their economy and society will bear, a politically, industrially and culturally modern state. With the foreign-inspired overthrow of King Amanullah in the thirties still fresh in their minds, they are naturally cautious in their moves. The second world war also obliged them to mark time. But since the end of the war, and encouraged by the independence of India and other Asian countries, they are making a steady effort to catch up with modern ideas and practices in statecraft. The keynote of Afghan politics is "the struggle for freedom," anomalous as this may seem in a sovereign independent country. The sense of struggle is inherent in the national consciousness and their resentment of the historical and still existing wrongs inflicted on them. They feel they have a common cause with all the colonial, semi-colonial and ex-colonial peoples. Afghanistan, like India, feels strongly about national sovereignty; she is a partisan of world peace and international good relations, and an opponent of imperialism and the cold war. Because the country is undeveloped and its population comparatively small, there is a tendency in Europe to under-value the importance of Afghanistan in world affairs. But this is a serious mistake. Except India, there is no other country in the Arab-Asian area which can claim a national unity as great as that of Afghanistan.

The Afghans, physically hardy and of martial repute, inhabit a country of 297,000 square miles—90,000 square miles larger than France. The terrain is mountainous and the climate harsh. The people are Muslims, without the fanaticism and internal dissension commonly associated with the Muslim countries, though their faith provides a healthy ferment to ideas and policies. Since the accession of the present King, Zahir Shah, Afghanistan has had a stable Government under a constitutional monarchy. The Constitution provides for a Cabinet administration under a Prime Minister, who is selected by Parliament and approved by the King. The Parliament has two houses: the Senate with 60 permanent members, nominated by the King in consideration of their past services to the country; the House of Representatives, *Shora-Milli*, with 120 members, elected for three years by secret ballot and universal franchise, everyone over the age of 20 having the right to vote. All citizens enjoy equal rights without distinction as to race, creed or sex. There is thus a considerable amount of political democracy, and feudal practices are waning, but it will be noted that the highest offices in state are still largely in the hands of the Royal

circle. The present Prime Minister, General Mahammed Daoud Khan, is married to the King's sister. His predecessor, Marshal Shah Mahmud Khan Gazi, who after being in office for seven and a half years, resigned last year owing to ill health, is an uncle of the King. The country is undoubtedly short of qualified people. Moreover, in a country where assassination of the rulers has almost been traditional, devolution of power no doubt proceeds with careful selection. Nonetheless, the ruling circles of Afghanistan, in striking contrast with the irresponsible feudal oligarchies of the Philippines, Siam and a number of the Middle-Eastern countries, represent the progressive nationalism of the people. At the same time free and compulsory primary education, free higher education, and the expansion of commerce, industry and foreign relations are creating a bourgeoisie and an intelligentsia who take an active interest in national affairs.

Afghanistan has so far had no problems of organised labour or Communism. It is not, however, the absence of Left-wing frictions that explains the country's cordial relations with the Soviet Union. These have always been good. Soviet Russia was the first country to establish diplomatic relations with Afghanistan following the latter's emancipation in 1919 from British control. One source of minor mis-understanding, the 700-mile-long Soviet-Afghan frontier which in part had remained undemarcated since Czarist days, was settled in 1948 to the satisfaction of both parties. The Foreign Office in Kabul assured Moscow that there was no ground for Soviet uneasiness over occasional American activities in Afghanistan. The country has received no dollar grants, only two loans at 3½ per cent interest from the Export-Import Bank of the U.S. Recently it secured a loan from the Soviet Union on exactly the same terms. The policy is not to allow foreign investment or control in the Afghan economy. Foreign technicians and educationists of many countries, including France, Germany, Britain, Russia and America, work in the country, but only as employees. Before the last war, Afghanistan traded with India, Russia, Iran, Britain, Japan, Poland and Italy. Diplomatic and trade relations with America were established for the first time during the war. Today the bulk of its foreign trade is with the U.S., and many Afghanistans would wish their trade to be less dependent on a single market. Serious misgivings about U.S. foreign policy have lately made themselves felt.

The U.S.-Pakistan military aid agreement has been described by the Afghan Prime Minister as "a grave danger to the security and peace of Afghanistan," nor did the American Press make matters better by their reports of a mooted "confederation" of Afghanistan and U.S.-aided Pakistan. This grotesque story was soon dead, but its implications were not lost on the watchful Afghans. The Afghans bear unhappy memories of past western empires. In the eighty years between 1840 and 1920, they were involved in three wars with Britain and one serious skirmish with Czarist Russia. The material and psychological damage done by Britain is far from healed, especially the loss of territory as a result of the Second Afghan War, 1878-80, and the retention by Britain of control over Afghanistan's foreign policy. It was not until 1919, after the Afghan War of Independence (the third Afghan War) that complete independence

was achieved. But there has been no redress for the removal from Afghan sovereignty, but the Durand Agreement of 1893, of territory holding about a third of the Afghan population. Before Britain came to Asia, Afghanistan was a powerful kingdom with jurisdiction over a large part of India. British wars and policies have turned Afghanistan into a small, poverty-stricken, land-locked country, left behind in the march of civilisation. It is noteworthy that in demanding justice and freedom for the Afghan tribes kept separated from their land of origin by the Durand Line, Afghanistan has made no irredentist claim. It asks only that these tribes (the Pathans, or more correctly Pakhtuns) should be freed from Pakistan's colonial administration over them, and allowed self-determination.

The Pakhtuns or Pathans have never been either *de jure* or *de facto* British subjects; numerous British military operations, including air bombing, have failed to subjugate them. Yet in 1947 they were handed over by Britain to Pakistan, in contravention of explicit agreements with Afghanistan. Pakistan has stubbornly refused to consider the claims of either the Pakhtuns or the Afghans. It is hardly surprising that the Pakhtuns should now be demanding the establishment of an independent Pakhtunistan. The situation is pregnant with disturbing possibilities. Afghan relations with Britain, Pakistan and America, therefore, though formally "normal," are not as friendly as Afghanistan would like. With China, Afghanistan established diplomatic relations after the last war, and later was one of the first countries to recognise the Chinese Communist Government. Afghan foreign policy finds an authoritative exposition in a number of pamphlets written by the Afghan Ambassador in London, Sardar Najib-Ullah Khan. Afghanistan, says Dr. Najib-Ullah, succeeded in preserving her neutrality and independence during the most turbulent period of the world's history. She holds fast to this policy, and so long as her rights and freedom are respected will not align herself with any group against another. It is, however, no secret that the Afghans are ready to resist any action against their legitimate rights. The Afghans believe that both the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. can help the world along the road of peace and progress. They have friendly relations with France, Britain, China and other countries, whom they wish to see as friends of the Asian and African nations, and not as colonisers. Afghanistan desires the emancipation of Asian nations by peaceful means, through good understanding. The very close and friendly relations between Afghanistan and India arise from their community of view regarding non-adherence to any bloc, the readiness to condemn and resist aggression, and their common desire to solve their problems by peaceful means. Peaceful Asian solidarity remains the keystone of Afghan policy.

K. P. GHOSH.

EXTREMISTS IN EIRE

"**W**E have taken the gun out of politics." So Mr. John A. Costello, the Irish Republic's Premier said in 1949; and so it then seemed. The Irish Republican Army, harried since 1939 no less in Southern Ireland than in England, had withered away. Mr. Costello gently salved the pricking sores of recalcitrants by allowing them to re-inter

the bodies of I.R.A. members who had died on hunger-strike or who had been executed for the murder of police-officers during Mr. De Valera's tenure of office. About the same time the British Government was releasing the long-term prisoners sentenced in 1939 during the bombing campaign in English cities. Superficially these measures hastened the dissolution of the extremist movement in Ireland; bands played at funeral processions honouring the I.R.A. dead being re-buried, and graveside orations dwelt on the unfinished work of liberation. But the tacit near-approval of these activities by the Costello administration (Ministers individually attended some of the ceremonies), so far from stimulating the revival of the party of violence, helped to silence it.

During 1954, however, the I.R.A. re-emerged as a considerable threat towards Ireland's internal stability and as a possible bedevilling agency in Anglo-Irish relations. In 1953 there had indeed been acts of violence in Northern Ireland, the most serious of which was the destruction by bombs of a cinema in Newry which had shown Coronation films; but these incidents, and occasional trials of Northern Ireland extremists on charges of possessing arms or seditious literature, appeared to be no more than strictly local and sporadic illustrations of the proposition that the use of violence for political agitation may be a slow-dying tradition. There was no reason to suppose that a conspiracy, numerically strong and nation-wide, aimed at the coercion of Northern Ireland into the Republic, an undertaking obviously absurd and one in effect admitted to be impossible by the politicians in the Republic. The futility of its methods and the fact that what used to be known as physical-force politics might compromise the constitutional movement are considerations which the extremist wing has been disposed to rate lightly in Ireland. From 1858, the year of the foundation of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, the party of violence has again and again confounded the constitutionalists. The Brotherhood, nurtured on subventions from Irish-Americans and looking to America for some of the most militant of its members, sponsored the dynamitards of the sixties and later. In 1882 the Invincibles, sworn to "make history" by the "removal of tyrants," murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish on his first day in Ireland as Chief Secretary, and thus destroyed for the time an England-Ireland reconciliation through a Gladstone-Parnell accommodation. True enough that the Invincibles, the most successful secret society in Ireland's history, did not intend to kill Lord Frederick; they were after the Permanent Under-Secretary. Yet when the terrible story was told during the trials, the starkest fact was the indifference of the Invincibles (an offshoot of the Brotherhood) to the certainty that a murder campaign directed against Government officials must jeopardize the conventional nationalist agitation. Again in 1916 it was the Brotherhood which took charge of rebellion, and though it is forgotten nowadays, the immediate response of Irishmen to this—in its consequences the most momentous manifestation of activism in modern Irish history—was not merely unenthusiastic; genuinely representative bodies of all kinds most forcefully condemned the rising led by P. H. Pearse and T. J. Clarke. There is no doubt about the responsibility of the I.R.B. for 1916. Clarke was the key figure; Pearse had not become a member of the I.R.B. Supreme Council until the summer of 1914, and, according to the Life of Clarke that

comes nearest to being "official," it had been necessary to co-opt Pearse into the Brotherhood because no branch would accept him, the rank-and-file I.R.B. men distrusting him as a politically ambitious person.

At this period the Brotherhood was a small society, and no longer drew on intellectuals for its leadership. Small business men, clerks, some workers and small farmers' sons were its backbone. When war came in 1914 the treasurer of the London I.R.B. was a young clerk, Michael Collins. In Ireland the I.R.B. man who was in a sense typical of the movement was also its most outstanding member. From a small tobacco shop in Dublin, T. J. Clarke, son of a bombardier, kept in touch with his fellow members, and waited for the outbreak of rebellion again. Born in 1858, he had served a long term of imprisonment as a dynamitard. It is significant of the mixed feelings of Irishmen towards the party of violence that Clarke, unknown before his trial, should have been made a Freeman of Limerick after release, though Irishmen generally were not supporters of the dynamite campaign. Clarke had suffered much in prison and two of his fellow Fenians had gone insane. It is not surprising that his whole being was in the task of preparing for "war" on the "foreign occupation" of Irish soil. Single-minded devotion to a historic cause, or embittered and self-flushed fanaticism? This question apart, it is reasonably certain that Clarke was the prime mover in the revolutionary design. The present President of the Irish Republic, Mr. Sean O'Kelly, has written: "If any man could be said to be responsible for the inspiration of Easter Week, or for the carrying through successfully of the resolution to revolt, credit for that must be given to Tom Clarke." What is especially noteworthy about the dynamic of the 1916 Rebellion is that groups like Sinn Féin, a non-violent movement, and the Volunteers, vaguely militarist only (in the sense that the original leaders as well as the rank-and-file had no immediate revolutionary intentions, if indeed any at all) were made use of by the I.R.B. Supreme Council to promote the outbreak. The Easter Week Rebellion is an excellent illustration of the way a minority group may unsuspectingly straddle a majority. I.R.B. men were cleverly insinuated into key posts in other nationalist movements. Pearse became one of the top two or three in the Volunteers, an open organisation.

After the rebellion the I.R.B. wilted, but by 1919 it was once again the moving force behind the extremist movement. About this time the name Irish Republican Army came into use, and during the period euphemistically known as the "Troubles" this irregular force of intermittently active *franc-tireurs* was directed, in so far as there was effective nation-wide direction, by Michael Collins and Richard Mulcahy. Then, when the Treaty of 1921 gave Southern Ireland the status of a Dominion, the I.R.A. was split. There were those who, under Collins and Mulcahy, were for accepting the Treaty; with Mr. de Valera as their figurehead the others stood out for a Republic. The result was a civil war. Collins was killed in an ambush, and the new state was governed by ministers who had to sleep in the heavily guarded Government Buildings in Dublin. But the irregulars were soon worn out, and in 1927, Mr. de Valera persuaded his followers that they should recognise the Free State. He entered the Dail, saying that he would treat the Oath of Allegiance as an empty formula, and in 1932 he won a majority of seats and formed his first administration.

There were I.R.A. members who dissented from this, but Mr. de Valera's anti-British policy did something to quiet them. However, as the years went by, his promises to end the partition of Ireland were unfulfilled. The I.R.A. devised "Plan S," the bombing campaign in English cities. Though Mr. de Valera at that time used to argue that the Southern Irish Government would be justified in using force to compel Northern Ireland to come in, and though he frequently spoke of Abraham Lincoln, the bombing campaign was abhorrent to him, and when war broke out and Mr. de Valera declared Ireland neutral, he interned I.R.A. leaders. This was alleged to be necessary partly because they were in communication with Germany. They were also becoming more troublesome to the Eire Government through their raids for arms on Government arsenals. Policemen were shot at, and a detective who had been a comrade of ministers during the pre-Treaty guerilla days was killed near his Dublin home. Mr. de Valera was invidiously placed for being severe towards the I.R.A., and it must have been a surprise to the movement that he was so firm-handed. Members were executed and allowed to die on hunger-strike. The tough policy in both islands helped to kill the "war" policy in England.

After the war, the I.R.A. was little in the news, and it was legitimate to suppose that the movement no longer existed. Then, in June, 1954, armed men raided the Royal Irish Fusiliers' barracks in Armagh, and made away with arms and ammunition worth several thousand pounds. It is believed that this expedition was launched from the Irish Republic, and that the raiders made their way back over the border with their haul. The raid on Omagh Barracks in October was unsuccessful, and eight men are now serving prison sentences of ten years—in one case, twelve. The purpose of these operations has been defined by the I.R.A. leaders. In October, the *Irish Times* reported that a recruiting meeting had been held in the small town of Skibbereen, Co. Cork. A pipe band with uniformed young men marched through the town, and on the platform with the speakers were uniformed women of the woman's section of the I.R.A. in pre-Treaty days. The principal speaker said that the blandishments and soft talk counselled by Mr. de Valera and Mr. Costello would not end partition: the only method that the British understood was force. A rising wind of Republicanism was sweeping through Ireland, and was growing to a gale that would sweep the British forces from Northern Ireland. He appealed to the young men to join the armed militant section of Sinn Féin; he could tell them that there were plenty of arms to give them. After this meeting about 20 men went to the Town Hall to hand in their names. A few days later the *Irish Times* summarised the contents of a four-page leaflet circulated by "The Army Council of the I.R.A.," and entitled "Irish Resistance to British Aggression." This document declared that "the Irish Republican Army has a carefully planned and progressive policy of opposition to the British occupation forces in the Six Counties. With charity towards all and malice towards none the Irish Republican Army looks forward with quiet confidence to the struggle that lies ahead."

After the Omagh raid local authorities in the Republic, ever ready for a respite from their proper duties, quickly congratulated the I.R.A. At Dungarvan, during an Urban Council discussion on such a resolution

passed by the Sligo Mental Hospital Board, one Councillor said: "What about asking the Government to have the army invade the North?" However, the Government felt differently. Speaking in the Dail on October 28th, Mr. Costello denounced the use of force by minority groups to end partition as "immoral, un-Christian and likely to endanger the vital interests of the nation." Mr. de Valera, as Opposition Leader, supported him. In his Christmas message Cardinal D'Alton, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, spoke the mind of the Roman Catholic Bishops for the first time on the subject, and warned young men against the sinfulness of secret oath-bound societies.

Mr. Costello has not concluded an extradition treaty with the Northern Government, though Northern M.P.s have been suggesting that this would be proof of his sincerity. The fact is that he is unlikely to do this because he must always take cognizance of the traditional Irish tolerance towards "rebels." Few Irish people really approve of the actions of the I.R.A. In the Republic the problem of partition is seen through a fog created over thirty years by Irish politicians. Southern Irishmen are convinced that considerable injustice is done to Roman Catholics in the North, and they feel that the I.R.A. campaign, though they do not approve of it, is at least not totally lacking justification. Therefore Mr. Costello would almost certainly raise trouble if he were to agree to turn over I.R.A. raiders to the Northern authorities. His position is not an easy one. If lives are lost in the North the Dublin Government will clearly bear a heavy responsibility for having given negative comfort to the I.R.A. If, on the other hand, he tries to suppress the I.R.A. he may simply draw their fire on himself. His fervent hope must be that the turmoil foreshadowed by incidents in 1954 will not come to pass.

FLORENCE O'DONOGHUE.

THE AMERICAN NEGRO'S POLITICAL PROGRESS

IN the southern states of the U.S.A. the negroes enjoy the same franchise rights as whites, can enter skilled employments and become members of trades unions, but they are still largely segregated from whites. The states mainly concerned (starting from the north) are: Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Texas and the District of Columbia. The traveller is struck by the different attitude towards negroes on crossing the border from Kentucky into Ohio. This transition from South to Middle West does not however apply only to the outlook towards the colour question. The people of Cincinnati are as different from those of Louisville as Germans from French. One leaves the friendly South for the busy and hurrying Middle West. In most southern states negroes have their own schools, restaurants and hotels and are not admitted to those open to whites. They occupy the rear seats on buses and trains. They are not segregated on the trains but have separate waiting rooms in the railway and bus stations.

On May 17th, 1954, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that segregation in public schools was unconstitutional. Hitherto it had been held that educational facilities for whites and negroes should be "separate but equal." Part of the moneys for education are provided by the Federal Government and part by the individual state administrations. Some states, e.g., Virginia, have lately spent considerable sums of money on negro education though the amount collected from negroes in taxation is low. White Virginians are eager to provide negroes with a proper education but object to having white and coloured children mixed in the same class rooms. The same policy and outlook exists in most of the southern states, and the position was the same in Washington, D.C. until 1954, where the number of negroes exceeds that of whites. Washington however has abolished segregation in the schools in accordance with the Supreme Court's ruling. Now all southern states are being asked to adopt the same course. The question is how soon the new law can be put into effect. Six southern states have told the court that an abrupt switch would be dangerous and would disrupt their educational systems. Spokesmen in North Carolina told the Supreme Court that if school desegregation were put into effect immediately it might result in abolition of the public schools and cause "bloody race riots." They suggested that plenty of time should be allowed, and urged that federal district judges who knew local conditions should be given wide authority to implement the changeover in the light of those conditions. Attorney General J. B. Shepperd of Austin, Texas, expressed the Texan view that he did not agree with the Supreme Court decision. He advocated gradual adjustment rather than compulsion, which could only arouse resentment, individual discrimination and, as experience has demonstrated in other states, violence. He urged "a period of orderly transition" which would insure that a decree would meet with no more than passive resistance by the public.

Georgia and Mississippi are more determined in their opposition to the new law. Both these states plan to abolish the public school system in its present form. In Georgia the state constitution has actually been changed by popular vote to permit allotment of school funds to private operators, so that the newly constituted private schools can maintain segregation. As Governor Herman Talmadge of Georgia has explained, "The state of Georgia is no longer concerned as to whatever methods of enforcement the Supreme Court employs, since we have made provisions to circumvent the decision." In Talmadge's opinion "segregation will not be ended in Georgia at any time." His successor, Governor-elect Marvin Griffin, is pledged to carry on the fight against desegregation. The writer was in Atlanta, Georgia, on election day (November 2nd, 1954). Georgia has a population of $3\frac{1}{2}$ million, one third of which are negroes. This state in common with most others in the south voted solidly in support of the Democratic Party, so that the election of representatives to Congress was not a cause of any excitement, but great importance was attached to "Amendment No. 4," known as the "Private School Amendment," which introduced the legislation referred to above.

Opponents to the Amendment object to it on two main counts; (1) Though segregation works satisfactorily in towns where there are approximately equal numbers of whites and negroes, it is difficult and expensive in places

with small numbers of either group, especially in rural areas where it is often impossible to provide "separate and equal" facilities. (2) The amendment would not achieve its object of preventing integration without abolishing the public school system.

Perhaps the best indication of the likely effects of too early desegregation is to be found by looking at Washington, D.C., where it has already been started. At first sight some rather alarming things have happened there. In the fall of 1954 there were 8.7 per cent fewer white pupils in the public school classes than there had been in 1953. The decline occurred suddenly after the new law was implemented, and all grades were affected, especially the elementary schools, in which there was a decrease of 11.2 per cent of the white pupils. There was a 4 per cent drop in the junior high schools and a 2 per cent drop in the senior. The drop was greatest in the schools most affected by desegregation. Studies were made to determine what had become of the missing white pupils. These showed that some had left school to enter the armed forces or obtain other employment. More than half, however, had transferred to private schools or moved away from Washington. This city is regarded by the states affected as a testing ground, and subsequent developments will be watched with interest. In some of the southern states there is still a spirit of intolerance by whites against negroes. Many people agree that discrimination must end and that it is only a matter of time before this will happen, but the more ignorant are still perpetuating it. The election in Atlanta was conducted by machinery in an orderly manner without any barracking, but in some places it is still dangerous for a negro to attempt to cast his vote.

The main obstacle to progress is prejudice, and this still exists in the North just as much as in the South. As Thurgood Marshall, the champion of negro rights, aptly pointed out, prejudice exists "from before the cradle to after the grave." It is difficult for a negro woman to obtain as good facilities for the birth of a child as for a white, while after death it is difficult to arrange for a negro to be buried except in a negro cemetery. A negro cannot enter many a good restaurant in the North with the certainty that he will be served. There are still schools in New York in which pupils are 100 per cent negro though no segregation law is in force. There are almost no inter-racial housing areas in the North. Whites there deplore the manner in which negroes are treated in the South, but, while their laws do not discriminate, they act towards negroes in the same way as their southern cousins. The negroes in the United States, though better off economically and politically than most urban natives in Africa, are not unlike the latter in other respects. They closely resemble Africans in their mode of behaviour, mental outlook and habits. Civilisation and slight interbreeding with white races have changed them a little, but the effects are far from striking. This is to be expected, for these people *are* Africans, whatever their environment may be. They provide proof that African negroes can become civilised. It is necessary to make this point for many people are not aware of it. They are no better and no worse than other human beings. Given hope for the future Africans can become, as they are becoming in America, good citizens of a Western society.

THE RED CROSS

"IN an age when we hear so much of progress and civilisation, is it not a matter of urgency, since unhappily we cannot always avoid wars, to press forward in a humane and truly civilised spirit the attempt to prevent, or at least to alleviate, the horrors of war?" Among the voices clamouring for progress throughout Europe in the 19th century were those urging reforms in the name of humanity and civilisation. Europe had already been stirred by the actions of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry, and in 1854 of Florence Nightingale in the Crimea. Five years later the act of spontaneous devotion after the battle of Solferino, which was eventually to result in the Red Cross, would have passed into obscurity but for the urgent voice of one man. The aftermath of that battle on the 24th of June presented an ugly scene of death and destruction among the armies engaged in it—40,000 dead and wounded requiring attention from inadequate medical services. From this scene of carnage, the words of Jean Henri Dunant were ultimately to fit into the jigsaw puzzle of a universal idea.

Son of a Swiss banker, travelling through Italy on business, Dunant came face to face with this spectacle of destruction. Mustering around him the townswomen of Castiglione, where the greater proportion of the wounded had been taken, he gave what help he could. "It was not a matter of amputations or operations of any kind. But food, and above all drink, had to be taken around to men dying of hunger and thirst; then their wounds could be dressed and their bleeding, muddy, vermin-covered bodies washed; all this in a scorching, filthy atmosphere . . . with lamentations and cries of anguish all around." Before long a group of volunteer helpers was formed, the women going from one man to another "with canteens of pure water to quench their thirst and moisten their wounds. Some of these improvised nurses . . . their gentleness and kindness . . . and their attentive care helped to revive a little courage among the wounded." Dunant returned to Geneva, his native town, five weeks later. But unable to forget the sights he had witnessed, he was obsessed with the overwhelming urge to rid his mind of the nightmare, which returned again and again to haunt him, by writing a book. "A Memory of Solferino," which described the agony and neglect of the wounded, the shortage of doctors and medical supplies, was published in November, 1862, at his own expense. It was and still is impossible to read it without being moved, without feeling his sense of inadequacy and determination to do something, however small, to narrow the gulf that lies between the dark reality of suffering and the immeasurable depths of sympathy. It can be summed up in the German word *durchleiden*, which means to experience and get to know something by suffering. In "A Memory of Solferino" Dunant voiced a question and a challenge which was to withstand the test of two World Wars. "Would it not be possible, in time of peace and quiet, to form relief societies for the purpose of having care given to the wounded in wartime by zealous, devoted, and thoroughly qualified volunteers? . . . Societies of this kind, once formed and their permanent existence assured . . . would always be organised and ready for the possibility of war. They would have not only to secure the goodwill of the authorities of the countries

in which they had been formed, but also, in time of war, to solicit from the rulers of the belligerent states authorisation and facilities enabling them to do effective work." Soon, other voices took up the challenge. The *Société Genevoise d'Utilité Publique*, a welfare society in Geneva, whose efforts with those of Dunant's were successful in securing the attention of representatives of 17 European States. Matters were taken a stage further by the Swiss Federal Government, who in the following year, 1864, convened a meeting of the plenipotentiaries of 16 nations at which the First Geneva Convention was signed.

This attempt "to press forward in a humane and truly civilised spirit" the alleviation of the horrors of war, was the first general agreement between nations placing a particular wartime work of charity under the protection of international law. The Convention for the "Amelioration of the Conditions of the Wounded and Sick of Armies in the Field," recognised that the fighting man when wounded or captured ceased to be an enemy, and became a suffering, defenceless human being. It laid down that the ambulance that carried him and the hospital to which he was taken, should be protected, and that the same protection should be extended to the doctors and nurses and all those entrusted with his care. The emblem chosen to distinguish this special protection was a red cross in a white field, obtained by reversing the Swiss colours. Through this protective symbol it was possible, and still is, to overcome the barriers set up by nations at war, and this is the characteristic which sets the Red Cross apart from all other international agencies. In peacetime the Red Cross carries on its service with equal devotion for the improvement of health, the prevention of disease, and the mitigation of suffering throughout the world. With the advantage of its international status, the worldwide recognition of its emblem and the confidence which men and women of all countries place in those who have prepared themselves to give disinterested service to their fellow men its prestige is without parallel. The voluntary, service of the Red Cross is based on vision; the realisation that people cannot live happily together unless they preserve the privilege of helping one another. Today it has more than a hundred million members—men, women and children in over 70 National Red Cross Societies throughout the world. Forming an army of the part-time, the part-paid, and the part-trained, through little bits of kindness, small pieces of generosity, and odd moments of spare time, its members help to organise a great supplementary service which acts as a reinforcement to the official services.

From a resettlement village in Malaya to a flooded town in Britain; from relief to the homeless victims of an earthquake to succouring the injured and bereaved in a train smash, in the midst of it all you find the Red Cross helping all who are in need. From visiting an old woman who is bedridden to meeting a small blind boy off a train—no task is too small to undertake—for one of the most endearing qualities about the Red Cross is its care of the individual. In its slogan—*Active in peace—as in war*—is the urgent voice that will not be ignored or forgotten as long as there are men and women who respect the dignity of human personality. The simple form of first aid carried out by Dunant and the women at Castiglione was elementary compared with the skill of the trained first aiders today, but nevertheless inspired by the same motive which has prompted the work of

the Red Cross ever since. The emblem stands as a safeguard against man's inhumanity to man, through which he recognises the sufferings of his enemies as piognantly as those of his friends. At Solferino human drama and human distress became, through an urgent voice, synonymous with devotion, kindness, and mercy, a living monument to the form and substance of human sympathy. And May 8th, the anniversary of Dunant's birth, is set aside as International Red Cross Day when the man who brought about these things is remembered throughout the world. IGNOTIUS.

LIFE IN THE LEBANON

TWO worlds meet in the Lebanon, the West and the East. The Lebanese consider that they are the descendents of the Phoenicians. They retain the commercial spirit and a love for big undertakings of their ancestors. Lebanese meet all over the world. In French and British West Africa the Lebanese has become a rich merchant; in South America he has made a huge fortune; in the United States he has succeeded in becoming a deputy and a journalist; in Europe he is a diplomat and ship-owner; in the Far East he is competing with the Chinese; and in the Pacific Islands he is starting to populate large tracts of lands. The Lebanese loves to travel. As a result, over a million Lebanese live abroad, as opposed to the million and a half population of the Lebanon itself. The illiterate Lebanese has become a very important person, far from his country. But in the Lebanon the cultured and educated classes are hardly able to make their living, so strong is the competition.

Two different worlds form the Lebanon, the mountains, and the coastal plain, and each has a different aspect. The coast has some of the oldest cities of the world. Tyre, from which the Phoenicians conquered the world; Sidon, where Venus came out of the water in her dazzling nakedness; Byblos, the Queen of the Phoenician traders and the starting point of the cult of the goddess of Love; Tripoli the white, where the remote Princess lived. Of all the ancient cities Beirut alone has retained its importance as a large town. Beirut is an immense garage containing every type of car and model ever made. In Beirut the taxi-driver is king. Cars crowd the streets from morning till night. When night comes the capital becomes a desert. Then the caberets and cinemas become chock-full. The Beirutis likes to enjoy himself. On Sundays most of the city can be found at the race-course. The poorest Lebanese considers himself dishonoured if he does not on Sundays gamble away his weekly wages. Games long ago invaded Beirut homes. All ages play, playing-cards are to be found everywhere: poker, pinochle-colonne, bridge, baccarat. Even the children play. Cards and dressing up, balls and festivities of all sorts fill the lives of those who consider themselves to be Society. By society must be understood the rich who speculate on everything: on illness, war, and the unhappiness of humanity. Huge buildings are coming up like mushrooms in the residential sectors. Those who are building them made their fortunes in the last war. You are told: "So-and-so became rich from the sale of pharmaceutical products," "this one in cement and iron," "that one in smuggling hashish."

Alongside the society of the rich you can find Beirutis who are highly cultivated, who read all the latest books and papers, who do not miss a single conference, and who are the first to see the *Comédie Française* each season. This cultured class is important. Both classes mix very frequently. But the unhealthy snobbery of the rich stands out clearly against the simplicity of the intellectuals. In Beirut people are evaluated according to their wealth. It is the merchant class which is at the top. The capital has not changed much since the days of the Phoenicians, for business is considered to hold the first place in social activities. Lawyers, doctors, teachers, who do not make fortunes, are considered poor people, almost failures. The power of money is far from being a vain word in the Lebanon. It is therefore not surprising that thousands of Lebanese emigrate yearly to seek their fortunes in America and Africa. It is the rich emigrants who keep alive their relatives who have not the courage to leave their homes. And the Lebanese is very good at making money, given the least chance. Let us say in justice that he spends freely, and the philanthropists have good hearts.

Alongside the worries of money, politics occupy a place of considerable importance in every-day life. Everybody engages in politics. It is the basis of most conversations, in the streets, in the trams, in cars, in cafés, in the markets, in the salons, at meals, everywhere, at every moment political discussions and arguments take place. Sometimes they are very heated, as the Lebanese is hot-tempered and takes everything to heart. Even children discuss politics, and the boot-blacks read two or three newspapers a day. The most peaceful people take sides at the slightest cause. In the Lebanon one is always the follower of some politician.

The Lebanese have the advantage of being between the two worlds of the West and the East. The Lebanon belongs as much to one as to the other, and is the ideal meeting place between two civilisations. He knows how to cope with all situations, and his genius allows him never to be a stranger anywhere. Thus he feels as close to the Arab of the desert as he does to the Parisian who comes to visit him. He possesses to a high degree the ability to learn languages. In no time he can pick up even the most difficult languages. Many are the Lebanese men of letters who write equally well in French and English. Joubran Khalil Joubran became famous in America with his "Prophet," and Chukri Ghanem made considerable contributions to Parisian newspapers. And it is in the Lebanese mountains that are produced the most celebrated men of the Arab Near East. Reformers of the Arabic language, at the end of the nineteenth century, first saw the world in the villages of the Lebanon, the mountains so beautiful and so near to God.

Solomon built his temple using the Cedars of the Lebanon. The Emir Beshir Shehab, a glorious Prince, lived at Beiteddine. In the Kesrouan district the rocks are witnesses to the Deluge and Flood, the villages high up among the pine forests and sources of water make the place a fairyland. The Lebanon is the land of a smiling countryside, of eternal snows on Sannin, and green valleys; of the immense plain of the Bekaa, which was the granary of the ancient world; of Nahr el Kalb, where the great conquerors all inscribed their names in the rocks. It is a country of open-minded and loyal people, hospitable and proud. In the mountains the

peasant offers you a bunch of grapes; along the paths of flourishing hawthorn the hunter reminds you of Adonis; the village belles and women returning home to their villages sing and chant sad songs. It is the land where the old women bake their bread on their "saj" with the same motions and in the same way as of old. The mountains allow you to forget the vain agitations of the city, the greed and pitiless competition. The mountains are the purity of nature, humanity, and the serenity of the soul. They make poets even out of those accustomed to handling money from morning till night. Two Lebanese poets of some considerable ability are one a merchant and the other a banker. It is the breathtaking nature of the mountains of the Lebanon which has made dreamers in their leisure time. The Lebanon, land of the gods, remains the refuge of the outcasts of fortune, for the most unhappy of men are able to live in this dream country where dramas do not last long, and where nature, smiling, always has the last word.

Beyrouth.

RAYMOND LOIR.

THE DEVIL IN AFRICA

IN *le Soulier de Satin* Paul Claudel, describing Africa as the sinister haunt of Satan, evoked a familiar impression of the country, one in which witchcraft and sorcery added mysterious terrors to the tyranny of rulers. From the early accounts the popular picture of Africa had been painted in two tones, the one horrific, with touches of macabre humour, and the other based on the kindness and sunny irresponsibility of the native temperament. The stories of cruelty and horror were amply documented. When the Punitive Expedition entered Benin, rumours of human sacrifices with crucifixions and disembowelling of men and women were confirmed in ghastly detail. Richard Burton thought he had been led into the city by a path scattered with human remains, in order that an impression be produced upon him. He later found that the habitual atrocities were on such a scale that all the paths to the palace were similarly furnished. In 1927 Rattray described the last refinements of cruelty in the lingering form of capital punishment favoured in Ashanti, the ghastly Atopere dance, in which the condemned man was made to dance in the sun while his extremities were gradually hacked away.

If half the stories about him are true, the famous Zulu tyrant, Chaka, must have been one of the most blood-lusting tyrants known. He devastated the regions around Natal with fire and sword for about 10 years, until he was assassinated in 1828. His biography by Thomas Mofola, as well as being an important historical record, reads like an epic poem, with echoes from the Psalms. It tells how he killed his wife for the sake of the chieftaincy, ordered the massacre of regiments which had run away in war, took the prettiest girls of the tribe as concubines, killed their babies because he feared to beget heirs, and then, because it was bitter for a mother to be separated from her child, he killed the girls off too. The climax of the story is reached when his mother, who throughout tries to soften his judgments, is found to have secretly reared one of these condemned babies. Chaka kills her with his own hand, and then commands a

frightful slaughter of all those who seemed not to be mourning with him for her death. Chaka is always recognised as an exceptional case, not typical of Bantu chiefs. The effect of European impact, and of the slave trade, were no doubt responsible for many upheavals in tribal life. But other tales of a more uncalculated cruelty were at hand. Cases of ordeals which left no alternative for the accused but confession and death are frequent. Books by missionaries and early administrators contain pictures of mutilated subjects of Zande or Bemba chiefs, reports of outrages done in the name of religion, ritual murders by Human Leopards in Sierra Leone, torturing of women who trespassed on male secret societies. These flesh-creeping accounts which titillated the ghoulish curiosity of Europeans were relieved by a lighter vein, the comic-opera view of barbaric courts. Such is Torday's account of the suppression of a rebellion by the Nyimi of Bushongo; a devastating campaign, in which, when rumours had cleared away, there were only half a dozen casualties. Or else, the whimsical comments on the King of Dahomey's female regiments, their slovenliness on parade, and their ineffectual ferocity in attack. To the European observer there was even some grisly humour in the method by which royal ordinances were announced to the ancestors in Dahomey: a special messenger, fortified by money and drink for the journey, being despatched himself to join the dead.

If African society had then been the subject for serious study, people would surely have noticed the discrepancy between these aspects and the other view, emphasized again and again, of the simplicity and merry insouciance of the Africans themselves. Livingstone and Mary Kingsley, together with countless other travellers, attested to the essential kindness of the African character. To explain how gentle, good-natured peoples come to produce tyrants, and to tolerate tyranny, missionaries may well have felt with Claudel that the devil is abroad in Africa:

"L'appel d'afrique! . . . La terre ne serait point ce qu'elle est si elle n'avait ce carreau du feu sur le ventre, ce cancer rongeur, ce rayon qui lui dévore le foie, ce trépied attisé par le souffle des océans, cet antre fumant, ce fourneau où vient se dégraisser l'ordure de toutes les respirations animales."

The arrival in the field of the professional anthropologist might have lifted the curtain on contradictory scenes of inhumanity and tenderness, and built up some consistent picture in which all the conflicting elements have their intelligible place. But by the time that the anthropologists set to work, the famous tyrants had long had their fangs drawn by the administration. Spectacles of horror were a thing of legend, and trials by ordeal had been replaced by regular tribunals.

The problem had lost its interest for another reason. The responsibility of Europe for African disorders began to be recognised. Despotic chiefs are not an indigenous product of Africa, but rather the result of the impact of European and Arab slavers. Chaka himself is said to have modelled his regiments on those of the Portuguese he had watched at drill at Lourenço Marques. Foreign example alone might never have produced the tyrants whose exuberent barbarity so shocked the Victorians. But the invaders provided firearms which gave ambitious chieftains a means of domination which their ancestors had lacked. These facts, which re-

flected so unfavourably on the European record in Africa, were enough to deter anything that smacked of a moral judgment on native institutions. Moreover, by the beginning of the 30's, Europeans had experienced barbarity within their borders, and lost confidence in the validity of their own moral standards. Inevitably the problem of reconciling the two sides of the African picture received no consideration. The darker side was forgotten, the brighter side was recognized and unconsciously idealised. The ferocity of the Mau-Mau uprising caused shocked astonishment to a modern public, yet would not have surprised the general reader of the 1890's.

In 1926 Malinowski complained that public interest on foreign culture was "still dominated by rude curiosity." In rebuking the old "pre-scientific" interest, he insisted that "savagery is not ruled by moods, passions, and accidents, but by tradition and order . . . that civil law, or its savage equivalent, is extremely well developed, and that it rules all aspects of social organisation."¹ Although written of a Polynesian island, these words can be regarded as inaugurating a new era of professional writing about all primitive, including African, institutions. Professional anthropologists in England have now published a number of monographs on political organisation in Africa. These have certain assumptions in common, are based on intensive studies, and seek to present detached, scientific accounts of native political systems. The most important book in this series is the symposium "African Political Systems" published in 1940. In this the editors laid down that "The scientific study of political institutions must be inductive and comparative, and aim solely at establishing and explaining the uniformities found among them, and their interdependencies with other features of social organisation."

In practice the difficulties in the way of making strictly scientific statements about politics are well-nigh insuperable. It is not the anthropologist's fault that other people, philosophers, poets and politicians themselves have discussed the subject. The most ordinary words, rubbed smooth by use, now shine with emotional associations. In however cold and technical a sense he may use them, they are bound to strike unintended chords. When the Nuer² are described as having no law, but as living in a state of "ordered anarchy," one can imagine the pulse of a political philosopher throb faster on reading that his cherished ideals have been realized long ago in the heart of the Sudan. An unintentional appeal to idealism of a different kind is conveyed in this description of chiefship among the Zulu: "This intimacy between the chief and his people, despite the ceremonial which surrounded him, was largely possible because there was no class snobbery among the Zulu. The chief was still regarded and treated as the 'father of his people' . . . there was no insurmountable barrier to marriage between his and any of his subject's families. . . . Wealth brought a chief closer to, did not remove him from, his people . . . he had to be rich in order to support his dependants; and besides this there was no use for wealth."³

Professor Radcliffe Brown, in his preface to *African Political Systems*, has a paragraph on law; he mentions, among other social sanctions on good behaviour, the importance of organized ridicule. His statement is perfectly neutral, not offering such systems for praise or blame. But

immediately one is reminded of Tom Jones' naive admiration of the Gipsy King who used ridicule as the sole punishment of crime. These unintended effects of language settle the reader in a pleasantly utopian frame of mind. Even though he knows that the Zulu chieftdom is being described as a system of checks and balances, he cannot help absorbing an impression of the chief as a benign patriarch in some pastoral idyll. The illusion is fostered by the nature of the approach. Anthropologists simply wish to show how the political system works. Their basic assumption is that there is a system, and that it does work. This assumption provides the principle for selecting facts out of the welter of daily life. But political institutions, if they are being presented as "equilibrium systems," inevitably must appear as nicely functioning pieces of machinery. The grit, inefficiencies and chronic breakdowns are irrelevant to the diagram. Given the assumptions of the functional approach it is hardly possible not to present your African society as a marvel of political ingenuity. These distortions might not have occurred if anthropologists had stayed within the humanist tradition to which the study of society properly belongs.

Not only has an element of the old traveller's tales been left out of the contemporary view, but something else, quite as unscientific and romantic, may have been unconsciously slipped in, a tendency to idealize. Complete romanticism may even take charge when the writer is himself a member of the culture which he describes. Kenyatta's book on the Kikuyu has passages which might have been lifted straight out of *News from Nowhere*:

"If a stranger happens to pass by at this time of enjoyment after labour, he will have no idea that these people who are now singing, dancing and laughing merrily, have completed their day's work. For after they have cleaned off the dust which they got from the fields, they look, in all respects, as though they have been enjoying themselves the whole day . . . the African in his own environment does not count hours of work by the movement of the clock, but works with good spirit and enthusiasm to complete the tasks before him."

The general effect of the scientific style has been to soft-pedal certain aspects of African life, and to play up others, so that the second of the two themes described by the early travellers—the tolerance and adaptability of the African—is emphasized, but not the theme of cruelty and horror which so largely dominated the earlier picture.

Professional convention excludes anything smacking of cheap sensationalism. There can be no room for horror-stories. But scientific exposition can be lightened here and there with occasional glowing passages. Since the language of political science is anyway stiff with emotional overtones, the resulting picture suggests ideal companies of rousseau-esque savages, instead of the struggles and mean shifts of ordinary people, in hard unyielding lands. Any serious observer has to admit that the two views of Africa, the cruel and the kind, are there. Nostalgia tinges the memory of the long-retained field-worker, but if he could breathe again the atmosphere in which his researches were made, bitter frustration and even disgust would take their place among the other memories. There is a smiling face to African life, but one who has never

there recognized brooding hate and suspicion, has not penetrated beneath the surface. Some may be tempted to feel that so would our own European civilization be, but for centuries of Christian teaching. Yet we have never in our history been less Christian. Modern life has simply withdrawn certain temptations. The scale of our life is vast, but we have few intimate relations. It is easy to deal kindly with neighbours we scarcely know. The scale of African village life is small, but the intensity of relations within it is great. In his village the African is hemmed in by the hates and rivalries of generations. He and his neighbours can no more escape each other than they can throw off their past. Meanness and jealousy and desperate egoism are there. They have made their mark on the political scene. They are projected in the devilish contrivance of witchcraft beliefs, which set brother against brother, and husband against wife. They are assuaged only by lethal ordeals, which appear to rid society of malefactors, but only confirm the fear of their presence, and establish more certainly the cycle of ignorance, suspicion and terror.

Those whose conscience is aware of guilt in the history of European contact with Africa are sometimes most inclined to idealize the happy state of ancient tribal times, and many shrink from thrusting further changes on African life. If shadow and light were more firmly drawn in the picture of native society, these inhibitions would give way to greater confidence in the future dealings of European and African with each other.

MARY DOUGLAS.

¹ *Crime and Custom in Savage Society*, 1926.

² *The Nuer*, E. Evans-Pritchard, 1940.

³ *African Political Systems*, edit. Fortes and Evans-Pritchard 1940, Chap. by Gluckman, on the Zulu, p. 44.

⁴ Kenyatta, *Facing Mount Kenya*, 1938, p. 60.

THERE IS A SILENCE . . .

*There is a silence greater than all grief,
A vast, pervading sombreness of soul,
When round heart's darkness deepest waters roll
And Life is stricken on a storm-racked reef;
When gladness shrivels, a November leaf,
Wind-blown, prostrated, paying Winter's toll,
And anguish, like an ever-hungry mole,
Of even the littlest pleasures is the thief.
Then comes the test, the searching, and the fight,
The spur of courage and the warrior's way
To where, sun-crowned, the arduous hill-tops rise:
Then comes the surge of spirit and the light
That, bursting through, reveals new-venturing Day
And gives again God's mercies to Man's eyes.* GORELL.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE KAISER

When the German Empire collapsed in 1918 it was natural that the last of the Hohenzollerns, like everyone else who had played a leading part in the First World War, should desire to prove that it was not his fault. His first attempt was in his rather colourless Memoirs. The second was made by the gifted publicist Nowak, who was invited to Doorn and supplied with documentary and oral information. After the publication of the first two volumes, which only brought the narrative down to 1894, the author died. Emil Ludwig's popular biography was no substitute for the unfinished work, for that brilliant writer possessed no inside knowledge. The first authoritative account of the whole reign has been supplied by Joachim von Kurenborg, who has utilised many conversations with the fallen ruler in his closing years. It is unquestionably the best of the biographies, at once sympathetic and critical.

Many English readers know the author by his study of Holstein, the Mystery Man of the Wilhelmstrasse, and the Preface to his latest work states his qualifications for this more important task. His writings on Holstein, Krupp, Princess Bismarck, Menzel and other celebrities had aroused the Kaiser's interest, and he paid his first visit in 1935. He had met him for the first time as a young Guardsman at Potsdam, and during the First World War he had served in the German Embassies in Constantinople, Rome and Vienna. Having seen so much of history in the making he proceeded to accumulate a mass of material which only needed to be supplemented by personal contact with the man who had stood in the centre of the world's stage for half a century. When asked how he intended to deal with the subject, the visitor replied "with justice." "So far," rejoined the host, "I have noticed very little doing of justice. What has been written about me is mostly distorted, false or silly." After each talk the author made full notes. His host lived just long enough to read the Swiss edition, not agreeing with all of it but declaring that it tried to describe his life and times with accuracy and justice.

Though there is not a dull page in the book, its importance is mainly due to the Kaiser's table-talk. It reveals a temperamental, well-meaning ruler of considerable ability, neither a despot nor a warmonger, who in old age looked back on his eventful life and found no need to apologise. That he was out of touch with his liberal parents was more his misfortune than his fault, for he had as much right to his opinions as they to theirs. His mother was English not by blood alone but in mind and heart, and his father, though just as patriotic as William I and William II, preferred Weimar to Potsdam. When Sir Frederick Ponsonby, after the collapse of the Empire, published the correspondence of the Empress Frederick with Queen Victoria, the world was shocked by the venom with which she denounced her eldest son. The Kaiser was seen at his best in the magnanimous Foreword he supplied to a German translation of the letters in which he refrained from controversy and left the dispute to history. "Speaking in Doorn about his mother," records the biographer, "it could happen that in his excitement very bitter remarks escaped him. But if he was speaking composedly about her he did so with a deep sense of devotion and often with an almost exaggerated respect. Then he would use such expressions as that unique woman and even the great Empress." He denounced Morell Mackenzie, the English throat specialist; as a charlatan, and on this controversial topic the visitor shared his opinion. But in another painful incident, the *cordon* round the palace, the author condemns the heartless treatment of the distracted widow at the moment of her tragic loss. "The measures taken were severe but neces-

sary," commented the Kaiser. "The object of isolating the Palace was to prevent state or secret documents being conveyed to England by my mother, a possibility of which Bismarck had warned me." Unconvinced by this argument the biographer very rightly remarks that ordinary people could not comprehend a weeping mother being treated like that.

On reaching the accession in 1888 in his thirtieth year the biographer attempts a candid portrait. That he lacked some qualities needed by a ruler was obvious to friends no less than to foes. "Just as the Empress Frederick often showed herself unbalanced and disputatious, so the character of her eldest son was fundamentally unstable. Mastery over himself he never really learned. Usually he took little account of other people's opinions. He could not listen to others, not even later at Doorn. In talking his desire to dominate was clearly evident. He tried to gain the upper hand from the start, beginning by putting some questions which the visitor could not have expected. Seldom did a Minister manage to conclude a report without interruption. His propensity to impulsiveness, zeal for novelty, brusqueness and capriciousness he could never eradicate. He never understood how gravely his speeches harmed himself and the Reich." As against these strictures the biographer admits his wide intellectual interests, the high standard of his private life, and his personal charm.

That his Chancellors found him rather a trial is not surprising. He cannot be seriously blamed for the breach with Bismarck, for the veteran statesman tried to clip his wings, which no young German ruler of spirit could be expected to permit. With Caprivi—an obvious stop-gap—his relations were always cool. Prince Hohenlohe was too distinguished to be ignored, but his diaries reveal the chronic strain of collaboration. The happiest time of the reign from the Kaiser's point of view was the first decade of Bülow's Chancellorship, partly because the association was facilitated by copious flattery. Yet the breach resulting from Bülow's disloyal handling of the *Daily Telegraph* incident left a scar which never healed, and in his old age the Kaiser declared that his three chief enemies had been Bismarck, Bülow and Bebel. The lofty integrity of Bethmann Hollweg, his fifth Chancellor, gained his respect; but his lengthy reports on current affairs bored the ruler who preferred the sound of his own voice to that of his advisers or anyone else, and complained that Bethmann was too much of the school-master.

His seven children, with the exception of his daughter Luise, meant little to him. All their love went to their mother, the pious but very limited Augusta, who frowned on loose living and unorthodox beliefs. Though the Kaiser respected and admired her domestic virtues, he was always glad to sail away on his yacht in Scandinavian waters without her. Rulers rarely have intimate friends among their entourage, and the gifted Eulenburg alone appears to have won his affection. In a book so full of political and personal enmities it is pleasant to find the following verdict on Eulenburg delivered in the last years at Doorn. "I am indebted to him for much that was fine and beautiful in art, science and literature. For decades he was loyal to me as a good friend. Whether there is truth in certain allegations against him I cannot decide. In any case I shall always cherish a grateful memory of him." When he faded out of the Kaiser's life as a result of the notorious trial, which was discontinued on grounds of health before the verdict was pronounced, the vacant place was never filled. At heart William II, like most rulers, was a lonely man.

The later chapters deal with the causes and the consequences of the First World War. After the flood of official and unofficial publications no serious student of the evidence now asserts that the Kaiser planned to conquer the world or welcomed the conflict when it came. But that is not to say that fatal mistakes were not made. Germany had as much right to build a big fleet as any other country, but it was extremely unwise to do so; for it drove England into

the arms of France and Russia, led to the creation of the Triple Entente, wrecked the alliance with Italy, and alienated the sympathy of the United States whose security demanded the survival of the British Commonwealth. The greatest blunder of the Kaiser's reign was to follow the advice of Tirpitz rather than that of Bethmann and Count Metternich, the far-seeing Ambassador in London, who reported that the *Flottenpolitik* would turn an old friend into a formidable enemy. Rulers, like statesmen, rarely admit their mistakes, and there is no sign in these pages that William II ever realised that his passion for a big navy was one of the reasons why he found himself at Doorn. The miscalculation was all the more deplorable since he prided himself on his knowledge of his mother's country and knew that the navy was to the English what the army was to the Germans.

During the war years the Kaiser's flamboyant figure faded away till it was scarcely visible behind the dynamic personalities of Hindenburg and Ludendorff. No one can accuse him of the colossal mistakes which lost the war—from the monstrous crime of the violation of Belgian neutrality, which forced the British Commonwealth into the struggle, to the launching of the unlimited submarine campaign which involved the belligerence of the United States. Henceforth—despite the collapse of Russia in 1917 and the spring offensive in the west in 1918—the defeat of Germany and her three allies, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, was a mere matter of time. The Kaiser took the catastrophe more calmly than the Kaiserin who had a weak heart and may be counted as a war casualty. The biographer thinks that the flight to Holland was an error in tactics. Exile was rendered tolerable by the possession of a tranquil conscience and a happy second marriage. Old age, he declared, had made him more tolerant. "During these long years of exile," he remarked to the biographer, "one becomes more critical of oneself. I am grateful to all those who have stood by me as firmly in my misfortunes as they did when fortune was on my side, and I can esteem those whose honest convictions lead them to oppose me." Now that we can see the whole drama of his life in broad perspective we realise that William II was neither a superman nor—except in his own imagination—the effective ruler of his country, but a mixture of fine qualities and unfortunate failings. "Far be it from me," declared Landsberg, the Social Democratic Minister of Justice after the flight of the Kaiser, "to attack a man who has been greatly stricken by misfortune and whose intentions have always been good and pure." It was the tragedy of Germany and the world that good intentions in her ruler were not enough.

G. P. GOOCH.

Joachim von Kurenborg. *The Kaiser*. Cassell. 30s.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE 16th CENTURY

This massive volume is a notable contribution to *The Oxford History of English Literature* of which Professors F. P. Wilson and Bonamy Dobrée are the general editors. Even with the exclusion of Drama Mr. C. S. Lewis finds sufficient material for a masterly survey of just over 700 pages. In an introductory chapter he seeks to dispel some misconceptions regarding the period. Neither the revolution in astronomy nor in geography had as powerful an effect upon the literature of the century as has been frequently assumed, and distorting modern interpretations have often been given to such leading terms as 'humanism' and 'puritanism.' But Mr. Lewis himself is in difficulties with nomenclature when he divides his study into the Late Medieval, the Drab, and the Golden Ages, but does not attach to the two latter epithets all the customary implications. For the most representative figures, especially in verse, of his first age Mr. Lewis goes to Scotland. In his discussion of Gavin Douglas's translation of the *Æneid*, as contrasted with Dryden's, and his warning to modern readers not to misconceive

the Scottish vernacular as 'quaintness,' Mr. Lewis shows his remarkable faculty for combining in one sweep broad generalization and detailed analysis. William Dunbar excels in various styles, the comic that overlaps with the demoniac and the terrifying, as in the *Twa Mariit Wemen and the Wedo*; the religious, as in the poems on the Nativity and the Resurrection; and the 'gnomic lyrics,' akin to the *Odes* of Horace.

"In turning from the Scottish poetry of that age to the English, we pass from civilization to barbarism," writes Mr. Lewis, though the reverse might have been expected from the social background. Hawes, Barclay, and the other 'bad poets,' as Mr. Lewis roundly terms them, made no effort "to heal the disease of which English verse had been slowly dying for a century—the disease of bad metre." It was John Skelton who essayed a remedy with his 'Skeltonics,' and Mr. Lewis's diagnosis of their successful application to very diverse themes culminates in his verdict on *Philip Sparow*, "the first great poem of childhood.... It is indeed the lightest—the most like a bubble—of all the poems I know." In prose the highest commendation goes to Lord Berners for his translation of Froissart which "fits the original like a glove." It is a paradox that the prose of the Drab Age should have its most fertile offspring in a Latin work, More's *Utopia*, which we approach "through a cloud of contradictory eulogies," and which to Mr. Lewis is "a holiday work, a spontaneous overflow of intellectual high spirits." He cannot accept without serious reservations the high claims that have recently been made for More's English prose. As regards style, Sir Thomas has his superior in his chief theological opponent, Tyndale, who is "beyond comparison, lighter, swifter, more economical." Of Latimer it is pithily said that "he would have been a fine broadcaster." The chief glory, however, of the period in prose was the English Prayer Book. In passing to Drab Age lyrical verse, Mr. Lewis gives the important reminder that most, perhaps all, of it was to be regarded as words for music, and that the best of Sir Thomas Wyatt's poetry is to be found in the song books. His Petrarchan sonnets are more of historical importance than of intrinsic poetic value, and the poulter's measure is dismissed as "terrible," but he skilfully adapts *terza rima* from Alamanni. The Earl of Surrey is less related to the native lyrical tradition, but introduced a type of sonnet "less greedy of rhymes," and the "strange metre" of blank verse in his translation of two books of the *Æneid*. Tottel's *Miscellany* as a whole, and the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and 'Sternhold and Hopkins,' are passed in review as the chief composite monuments of the Drab Age, followed by the translations, Phaer's *Æneid*, Golding's *Metamorphoses* and Turberville's *Heroical Epistles*. Among the later original Drab verse-writers Mr. Lewis selects Gascoigne whose grace and melody bring him "to the verge of the Golden quality."

In a large series of writers of Transitional Prose it is Roger Ascham who wins Mr. Lewis's heart with *Toxophilus*, where the appeal of archery is akin to that of cricket now; and William Harrison who, in his *Description of Britain* is "the most Herodotean of our writers." On the other hand he does not give Lyly much credit for originality of style. "What constitutes euphuism is neither the structural devices nor the unnatural history, but the unremitting use of both. The excess is the novelty." It is to his plays that we must go for his real excellence. The Golden Age begins with a chapter devoted to Sidney and Spenser. Of Sir Philip as a man, a poet, and a romance-writer, Mr. Lewis speaks in the most appreciative terms, and he champions the revised, complicated *Arcadise* against the old simpler form. Of Spenser's minor poems, especially the *Shepherd's Calendar*, it may be thought that he gives too grudging an estimate. On the other hand he has an illuminating analysis of *The Faerie Queene* as the fusion of mediæval allegory and the more recent romantic allegory of the Italians. Its style is intended to create not an excitement but "a certain quiet in our minds."

Limits of space allow of attention being drawn to only a few arresting statements in the following chapters. In the *Laus of Ecclesiastical Polity* Hooker's "style is, for its purpose, perhaps, the most perfect in England." Marlowe's unfinished *Hero and Leander* "is a more perfect work than any of his plays, not because their poetry is inferior to it, but because in it the poetry and the theme are at-one." Shakespeare's sonnets are "the very heart of the Golden Age, the highest and purest achievement of the Golden way of writing." Such epigrammatic conclusions may not win universal assent, but Mr. Lewis's combination of individual approach and far-reaching survey, supplemented by a detailed chronological table and bibliography, will make his book of special value to every student of his subject.

DR. F. S. BOAS.

English Literature in the Sixteenth Century (Excluding Drama). By C. S. Lewis. Clarendon Press. 30s.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LETTERS

Here are two appetising volumes full of vitality, excitement, amusement, adventure—and of course, politics and history. They are the last in the series of eight volumes, edited by Professor Morison of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and twenty-one assistant editors. It is a monumental work, but not complete for this active American wrote thousands of letters in his lifetime, and some of them are many pages long. One (to George Otto Trevelyan) is almost 34,000 words. The editors have tried to pick those letters that would reveal, in so far as letters can, Roosevelt's thought and action in all the major and many of the minor undertakings of his public and private life, and they have certainly succeeded in this task. The footnotes are compact, discreet, and witty, and help the reader to understand the letters, along with the appendices which are ably edited by John M. Blum. Sometimes the footnotes to a letter contain information which can be found in other letters, for the editors have rightly assumed that few readers will read the collection from cover to cover as they would a novel. These two volumes cover the period when the ex-President plunged into the African jungle to conduct the first systematic and comprehensive investigation of the flora and fauna of East Africa, was lionised by European society, including the Kaiser, and returned to re-enter the political scene by leading the Progressive Movement. After his defeat as a Bull Moose in 1912 he turned explorer once again, and barely escaped with his life from the wilds of Brazil, only to return to his country to campaign against Wilson and for American participation in the First World War, and to die peacefully in his bed.

Chosen from the T. R. collection in the Library of Congress, and 135 other collections, the letters reveal the "rough rider" as a man of amazing vitality and candour, a nature lover, a self-avowed preacher, a superficial historian (e.g., letter to J. J. Walsh, p. 1100), a devoted family man, a stout-hearted patriot, with incredible optimism who strove constantly to make his nation a better country to live in, a born leader ("I would like to have remained President . . . any strong man would have . . . no other President enjoyed the Presidency as I did."), a prodigious reader (Macaulay, Carlyle, Shakespeare, Lowell, Kipling—"nine tenths of Browning, in bulk, is wash"), an independent political thinker (he anticipated danger from Germany and Japan well in advance of most of the American people; when his party refused to agree with some of his political doctrines he broke away quickly and formed his own party), an amateur diplomat (he acted as peace ambassador for Carnegie and Root in France, Italy, Austria, and Germany), a philosopher of war and government, a dilettante, a journalist (not only did he write many books and articles but also dictated opinions to the press that followed him), and above all, a figure of his age in politics and opinion. The feeling that life was an exciting adventure never left him and was expressed

in his first letter, written when he was nine years old. He was somewhat over-confident, however, and not very self-critical. He seemed to lack balance for his opinions and feelings were often extreme. When he attacked a person, nation, or idea, he manifested tremendous power and enthusiasm. This trait made him unpopular in some quarters and weakened his capacity for historical judgment. Although he campaigned vigorously for William Howard Taft to succeed him as president, it took him only a few months to turn bitterly against him for not carrying out all the policies he had suggested. His campaign against Wilson was not only a partisan basis for he detested Wilson personally. He was not always as popular as he would have liked, and doubted whether he had "any real friends outside my own family and the Lodges." Nevertheless, like Franklin Roosevelt, he was respected and admired by many people and in some of his opinions he was a bit ahead of his time. He strove for close co-operation between the United States and the British Empire, for he felt that these two great powers were destined to remain friendly leaders of a world of democracy and peace. His contacts with English settlers and officials in Africa were cordial—"the day is past when an American was regarded as a poor relation"—and he had great respect for most British politicians, especially Balfour; but he remained critical of British policies abroad ("I should greatly like to handle Egypt and India for a few months"). Among American politicians he most respected Root: "he was *the* man in my cabinet, the man on whom I most relied, to whom I owed most, the greatest Secretary of State we have ever had."

Perhaps he will be praised more by future historians for his internal policies than his judgments and actions in foreign affairs. He believed himself to be the heart of the creative programme of the Republicans of the centre and left that has played an important part in American politics from Lincoln to Eisenhower. Although more trusts were "busted" in succeeding administrations, he has gone down in history as "the trust-buster" for he felt strongly that the United States could remain a land of predominantly free enterprise without requiring huge monopolies which restrained trade. To understand part of his political philosophy one should read William Allen White's "A Certain Rich Man." This book "represents the major part of what I struggled for, what I had closest at heart, what I strove to accomplish, as President." It also helps to explain his attitude towards tariff criticism, and his support of Federal Inheritance and Corporation

Taxes.

RALPH LOMBARDI.

The Days of Armageddon, 1909-1919. The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt, Vols VII and VIII. Edited by Elting E. Morison. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1954. \$20.

BORN TO RULE

Catherine, Empress of Russia, surnamed—it was the Prince de Ligne who first called her so—the Great, died in 1796. Among her papers was found a sealed envelope addressed to her son and successor. It proved to be a manuscript in French commenced when the writer had been nine years on the throne. At the age of forty-two she had looked back to her early years and had begun to set down the experiences as she remembered them of the girl, who, born and bred in a petty German court, had been taken at fifteen years of age to Russia to become the bride of the heir to the throne. When in 1859 Alexander Herzen published his edition of the memoirs some doubt was expressed as to their authenticity. That doubt has since been dispelled. Now a new edition has been prepared by Dominique Maroger, with a translation by Maura Budberg and, as is most fitting and proper, an Introduction by Dr. G. P. Gooch. Regrets that the memoirs were never completed have been and are inevitable. In two parts

with an interval of twenty years between them, they stop short three years before the *coup d'état* of 1762 which brought the writer to the throne. Their story is that of the great Empress that was to be. Among the many revealing paragraphs there is none more so than that in which the middle-aged woman relates the episode of the arrival of the message from Russia at the little court at Stettin. Did the fifteen year old then in truth assure the mother who was dubious about accepting the invitation that they must go since her "whole future was at stake," or is this merely an instance of Catherine's dramatic skill in presenting the picture of herself, reading back into the past that sense of destiny which was no idle dream but something which informed and guided her whole career. It is with this in mind that the memoirs must be read.

They are not the less fascinating on that account. There is the arrival in Russia; the journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow, fifty-two hours in all; travelling in a sleigh day and night, the meeting with the Empress "I remember I had a tight fitting dress, without a hoop, of rose moiré and silver;" and so the story unfolds. It is one in which in the background incredible magnificence jostles with incredible barbarity; riches with abject poverty; a court of which to say it was brimming with intrigue would be an understatement; and in that court the central figure as the writer saw her, the chosen bride and then the wife of the heir, beset by perils, always full of resource in escaping them. She played a lone hand. The Grand Duke Peter was not a help. He was a problem; and doubly so. No one, Catherine least of all, could have any doubt as to his unfittedness for the task to which he would be called. Complete domination by his wife was a possible solution. It was a role that Catherine would have played with mastery and yet with dignity, but it was hardly likely to be a practicable one. There was too the other side of the problem so clearly depicted in the memoirs, namely, the personal relationship between husband and wife. In Catherine's estimate of Peter, base, brutal, drunken, we are once more confronted with the difficulty of seeing how far she was again dramatising, deliberately, the situation, this time, as so often, to justify herself and her own actions. We know how the political problem was solved. We know that Catherine intended to become Empress and that she achieved her object. We do not know whether or no she connived at the actual murder. Soltikov was the first answer to the second part of the problem. He plays his part in the memoirs, but we do not know whether he or Peter was the father of the boy Paul. As Dr. Gooch remarks "the debate continues." If the lover were indeed the father then no drop of Romanov blood ran in the veins of the succeeding Czars and such royal blood as they could claim derived from the line Holstein-Gottorp. But that German blood had been Russianized. As Catherine unfolds the story of her apprenticeship, its trials, its stresses, its perils, its comedies, it is abundantly evident that here is the Russia to which she was to dedicate herself; of which she, as ruler, was to become an integral part.

To the memoirs are added a *bonne bouche* in the shape of some Thoughts and Letters. These all too brief scattered snatches are eloquent with the personality of the woman who in the age of enlightened despots was supreme among them. She writes to Poniatovski, to Potemkin; she discusses autocratic government; she sets forth her moral ideal; she details with supreme skill the portrait of the Empress Elizabeth. That she should list her own achievements is quite in character, as much as in writing her own epitaph. Of the impressions conveyed throughout the entire volume the strongest is perhaps that Catherine, in whatever connection, always remained mistress of the situation.

GLADYS SCOTT THOMSON.

The Memoirs of Catherine the Great. Edited by Dominique Maroger. Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

OLIVE SCHREINER

The lives of two one-time governesses, each breaking out abruptly into literary fame, overlapped by a week only, Charlotte Brontë dying in Yorkshire on March 31, 1855, while Olive Schreiner had been born in Basutoland on March 24, the daughter of a German missionary. Charlotte, after ups and downs of reputation, is a classic author, belonging to a period sufficiently remote. Olive Schreiner, who was living until 1920, is disturbingly a modern; her world contains our problems, and her mind, instead of retiring from political and social arguments, rushes out to meet them. She is difficult to sum up, for her impetuous rush was not always in the same direction. As a champion of feminine freedom her fame *should* have rested on her treatise *Woman and Labour* (but how she could hate women!); and her stock fell, naturally, with the British whom she roundly censured for jingoism, favouring the Boers. The question of liberty began at home, and meant the prerogative of changing plans and domiciles, disagreeing violently with groups or individuals, refusing compromise and withholding apology. As a writer—but how far an artist?—her success does rest on her first-published novel *The Story of an African Farm*; and even this must undergo some questioning. Sections hailed for their poetic quality now look tarnished (though her present biographer does not think so), and her craftsmanship, compared with Charlotte Brontë's, is at sea. She wrote as she lived and as she thought—spontaneously, without intellectual pattern or self-discipline to blunt her faults or virtues, and without security against veering views. The *African Farm* is an imperative, passionate muddle of a book, blazing with colour and protest and conviction, part novel, part meditation, part autobiography, part allegory; and above all, packed with life. It is easy to see now why it made such an impact once the cautiousness of publishers had let it through. "Tell me what a man dreams, and I will tell you what he loves"; apart from the sad heroic figures who are facets of their author, the book stabs continually with these needle-points of vision. Some are romanticized, as Olive herself could never be by those who knew her. It is part of her tragic turbulence to have been so often contrary, unaccommodating, downright quarrelsome, partly through chronic asthma and partly through want of mental harmony. She could be both magnificent and odious—a keen asset to posterity which may surely rejoice that at least one of its honoured women was entirely mortal.

Mrs. Hobman's biography has the merits of sincerity, balance and unpretentiousness. Of new material she has only a few letters, and she has not attempted either exhaustive detail or interpretive criticism. For many intimacies the reader may still go to the *Life* by Olive's husband, Cronwright-Schreiner; but its attitude and conclusions also require checking, and Mrs. Hobman is alive to the necessity. Cronwright is himself a part of the drama; his devotion, sacrifice and admiration must be set off against a righteous inflexibility to which the impulse of the wayward genius was largely a closed book. Seen at this distance Cronwright appears arrogant, to the point of belittling his wife. Mrs. Hobman rightly questions his assertion that Olive could not, as she claimed, have lost an earlier and more elaborate manuscript of *Woman and Labour*, since he had not been told of it. Yet all the time the manuscript of her early novel *Undine*, quite unknown to Cronwright, was in the hands of Havelock Ellis. To marry Olive Schreiner was not to possess all her secrets; she had forgotten some of them herself.

On Ellis, whose relations with Olive, as with other women, are capable of mixed interpretations, Mrs. Hobman is not clarifying. At least he, like Beatrice Webb and Edward Carpenter, but unlike Cecil Rhodes (whom Olive attacked ferociously), remained as friend. It is a measure of her wide interests that to circumnavigate them Mrs. Hobman has to tackle the Boer war and racial preju-

dice, pacifism, religion and agnosticism, women's rights. And through all these no final portrait of artist or reformer can emerge. The stocky, emphatic little figure appeals, even absorbingly, as a confusion of inborn prejudice and fiery enlightenment, of conflicting championships and poetic aberrations. Much of her striving seems a wasted product of *malaise*. Yet she lives amply.

Among humanitarians of that period a complete contrast, for singleness of aim and resolute action, was the Belgian Father Damien whose death in 1889 in the South Seas was that of a near saint. Here was a dedicated soul that never faltered in an appalling mercy mission to the lepers of Molokai Island, bringing clean conditions, new houses and a sense of their humanity to these abandoned wretches, fearlessly accepting his own destiny as a leper amongst lepers, doomed to die horribly. He too could be headstrong, but selflessly so, for the good of his tainted flock. It says little for human nature that such an altruist was attacked after his death so virulently as to call for a long vindictory letter from Robert Louis Stevenson when he visited the islands. Mr. Farrow has retold the moving story with a proud and confident simplicity, for Damien now needs no apologist. Of the two biographers he has had by far the easier task. SYLVA NORMAN.

Olive Schreiner: Her Friends and Times. By D. L. Hobman. Watts. 15s.
Damien the Leper. By John Farrow. Sheed and Ward. 8s. 6d.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

What are the points which the author seeks to prove in this much belaboured and belabouring book? Chiefly, they are that this uncrowned "Prince of Mecca," this enigmatic hero of a newspaper public, was from school-days upwards an habitual liar; a man whose tall tales contradicted each other; a man whose unfocussed will to power, and later unfocussed will to abasement, accomplished feats of literature and action only, as it were, incidentally, since they held always no object in view save a purely egomaniac satisfaction. These make a terrible roll of charges against, perhaps, the most eulogised figure in twentieth-century public life; but it must be admitted that Mr. Aldington has gathered, sorted, and ordered his facts in a scholarly and formidable manner. Thus, his accusation of mendacity begins when he checks the distances which Lawrence told his friends that he covered in early cycling-tours in France against the mileage shown on the map. Such process of threefold magnification from the actual facts of the circumstance, Mr. Aldington proves to us, Lawrence repeated in all reports of matters that concerned him. This calls into question not only the moral integrity of Lawrence but the whole validity of his contribution to the Arab War and the Allied Cause. Pretty conclusively Mr. Aldington shows that the public image of Lawrence blossomed from his spoken or written words, supported by the cheers and plaudits of what he terms "the Lawrence Bureau" (a group of Lawrence's friends and admirers which include Lowell Thomas, Robert Graves, Mrs. Bernard Shaw, Sir Ronald Storrs, Alan Dawney and D. G. Hogarth). To name them here is not to question the honest intention behind their accounts, since these in their turn, directly or indirectly, derived in most cases from Lawrence himself. As Mr. Randolph Churchill declared, this book detonates "the Lawrence myth"—that chimerical sum of all heroic virtues. What we may doubt its capacity to do is to replace the plaster-cast figure with the likeness of a living man. It is possible enough that Mr. Aldington is right in his post-mortem on Lawrence, and that the latter's "guilty secret" (the conscious burden of his illegitimate birth), together with his puritanical upbringing, explain his harsh and secretive nature, his sterile will to power, and his loveless existence. But granting the force of Mr. Aldington's critique, we cannot ignore the aggression and malice with which the author has pursued his subject. Nor is this acerbity focussed on the person of Lawrence alone. Rather, it plays in spiteful

aura around all things that Lawrence approved of and with which he was associated. Oxford, for example, is pilloried as the source and seat of effeminism, or worn aesthetic posing, and supercilious thought. Now this is a factor which reviewers have remarked on, without seeking an explanation. Indeed, their response has been as "trigger-happy" as Mr. Aldington himself. This, maybe, is a natural reaction, but not one that makes for a balanced criticism.

As we have Mr. Graves' assurance that Mr. Aldington never knew the subject of his book, it is permissible to guess at the reason for the study's sustained antipathy. My own hazard is that in writing on Lawrence Mr. Aldington found himself confronted with an incarnation of many principles most dynamically opposed to his own. From our knowledge of his writing we know this author to be a believer in the natural sensual life, in a liberal rational hedonism, with a great distrust of political ideals and religious disciplines in so far as these would subject the individual to their ends. We know Mr. Aldington to be a lover and admirer of France and all that the Gallic way entails. Coming to Lawrence, we discover the instinctive obverse of these traits and preferences: a private cult of continence and fasting, a passionate misogyny, a collective attitude in political matters, and a peculiar combination of nihilism and absolutism concerning the spheres of morals and values. With such potential antinomies present, need we wonder at the head-on collision from which this book would seem to have resulted? In his Introduction Mr. Aldington makes no claim to have written "the definitive biography of Lawrence." Instead, he terms it "a Biographical Enquiry." This it certainly is—a transitional study of great importance. With Mr. Aldington's demolitions over, it is to be hoped that the site lies waiting for some future builder of charity and pity.

DEREK STANFORD.

Lawrence of Arabia. By Richard Aldington. Collins. 25s.

THE HERESY OF DEMOCRACY

In the present disturbing situation in which the world is clearly divided by sharply opposed ideologies there is a great need for intellectual clarification of our own position, particularly if we recognise the attraction which Communism has for so many people in spite of, or perhaps because of, its gross over-simplification of the relations between mind and matter. Those who turn to Lord Percy for help and guidance in their anxiety to defend their values against the totalitarian onslaught which threatens to overwhelm them will derive little satisfaction from this provocative and clever but somewhat confused and confusing book. The author states categorically that the difference between good and bad government lies, not in what men from time to time devise, but in what they believe. This statement is about as true or untrue as the Marxist thesis that what men believe is merely the reflection of what they are; and what they are is itself nothing but the manifestation of economic and technological conditions. Lord Percy has tried to turn Marx upside down, and in his desire to provide a spiritual rather than a materialist analysis has given us a wholly intellectualist interpretation in which it is quite simple to use or to misuse terms in any way that seems to suit the argument in hand, to the utter confusion of the reader. Take for instance the following statement: "In Europe the years since 1914 began by destroying the State systems which represented in one form or another the subjection of Church to State or of State to Church: the State-Church of the Tsars, the Church-State of the Hapsburgs, the domestic chaplain-Church of the Hohenzollern." I have tried very hard to attach any precise meaning to this pretty play with words but have come to the conclusion that the terms employed are about as meaningless as the main thesis of the book which differentiates between "totalitarian" democracy, a term which comprises the Welfare State on the one hand and Hitlerism and Communism on the other, and a political philosophy which the

author calls Constitutionalism. Even if it is true that there are elements in the totalitarian philosophies which derive from the main stream of our civilisation, no useful purpose can possibly be served when such palpably different political phenomena as the British Welfare State and the Nazi Dictatorship are derived from Jacobinism. First of all Jacobinism was by no means as simple and clearly defined as the author seems to think and, secondly, most modern historians, even if they are not tainted by Marxism, would contend that political phenomena in general and the modern "*Machtstaat*" in particular are based less on theories than on economic and technological factors which have influenced our modern society more deeply than any political thinker ever did. If Communism in Russia, liberal Socialism in Great Britain and individual democracy in America share certain features, the conclusion cannot be that they are fundamentally identical, but that they are attempts to solve certain basic problems which they all have in common. To overlook their real differences, which are only too painfully apparent in spite of these similarities on the surface, is just as gross an oversimplification as any Marxist was ever guilty of. Lord Percy's analysis then is certainly not that of an historian, as he himself claims, but rather that of a speculative thinker who constructs intellectual castles in a kind of vacuum. When he commits himself to more factual statements which can be checked against historical fact, he reveals himself often as a man who holds surprisingly naive and mildly reactionary views. This naive approach shows itself most markedly in his analysis of Hitlerism, which no more derives from Rousseau or the Jacobins than does for instance Japanese imperialism. It is quite true that Nazism revealed with particular ugliness the abyss to which racialism and nationalism can lead people who have renounced the moral principles on which our civilisation is built, but surely there is more in this civilisation of ours than Lord Percy's rather insular conception of British constitutionalism. R. ARIS.

The Heresy of Democracy. A study in the history of Government. By Lord Percy of Newcastle. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.

THE MIND OF MAN

"Nature, it seems," says La Rochefoucauld, "has prescribed for each man, since birth, limits for his virtues and vices." The resources of his moral determination can probe the bounds of these determined limits. In the First Comte Memorial Trust Lecture, which indeed could better be called the First Comte Demolition Lecture, Mr. Isaiah Berlin has stressed the importance of moral responsibility—some of his critics have said with an excess of rhetoric and certainly in sentences that run to eleven and even to twenty-two lines. The learned world waits for Mr. Berlin's great book, which will do justice to his genius; meanwhile he seems here still preoccupied with that historical determinism which he found obsessing and distorting the work of Tolstoi. He transfers his animus on to Comte and comes, not to praise, but to bury him. I yield to none in my devotion to moral responsibility as the needed medicine for this age (while bearing in mind, on free will, the admirably balanced thesis of Lord Samuel) although, as I recite with Pericles that "the price of liberty is courage," my eye visualizes the cowed and mushroom Fate, which dares us to challenge death whilst *solvet saeculum in favilla*. But I confess to thinking that poor Comte has been here unkindly served; and I doubt whether his ghost will now lie down while over him, along with other massacred men, requiem is chanted by Mr. Berlin in All Souls.

Mr. Gilbert Highet, of Scotland and sometime of Balliol, in the halls of Columbia urbanely and neatly expounds, as he has also said here in *The Mind of Man*, how the modern West has civilized itself by learning from its parent, the Greco-Roman world. Competently and well we are told how Omaha should learn

from the wily Odysseus, and Chicago find consolation in Boethius. Here is an example—and Professor Highet knows his expected role—of a well-established branch of educational literature, which gives to the esurient moderns the opulent legacy of the ages. How different Mr. Berlin, who scolds perhaps pretentious modern thinkers for seeking to establish a patterned and scientific study of man. It is the more original work, but maybe it is the more wrong-headed; and one wonders why the London School Trustees felt so sanguinary-minded towards their eponymous hero Comte. We can indeed say that the sociologists have produced scarcely a result in a century, for all their dreary surveys and generalizations. No more did the alchemists transmute the elements for eight centuries. I recall a comment of Professor M. Polanyi upon the Lysenko controversy: "In Morozov's opinion a science which in twenty years has produced no important practical results at his plant-breeding station could not possibly be sound." Mr. Berlin's learning is such that we are confident that he knows both the literature and the real nature of the pattern of historical inevitability in the context of sociology, but he scarcely lets his readers into the secret. Origen, Vico, also Professor Butterfield are mentioned; but there is not a reference to indicate acquaintance with the relevant discussions of Max Weber, Durkheim, Thomas and Znaniecki, Lasswell, Homans, and indeed with Plekhanov's subtle if deceptive *Role of the Individual in History* (reference is made to his other major book). Again, cannot we abstract from the booming, buzzing concrete of social experience patterns for study as constants? Nor need the sequence of means and effects, in their hypothetical structures, involve dogmatism about our choices and ends in historical reality. To say that such research and comparisons are useless is an objection, of which the onus of proof lies with the objector. Maybe, however, political science and sociology will still be justified of their children of which the progenitor is a greater than Comte, to wit, Aristotle. And maybe the Comte Trustees will some day choose to have a lecture in cautious praise of Comte.

GEORGE CATLIN.

Historical Inevitability. By Isaiah Berlin. Oxford University Press. 6s.

The Mind of Man. By Gilbert Highet. Oxford University Press. 16s.

WHITE AFRICANS

The author of this book, who has spent thirty-five years farming in Kenya with eyes ever open to ways of improving the country's economic position and a vigorous, constructive mind, sees a great future for the country he has made his own. In spite of all the conflict and divisions of recent times he envisages the possibility of an integrated economy in which "white Africans" would take their place beside "black Africans." His schemes are on a grand scale and, although he recognises the need of full African assent and co-operation, it may seem that at times his enthusiasm blinds him to the difficulties. He recognises the need for a wide extension of education, for girls and boys alike, so that educated African leadership may be forthcoming and through their help the fears of change, especially of industrial development, which are natural enough to the African, may be overcome. Like Mrs. Elspeth Huxley, who contributes an Introduction, Mr. Lipscombe aims at a multi-racial society. With his suggestions for the breaking down of racial barriers he shows how far he is removed from *Apartheid* ideas. He would have villages in the White Reserves where retired farm-workers could live, with allotments to provide them with food, and other amenities, such as markets and "hotelli" or cafés. Moreover, even more far-reaching, he would allow qualified Africans to apply to lease such new smallholdings in the "White Highlands" as through the arrangements of the landowner or the breaking-in of new land had come on to the market. Through improved means of agriculture he sees the possibility of farms becoming smaller

and of an increase in the number of small farms where intensive culture will be carried out. In this way he envisages an increase in the number of farmers who under present conditions of education would inevitably mostly be White.

In the matter of the tribal reserves, or "land-units," Mr. Lipscombe has some revolutionary suggestions. He gives interesting surveys of the position in the various land-units and shows how on some of them, owing to overstocking and faulty and unimaginative methods, the soil is being exhausted and eroded. The Masari in particular come under his stricture. In each area he would like to see instruction given on the locally appropriate farming methods. Where these were not carried out satisfactorily he would oblige the owner to lease his land to a member of the same tribe who would undertake to co-operate. He deplores the present system of land tenure which discourages improvement of the land, and would like to see every encouragement given to enterprising Africans who by terracing and hedging and building of stockyards would increase the productivity of their holdings. The African farmer should be able to employ labour on his land under proper conditions of pay. The general position in the Reserves would be relieved by a system of social insurance for the aged which would enable them to live in villages, whether in the European Reserves or elsewhere. Villages where artisans, masons or carpenters and other tradespeople could ply their occupations would absorb some of the people. But it is in industrial development that Mr. Lipscombe sees the greatest hope for the colony. If the misgivings and fears of the Africans can be allayed and proper safeguards devised to ensure that a proper share of the benefits accrue to them, he considers this a vital part of his scheme. The elaboration of the proposals is full of interest and worthy of study.

MOSA ANDERSON.

White Africans. By J. F. Lipscombe. Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d.

DEFOE'S LETTERS

Daniel Defoe was one of the most interesting figures of the eighteenth century; a journalist, pamphleteer and novelist prepared to lend his gifts of reporting—or of zestful communication of information dangerously acquired—to the government service when opportunity arose. The correspondence of such a man must have been enormous, but unfortunately only a small fragment of this vast whole has been preserved. Now for the first time all that painstaking research can unearth has been made available in one volume with a meticulous annotation that students will welcome. The letters date from 1703 when Defoe was 42 and continue with an unequal flow until 1730, a few months before his death. This man of so many disguises is to be seen in two conflicting and related roles, as public servant and private citizen. On the public side the impressions are numerous because the main body of the correspondence is addressed to Robert Harley, Secretary of State, who later became Earl of Oxford. Wary, resourceful, suspicious and at times even deceitful as Defoe appears to have been, the personal hints, comparatively meagre, nevertheless point to warmly affectionate depths, to a faith and vision which contradict so much of the expedient posturings of the public figure. There are 251 letters in all, 235 by Defoe himself and sixteen addressed to him. He was employed by Harley as a secret agent, and the years richest in letters are those of 1706 and 1707 when he was acting as a promoter and information officer regarding the Union of Scotland with England. The people of Scotland, he thought, were sober, gallant and religious—"there is nothing wanting but English Stocks, English Art and English Trade to make us all one great people." The public Defoe could easily be represented as a spy and an informer, a courageous man who desired to live dangerously. This is contradicted, however, by some of his statements. As a Dissenter he wrote to thank William Penn who had attempted to save him from the pillory because he had

openly expressed his religious views: "It has been my Character Sir among those who Kno' me, that I scorn to Lye, and by Gods Grace Ile preserve it while I live."

The personal aspect of so full and dedicated a life is less sharply defined. There are no letters to Mary Defoe—"patient helpmeet of a half-century of small triumphs and great calamities"—and only one to his daughter Sophia, which shows him to have been a man of deep feeling and affection. Some letters to tradesmen, publishers and fellow Dissenters offer occasional flashes of an indomitable spirit whose will to live well fed the soul of one destined to fritter away great creative energy in a national service not entirely creditable and which the patron, Harley, did not adequately recognise nor reward. Defoe was at war within himself. His obligations as a government agent went against the inner religious and artistic grain. Towards the end of his life he was an almost Lear-like figure, still a fugitive, still in fear of creditors, estranged from his son, labouring under wrongs, and yet still able to use all things positively so that his acceptance of the gift of life proves an exhilarating testimonial, impelling one to think that the real man was the true believer in uprightness and in justice. Professor Healey's edition can take its place confidently with those of Swift, Johnson and Pepys, because it is a work that has been scrupulously performed.

E. W. MARTIN.

The Letters of Daniel Defoe. Edited by G. H. Healey. Oxford University Press. 42s.

SA'UDI ARABIA

Abdullah H. St. John Philby, next to Sir Winston Churchill, is the best-known Englishman in Saudi-Arabia. He is also one of the most charming, staggeringly erudite in the ways of the desert Arab and the history of the Saudi Royal Family. His books, which are known to a relatively small circle in the West, are not widely current in the East. If they were, there is a possibility that the fearless outspokenness which he indulges in at times would affect even the prominence he has enjoyed through his thirty-odd years' close friendship with the late 'Abd-el-Aziz ibn al-Sa'ud. He is at his best as chronicler to the Royal Family. This book will not commend itself to armchair, escapist travellers, to academic Arabists or to people seeking a popular guide to Sa'udi Arabia today, but it is a tremendous achievement in the writing of history which the author rightly calls a 'chronicle.' As such it resembles the classical histories of the golden age of Islam. Perhaps more important, it covers the exact period when renascent Wahabism was thrusting forward to a new and prominent place in Arabia and the world. This space of some five hundred years had its most important development just when Mr. Philby enters the picture as Ibn Sa'ud's friend. Those who know Sa'udi Arabia will realise the task which must have faced the author in collecting his material from tribal tales, personal enquiry, and half-remembered near-legends. One recognises in the uncompromisingly hero-worshipping pen-portraits of Saudi notables unmistakable echoes of the graphic Arabian narrative style of traditional legend, faithfully recorded for us in these pages.

The book is correctly described by the publishers as a record of the rule of the late King and his family, and most of it is devoted to somewhat involved descriptions of the progress of the House of Sa'ud. The small portion (Chapter 11) on the progress of Sa'udi Arabia as a Modern State is excellent as far as it goes, but seems rather out of place. This means, in fact, that the title is to some extent a misnomer: we still await an authoritative reference work on this last subject alone. Much of the material in Chapter 11 is not new, and has been more lucidly dealt with in Mr. Twitchell's *Saudi-Arabia*. Serious doubt could be thrown upon the entire accuracy of the historical parts by the fact that certain

unsubstantiated allegations are repeated. The following paragraph (in the Foreword) is typical of a good deal of unverifiable talk heard in most parts of the Middle East: "Even the seclusion of women has been tempered to the prevailing breeze of modernism; and the motor-car provides facilities for visits to some beach or desert pleasure, where they dance or frolic to the tunes of a gramophone (another prohibited article) in the latest summer frocks from Paris, or dine *alfresco* in strapless bodices." However lax things may have become in Sa'udi Arabia since I was there a couple of years ago (and they would have had to have changed beyond all recognition for this paragraph to be literally true) it is certain that at such frolics Mr. Philby would not be present. Therefore his information is second-hand. Weighed against the work which Mr. Philby has done in making available priceless historical material, the controversial parts of the book are unimportant. It is unlikely that the main body of the work, as a history of the House of Sa'ud, will be surpassed.

EDRIS ALI SHAH.

Sa'udi Arabia. By H. St. John Philby. Benn. 30s.

THE EDUCATIONAL REVOLUTION

This is a somewhat confusing book, for we have to wait until chapter 7 to find out what the revolution is. It appears to be the confusion in training colleges and elsewhere about methods of education. Mr. Brogan is critical about many ideas that are now current, and he makes out a very good case. He has a poor opinion of Mr. A. S. Neil. There may be a case for Mr. Neil in his own school working out his somewhat eccentric methods consistently, but we must agree with Mr. Brogan that it is very undesirable that an imitation A. S. Neil, in the form of a school inspector, should rebuke a teacher because the manners of her pupils are too good. Undoubtedly some modern ideas of "free expression," as, for example, the idea that children should be encouraged to smash things up, are simply silly, and it is an unpleasant revelation to some of us that they are so widespread. With regard to the training colleges it is certainly time that those who direct them should make it clear that the business of a teacher is to teach. A good teacher will ease difficulties so far as possible, but it is quite another thing to say that the pupil should never have any difficulties to encounter. Nothing worth knowing can be learnt without some difficulties, certainly not reading and writing. Mr. Brogan, whose experience has been in elementary schools, opens a new world to those of us whose experience has been confined to schools of the grammar school type. The silent opposition of the comparatively uneducated parent to education is strongly stressed, and is a factor of which we must take account. Yet many of us will think that Mr. Brogan goes too far in his opposition to modern education. We can agree with him in disliking the barracks which are called comprehensive schools. Perhaps he is right in condemning the "projects" and some other features of the modern schools as sheer futility. But he is opposed to the recent raising of the school leaving age to fifteen and still more to the contemplated raising of it later on to sixteen. What education he desires for the mass of the people is not at all clear. I think he is right in saying: "the prime heresy is the denigration of content and the exaltation of technique. Teaching techniques have no value whatever unless they are applied to the teaching of lessons that are worth learning." But what lessons are worth learning? And to what extent should these lessons be included in the State schools in the compulsory course? Criticism without construction has a limited value, and Mr. Brogan's book would have been much better if he had stated more clearly where he stands on the constructive side.

H. S. SHELTON.

The Educational Revolution. By Colm Brogan. Frederick Muller. 10s. 6d.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

At the inaugural dinner of the Philippine Society in London, Mr. Leon Guerrero, the Ambassador, is reported to have said that Magellan's discovery of the islands 434 years ago was a mixed blessing; 400 years of foreign domination were started, and it was best to forget him.

Spice islands

Against such an oblivion of his name SO NOBLE A CAPTAIN (*Robert Hale*. 21s.) enters a powerful plea. Charles McKew Parr, a Senator in the Connecticut State Legislature and one-time "foreign agent in Spain" has long been sifting controversies and assembling the prodigious facts into this record of the life and voyages of Ferdinand Magellan. He it was who carried through the plan that Columbus had hoped to achieve; by reaching the Philippines a second time from the opposite direction, from the west through a strait named after him at the tip of South America, Magellan was the first to complete the circumnavigation of the world. After differences with King Manuel he renounced his Portuguese nationality and, already an experienced traveller, as a Spaniard in the service of Charles V he sailed his little fleet down the Guadalquivir from Seville to the Spiceries in the great south sea he called Pacific. In consolidating a Christian kingdom by force he met his death at the hands of the pagans, a stubborn, brave man, rash perhaps in all except navigation. Nor should his crew of priests, noblemen, workmen and real sailors go unremarked. Exploration, adventure, fortune, banditry, proselytizing ("to this day," says Mr. Parr, "the people of these islands number millions of Catholics and constitute the only Christian commonwealth in all Asia"), were among their motives, dominated by Europe's need for spices. The appendix on the economic background to Magellan's journeys is masterly, conveying beyond statistics the smells, the colour, the excitement and savagery of trade.

When Homer's lamp appeared

From islands nearer home—in spirit no less than geographically—there blow across the centuries still more pungent breezes, from meads of—asphodel, from the oil and honey on Patroklos' funeral pyre, from burning charcoal and from pottery ovens, as we turn the pages of *EVERYDAY THINGS IN ANCIENT GREECE*, by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell (*Batsford*. 15s.). The publishers, who state that this is primarily intended for young people, are notified forthwith that no young person shall filch this particular copy. Dr. Kathleen Freeman has now revised and edited the Homeric, Archaic and Classical parts into one volume, adding the increased knowledge of recent research. Happily unpruned are the abundant and indispensable Quennell drawings, and the beautiful photographs of vase and bas-relief, of portico and hillside theatre, of statue and temple, of gold and silver coins bearing clear-cut miracles of prancing horses or an owl's feathers minted 400 years before Christ was born. The Greek way becomes concrete here in the hands of men and women who use implements of life at home, in warfare and after death, of music, and the drama, of travel, sport, schools, houses and clothes, and draw us to them with a hundred other ties, in their own true meaning of the word 'nostalgia' so currently abused.

Tales of the gods

And of our religious and literary heritage let Robert Graves more eloquently speak: "The mediaeval emissaries of the Catholic Church brought to Great Britain, in addition to the whole corpus of sacred history, a Continental university system based on the Greek and Latin Classics." This is the opening sentence of the Introduction to *THE GREEK MYTHS* which he retells in two volumes (*Penguin Books*. 3s. 6d. each). In his purpose, of embodying the conclusions of modern anthropology and archaeology and of assembling the scattered

elements into harmonious narrative, he seems to have succeeded quite brilliantly. These 171 stories, with his commentary and direction to sources at the end of each of them, and the thirty-five pages of index as well, must satisfy the hungriest demands. At the lowest, they are a ready mine of reference to the half-forgotten, the quarter-remembered, or the totally unknown, among the scandalous quarrels and love affairs in the complicated relationships of the gods. Much more, they are a stimulus to the study of the ways in which real myth may be distinguished from philosophical allegory, satire, sentimental fable, embroidered history, political propaganda, heroic saga, realistic fiction, and other examples cited by Mr. Graves. Some in the dwindling band of classical scholars may differ in interpretation or from his accounting for the variations of mythic pattern, and so arouse his ready ire, but all—authorities and groping students alike—will pay ungrudging tribute to the vastness, the depth, and the sheer staying power of his erudition.

Playing ball

The colossal task of telling the old stories has endowed Robert Graves apparently with energy and inspiration enough to add a story of his own, to commit to the form of a novel a theory he shares with Samuel Butler that 150 years after the *Iliad* someone other than Homer must have written the *Odyssey*. Its authorship he ascribes to the lively Princess Nausicaa, of whom most of us recollect no more than that as she sang her ball fell in the river; Odysseus woke, was given raiment, and promptly became more handsome at Athene's behest. In HOMER'S DAUGHTER (*Cassell*. 10s. 6d.) Nausicaa draws a sharp picture of her life and background in Sicily some 2,700 years ago. She saved her father's throne, avoided suitors who were distasteful to her, rescued her brothers from death by murder, and tinkered all the while at the Odysseus epic, planning her finished poem to be written out in cuttlefish ink on sheep-

skin. Her autobiography closes when, after listening with emotion to a Cretan love song, she hears her father say: "Daughter, you did well to delay your choice, having found a husband so acceptable to me." On reflection, with Mr. Graves more than with most other novelists it is a case of 'love me, love my learning'—but then this is one of the more pardonable faults.

Haworth genius

Our indulgence too is infinitely extensible to the faults of the Brontë novels. Last month we allowed that Emily's outrageous method succeeded perfectly. Since then yet another edition of WUTHERING HEIGHTS, this time with an Introduction by Daphne du Maurier and drawings by W. Stein has appeared (*Macdonald Illustrated Classics*. 10s. 6d.). At the same price and in the same elegant, glossy-jacketed series comes JANE EYRE to commemorate the 150th anniversary of Charlotte Brontë's death. To readers who know her dire tale almost by heart Lynton Lamb's illustrations will seem the perfect match, so that even the horse-chestnut tree under which Mr. Rochester asked Jane to marry him looks familiar. To most modern practitioners who, painstaking and sincere though they be, fail to enthral us, a cause of admiring envy is surely the balance kept by Charlotte between a soaring romantic sensibility and—as Janet Adam Smith's Introduction has it—"a classical awareness of human limitations." E. F. Benson's accurate description of Charlotte's best known novel as "a tissue of violences, absurdities and coincidences" is quoted. What matter? Hearing the measured beat of her writing (not given due credit nowadays) as we read on, we are hypnotized into sharing that full "force and logic of her imagination" she so effortlessly imposes on us.

The dedicated teacher

It takes a chapter or two to enter into the atmosphere of the girls' school in Switzerland presented in THE MOUN-

TAIN AND THE MOLEHILL by Honor Croome (*Chatto & Windus*. 12s. 6d.). But imperceptibly the character of the headmistress begins to claim our sympathy, and to give a direction to the story. Her ideals are high, and the efforts to combat them might have ended in disaster. This Frenchwoman with her fixed sense of vocation, presiding over the immediate lot and the ultimate destiny of a very mixed group of temperaments, could furnish no 'copy' for the mockery of Miss Joyce Grenfell, nor would St. Trinian's recognize the brilliant dark eyes, the laughter lines, and the suggestion of inner strength and delicacy. How to compensate in the girl the mother's rejection of selfless womanhood, is Mademoiselle Boissier's problem. Her method of resolving it, for her and for us, may be gauged by our relief from tension as we finish the book.

Where Sheridan sparkled

The Devonshire House method of resolving a problem in the eighteenth century was to ignore it. No stalking jealousy, hatred or malice afflicted life at Chatsworth, Chiswick, or the great Piccadilly home. The Duke, his wife and his mistress loved each other with a warmth that included their illegitimate children, who shared the school-room of the little Cavendishes and suffered no adult deprivations. Lady Elizabeth Foster's side of the triangle is set forth in *DEAREST BESS* by Dorothy Margaret Stuart (*Methuen*. 21s.) with the help of hitherto unpublished letters and a good many pages of Lady Elizabeth's journal. She was intelligent and quick-witted, could always cap a quotation or drop into French and Italian, kept a diary that displays a keen ear for dialogue and has little triumphs of character sketching. Her devoted friends included people as diverse as the Prince of Wales and Cardinal Consalvi, and about the important Whig world of politics where Fox was "quite delightful" she was at her ease and a knowledgeable guide. She was pious, and no hint of unreason disturbs her admittance of sins

and hopes to be forgiven. Hard to discern is the conventional portrait of Gibbon's "wicked Lady Elizabeth" in her own account of herself, fortified by Miss Stuart's interpolated and sometimes superfluous defence. Kind, affectionate and unmalicious as undoubtedly Bess was, not quite allayed is the distrust she aroused in her contemporaries to the end when, having been the Duke's second wife for three years, for twelve she had outlived him.

Behind the glitter

To round the picture of the first Duchess come the extracts from her correspondence, edited impeccably by the Earl of Bessborough, in *GEORGIANA* (*John Murray*. 25s.). This "ravishing" girl with her warm exuberance and her graceful beauty entered lightly enough upon the duties and pleasures of Chatsworth and her social success at Devonshire House. Yet, as Fanny Burney noticed, the vivacity was uneven, and—far more than did her husband's infidelities and her own lapse—her passion for gambling saddened her life and caused the enormous debts that ruined it. Many of her most entrancing letters were to "Dearest Mama" and many of her anxious ones alas to Mr. Coutts, the banker. But with borrowed money to spend she became her own careless self, munificent in charity and extravagant in fashion. One grieves for her (as it is impossible to do for her friend and successor), adorably silly as she was and afraid of her husband, dying disfigured and weary at forty-nine, and deeply mourned by him in somewhat inarticulate fashion. Contradictory creature—Georgiana's epitome is best contained in the epitaph she wrote for herself. "And to God she offered her deep contrition and the sorrows of her life, and her presumptuous hope that the all good long suffering and all seeing Power, Who best could know the extent of her errors, would, although dreadful in His judgments, compassionate and appreciate her repentance." GRACE BANYARD.



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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

46-47 CHANCERY LANE · LONDON W.C.2

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT: FRIEND OF BRITAIN

IT has been suggested in some quarters that certain passages in the Yalta Papers, as published in the United States in March 1955, show President Roosevelt not to have been the friend of Britain that the British people have always believed him to be. Well, let us see whether some of the facts do not point to F.D.R. as having been one of the best friends that Britain has ever had in America. When war broke out in 1914 I was in the House of Commons and Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; but, having previously served in the army, I joined the forces and in 1915 I found myself fighting with the gallant 1st Canadian Infantry Division on the bloody battlefields of the Western Front. Two years later, in 1917, America entered the war, and in August of that year I was appointed Assistant Military Attaché to the British Embassy, Washington, where I soon came to know intimately the then Assistant Secretary of the United States Navy, Franklin Delano Roosevelt: debonair, quick-witted, athletic, breathing health and virility, and fiercely determined to get at the Hun by every means in his power. The friendship that he and I formed in those days grew deeper as the years went by, and after he became President in 1932 my wife and I used to cross the Atlantic from time to time to stay with him either at the White House or at his lovely home, Hyde Park on the Hudson. Our last visit to him to Hyde Park was for ten days in October 1938. We had stayed with him at the White House in May 1936, and in the intervening period letters which I received from him, and his political activities, bore witness to the extent to which his mind was turning to the prospect of a European war launched by Hitler, the march of whose armies into the demilitarised Rhineland Zone on March 7 had formed—with its cognate re-actions—a subject of conversation between us in May. On October 7, 1937, he wrote to me anent the speech (long in preparation) which he had made at Chicago two days earlier advocating the "quarantining of aggressors," a speech which was a protest against "international lawlessness" and in which he called upon the peace-loving nations to act together to uphold the sanctity of treaties, and courageously warned his compatriots in the United States that their hopes for peace could not be realised in a world at war. The speech provoked a vigorous outcry from the isolationists who formed a powerful section of the United States community at that time and right into the War. Six major pacifist groups declared that the President was leading America down the same road that led to World War I. In a letter of October 16, 1937, F.D.R. wrote: "I am fighting against a psychology of long standing—a psychology which comes very close to saying, 'Peace at any price'. I have felt, however, that there will be a growing response to the ideal that when a few nations fail to maintain certain fundamental rules of conduct the most practical and most peaceful thing to do in the long run is to 'quarantine' them."

On October 31, 1937, I wrote to Roosevelt:

"Three 'dictatorship' nations have embarked upon the task of creating and consolidating new Empires: a German Empire embracing central and

eastern Europe; an Italian Empire round the coasts of the Mediterranean; and an aggrandized Japanese Empire in far-eastern Asia. Anyone concerned or interested in the affairs of Europe had best make up his mind to the facts that the Nazi *regierung* is an organisation which (a) always takes a long view; (b) has set before itself definite objectives to be achieved; and (c) is determined to spare no effort to bring those objectives to fulfilment. Towards the carrying out of those objectives they are training the German youth into a soulless machine. . . . The surprise to me is that anyone believes that any pact or understanding would be entered into by the Nazis which would tie their hands."

On January 24, 1938, I wrote to Roosevelt:

"Edward Grey said to me shortly before he died in September 1933, 'If this (referring to the Hitler regime) is the new Germany then we shall have to revise our attitude towards her.' But the trouble has been that during the last five years we have never done so. We allowed the Nazi *regierung* to grab and to play all the aces, and all the time we professed to believe that Nazi-ism stood for high ideals, good-will and peace. Even today it is believed in some quarters that an Agreement could be arrived at with Berlin which would replace uncertainty and unsettlement by certainty and settlement in Eastern Europe. Nothing could be further from the truth. Nothing can alter the bedrock fact that no Agreements will be entered into by Berlin that would serve as a check upon its expansionist aspirations."

On March 12, 1938, the Wehrmacht occupied Vienna; and with the fall of Vienna, and the accomplishment of the dreaded and fatal *Anschluss*—which the British Minister, Sir Walford Selby (with the active support of his American colleague, Messersmith, under instructions from Roosevelt), had done his best to prevent—was simultaneously opened up the question of the Sudetenland which was part of the Austrian system, and to which Germany had no shadow of claim while Austria remained independent. Within two decades of the "Cease Fire" in the first World War the "Drang nach Osten" had begun again.

In the meantime on February 10, 1938, Roosevelt had written me:

"I begin to think that events in this world move with a velocity which increases with every passing year. Even since your letter written on January twenty-fourth, so many new things have happened that you are completely out of date! But they all prove your rightness making unkind remarks about some people who see in Nazi-ism ideals of peace and good-will. I, too, am pursued by catch-cries in this country, and I am in the midst of a long process of education—and the process seems to be working slowly but surely.

"It is grand news that you can both really come over this autumn. My present plan—if peace remains and Congress goes home in June—is, from the middle of August, to be up, off and on, at Hyde Park until November, so if you can get there then—preferably between September fifteenth and November first—it would be perfect. As you know well, the really hot weather will be over by the middle of September."

In the event, my wife and I arrived in New York from Scotland on October 14, 1938, and joined the President on his train from Washington to Hyde Park at 4.30 the same afternoon. After a happy ten days visit

to him, we journeyed at the end of October to Canada and on boarding the *Duchess of Richmond* at Montreal on November 3 for our homeward voyage we found awaiting us a cable from F.D.R. which read:

"*Bon voyage* to you both. Come back again very soon. I miss you much at Hyde Park."

But ere we could again set sail for the United States the war clouds had gathered on the horizon; the crash had come; and Britain and France, and the British Commonwealth, were engaged in the most stupendous struggle for liberty in all the world's history. In my book, "*At Close Quarters*," published in 1947, I wrote:

"Looking back on our visit to Hyde Park in October 1938, one thing stands out clearly and that is, that to Roosevelt's mind, it was by that time a *certainly* that Germany definitely intended to launch another war upon civilisation. The nature of the steps which he was prepared *at that time* to take to help Great Britain in the struggle, whilst America was still at peace—is another story."

It has seemed to me that the publication by the U.S. Secretary of State of the State Department version of the Yalta Conference, and the reactions to some of the disclosures contained therein as mentioned in the opening sentences of this narrative, make it desirable that I should now relate that "other story" which is as follows.

During the course of our ten days stay at Hyde Park in 1938, Roosevelt, from time to time, discussed the situation in Europe with me in general terms, but on the evening of October 20 he said to me that after lunch the following day—he used to be busy all the morning with Presidential matters even though on holiday—he wanted to have a "proper talk" with me about certain important matters which would arise if the "probable war" took place. Accordingly, we had that talk on October 21, but for the sake of convenience in the structure of my story I will first clear out of the way a further talk which I had with him on October 23. The note which I made of that talk at the time is as follows.

*Note of Conversation between President Roosevelt and
Colonel Hon. Arthur Murray at Hyde Park on the
Hudson, Oct. 23, 1938.*

"In a conversation with the President today he asked me to convey by word of mouth certain messages to the Prime Minister of Canada, Mr. Mackenzie King, whom I was to see during my impending visit to Lord Tweedsmuir at Ottawa. The President said that the position would arise fairly soon in which he would be announcing his Defence Programme. He was particularly anxious to avoid any excessive rise in material and manufacturing prices, and this problem, he said, would doubtless have to be met in Canada also. As regards the aeroplane part of the programme the suggestion which he wished me to make to Mr. Mackenzie King was this: he would appoint an officer to act in liaison with an officer appointed by the Canadian Government, if they would agree to such an appointment. The appointment that he, the President, would make would be one of the Assistant-Chiefs of the Bureau of Procurement. If the Canadian Government appointed their man then the two could be in close contact,

and it ought to be possible to obviate any undue rise in contract prices. Another and most important object, he said, which he had in view in making this proposal was that, through the liaison thus established, it would be possible for information as regards design, engines, and other aspects of aeroplane manufacture and programme, to pass confidentially between the United States, Canadian and British Governments, to the extent that each thought fit. Existing official channels, he held, should not, for various reasons, be used for this purpose. He said that he would get busy in the matter of selecting his 'liaison' man, and that it might be necessary to make the appointment any time within the next few months. It might be December, or it might be January, but it would probably be pretty soon. 'It ought', he said, 'to be done fairly soon', and he hoped the Canadian Government would agree to the proposal, and also get busy in the matter of selecting their man."

In due course, namely on October 30, 1938, I wrote to Roosevelt from Government House, Ottawa, on the subject of the foregoing conversation, as follows:

"I had a letter on arrival here from Mackenzie King deploring the fact that he will not be back in Ottawa from his West Indian 'health' trip until after we have departed, so unfortunately I shall not see him. I have, however, explained fully to Tweedsmuir your proposal anent 'liaison' appointments by yourself and the Canadian Government in connection with your respective Air Defence programmes, and the two principal objects that you have in view to achieve thereby. Tweedsmuir is highly gratified at your proposal and its objects. He will talk to Mackenzie King on the matter as soon as the latter returns to Ottawa, and thereafter will write you. In any event, you will, of course, be hearing in due course from Mackenzie King himself on the subject. John Tweedsmuir was very glad to receive your personal messages, which he warmly reciprocates. He benefited greatly from the 'cure' he underwent in England, and is looking very fit and well. I will write you from London."

Subsequently I had a letter from Mackenzie King—a friend of Roosevelt's almost from boyhood, and a long-time friend of mine—that Tweedsmuir had conveyed to him the substance of my conversation of October 23 with Roosevelt.

I now come back to my conversation with Roosevelt on the afternoon of October 21. The note which I made at the time of that conversation is as follows.

"The President asked me, on my return to London, to convey his very sincere greetings and best wishes to the Prime Minister, and an assurance—in the event of hostilities and the United States being neutral—of his desire to help in every way in his power. 'I will help all I can,' he said to me. He said he wished the Prime Minister to feel that he had, in so far as he, the President, was able to achieve it, 'the industrial resources of the American nation behind him in the event of war with the dictatorships'. The President further asked me to say to the Prime Minister that whereas, a year or two ago, only ten per cent of the people of America realised that if a Germany-Italy-Japan alliance succeeded in obtaining a dominating position their next step would be South America, at least forty per cent now realised that fact. One of his difficulties, of course, was that the last

of the democracies to be really hit would be the United States. The President then went on to talk to me on the subject of the German Air Programme, and asked me to talk to the Prime Minister, when I returned to London, in the sense of our conversation. He assumed German productive capacity at 40,000 'planes a year. Britain with a producing capacity, including Canada, of 25,000 'planes, and France of 15,000 or whatever the relative figures agreed, would approximate to Germany's total. Great Britain and France, no doubt, would also, between them, have the Italian production covered. So far as he was concerned, his object would be—in the event of Great Britain being at war with the dictatorships, and the United States not being engaged—to do his best to provide partly-finished basic materials, which did not come within the Neutrality law, for an extra 20,000 to 30,000 'planes, to give the necessary overwhelming superiority over Germany and Italy. As exemplifying what he meant when referring to partly-finished basic materials, he instanced plates for wings; aluminium plates to be shaped out as cabins; wood and wire, steel castings for engines, cylinder blocks, steel tubing, sparking plugs, magnetos, and generally anything and everything which, if exported, could not be held to come within the Neutrality law. As regards plant in Great Britain and Canada, he hoped that arrangements might be possible (apart from the plant necessary for whatever 'capacity' was eventually arrived at) for such plant as would be able to deal with the basic materials which he hoped to supply. In a general reference to such matters as the assembling of parts, mass production, and the training of mechanics, he said that the question of transporting the 'basic materials' across the Atlantic would also fall to be considered."

On October 22, I wrote to Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary, from Hyde Park, telling him that I had had talks with the President with which, in due course, I would acquaint him, and on my arrival back in Britain in November I related to him the substance of the talks, of which he informed the Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, at the same time saying to the latter that I was looking forward to seeing him in order personally to deliver to him messages from the President. About a fortnight later my meeting with Chamberlain took place, and I wrote Roosevelt on December 15 the following account of it.

"For one good reason and another—his preparations for, and absence in Paris, and my absence on business from London—I have been unable until this week to get into contact with the Prime Minister. However, a date and hour having been finally fixed, I went down to the House yesterday evening and had a good talk with him. I may say that ten days ago I went to the Foreign Office and conversed for some time with Halifax. I gave to the Prime Minister in my talk with him the personal greetings and messages from yourself. These he appreciated very much. He asked me to tell you that he was immensely grateful to you for all that you had done and were doing, not only by your powerful messages to Hitler at the time of the crisis, but generally by your exceedingly sympathetic and helpful attitude throughout these trying times. He wished me to tell you that the messages which I gave him from you, and your sympathetic attitude were *most* encouraging to him. In parenthesis I may say that despite the strain on him he is looking remarkably fit; and of one thing I

am quite certain—and I am convinced you will agree—and that is that one of the reasons he bears the strain so well, and looks so fit, is because he is a fisherman; and a very good fisherman (particularly on a salmon river) at that! In the course of our conversation Chamberlain said: "There is no question but that in certain circumstances a statement which really brought it home that the vast resources of the United States would be behind Britain might have a deterrent effect. Whether on Hitler himself, it is impossible to say; I don't think anybody could say. Since I have seen and talked to Hitler I realise that he is a man who gets an idea into his head, and the idea swells and swells until it gets near bursting point, and then you can't say whether anything will stop its bursting." I then talked to Chamberlain on the subject of your suggestions in the matter of the British and French Air Programmes to equalise the German and Italian efforts; and what was in your mind as to methods—not encroaching on the Neutrality law—for assisting overwhelming superiority. He thanks you very much for these valuable and helpful proposals, and has asked me to see the Air Minister, Sir Kingsley Wood—who happens to be an old Parliamentary colleague of mine—and discuss the whole matter with him so that the technical points may be thrashed out."

On December 20 I wrote to Roosevelt:

"I told you in my letter of December 15 that the Prime Minister had asked me to see the Air Minister, Sir Kingsley Wood, on the subject of your 'Air Programme' suggestions. I saw Wood at the House of Commons this afternoon, and gave him the statement containing your views and proposals which I had previously shown to the Prime Minister. Wood told me that the Prime Minister had already talked to him on the matter, and we then went through your suggestions in detail. He asks me to say to you that he is very grateful indeed to you for the spirit of helpfulness and co-operation in which the suggestions were conceived, as well as for the suggestions themselves. He asks me further to say that he will have them very carefully examined from every appropriate angle, after which he will get into touch with me again. He—as was the case with Chamberlain, and three other Members of the Cabinet whom I have seen—have derived a real feeling of encouragement from the messages and tokens of your sympathetic attitude, and the sense of friendly contact with yourself that these messages and tokens have brought."

The completion of this part of the story is to be found in a letter from myself to Roosevelt on May 20, 1939, in which I passed on to him from Sir Kingsley Wood a message saying how very greatly Wood valued his (the President's) helpful suggestion in the matter of the Air Programmes, and that he had had it carefully examined. The message then described in detail the materials and articles the Air Ministry might wish to procure in war, and what the Ministry's chief needs would be; and concluded with comments on the subject of plant and manufacturing capacity.

My letter to Roosevelt ended:

"We are having a lovely Spring here at An Cala, and the colours of the Rhodos and Azaleas and other shrubs and plants are this year particularly gorgeous. We both devoutly wish you could be here to see and enjoy them. But that, we hope very much, is a pleasure deferred. If someone would murder that bestial megalomaniac, Adolf Hitler, then you, and

both of us, could say quite definitely that the pleasure would be a certainty—as indeed you have said more than once to us—as soon as you relinquish your high office.”

In the meantime, in a letter from Roosevelt of January 19, 1939, he wrote:

“I am glad you had that talk with Chamberlain and that you think it helped him to realise my real friendship for him.”

On September 12, 1939, I wrote to Sir Kingsley Wood:

“We will devoutly hope that in the not distant future, Roosevelt will achieve his desired ‘cash and carry’ amendment to the Neutrality law, in which case the fulfilment of the Air Programmes plan—the details of which I have been passing ‘to and fro’ between him and you—will become void and unnecessary. So much the better, seeing that it was of the nature of a ‘stop-gap’ substitute for something infinitely more advantageous—if achievable! Nevertheless, the fact that he evolved in his mind and suggested the ‘substitute’ a year ago bears abiding witness to his keen and sympathetic desire to help us in this battle against tyranny in whatever way lay in his power; and I *know* that, from the psychological and ‘personal contact’ point of view, the messages that I have passed between him and you have been very helpful. After all, as we know, the surge of diverse human emotions has governed through the ages the rise and fall of history’s tides.”

“My recent letters from the President,” I wrote to Lord Halifax on March 1, 1940, “indicate that he is in good fettle. He has felt it very keenly that all he can be is ‘belligerent in thought.’ At any rate he has helped all he can as he said to me that he would do when last I saw him, and he is not likely to do anything that would ‘let Hitler off’. He is not a man given to hatred but he hates violently everyone and everything to do with the Nazi regime.

On June 3, 1940, Lord Halifax wrote me:

“A line to thank you for your letter of June 1st and for sending me the message from the President, which I was very much pleased to receive. He is helping a lot.”

Step by step Roosevelt led the American nation along the road of friendship and help to Britain whilst America was still at peace: 50 U.S. Destroyers; Lease Lend law; 73 warships, U-boat chasers and torpedo boats; U.S. occupation of Iceland; convoying of munitions crossing the Atlantic with instructions to convoy commanders to ‘shoot at sight’ if interfered with; and the repeal of the Neutrality law. On December 11, 1941, the day of America’s entry into the war, my wife and I sent the following cable to President Roosevelt:

“Once again we fight side by side and all in against the German aggressors. Our love and thoughts and wishes are with you in your momentous burdens and anxieties.”

On December 13, came back the reply from the President:

“Many thanks. Love to you both. We will all see this through together.”

And we did.

WHITHER SOVEREIGN GERMANY?

ON the fifth of May this year, almost to a day ten years after the German army had surrendered unconditionally, Germany recovered her sovereignty and became a full-fledged member of an enlarged Western Union and of NATO.

At Potsdam the three victorious Allies and France, who had only a courtesy claim to victory, had taken over the government of 66 million people. They were to run it jointly, to punish the Nazis and their military and civilian helpmates, to get ample reparation, and to reduce Germany's industrial potential to such modest proportions as to make rearmament impossible. Beyond this they sought to teach her people the principles of democracy and to turn them into a peace loving nation. The main architects of this ambitious scheme had been Russians and Americans. They had planned a kind of vacuum in the heart of Europe. The Russians, being free from illusions, had known why they wanted it; the Americans had hoped to punish sin and to make the world safe for stargazing. Russia had done pretty well out of these plans, but nearly everything the U.S.A. had touched went sour. Yet their marvellous ability to go into reverse when they have taken the wrong turn and their readiness to pour out their wealth with unstinted generosity have saved Europe from collapse. They seem convinced that their "Know How" will always enable them to unscramble scrambled eggs and to hatch healthy chickens from them.

The recovery of Germany almost proved them right. Ten years ago, Germany was a mass of shambles, two years later she passed through a famine such as no modern industrial country ever had experienced. But a year later, a currency reform imposed upon her by the U.S.A. started her on the road to recovery. Success was due to the ruthlessness of American experts, who were not faced by a vocational democracy to whom inflation holds out no fear, since its farmers and industrialists get rid of their debts and profit from the rise in value of farms and plants, whilst its workers are sufficiently well organised to make wage-rises follow price-rises almost immediately. Yet mere currency reform would not have saved the country. Germany for once was fortunate. In Professor Erhard she found a Minister of Economics, who fought scarcity by competition, not by rationing; in Fritz Schaeffer she has a Minister of Finance, who insisted that budgets must be balanced, and in Dr. Vocke the Central Bank has a head who knew how to handle monetary controls, and who was unwilling to make concessions to demands for soft money. All three assumed that their people were prepared to work for modest wages to save themselves from toppling over the precipice. Without this will to work, to suffer and to save, even the generous help of the U.S.A. by way of the Marshall plan would have availed little. Within a short time the Bank's gold reserves have risen from 140 million dollars (1952) to 700 million dollars (March 1955), its assets with foreign banks and its holdings of foreign bills of exchange from 1 milliard to 2 milliard dollars. Imports have gone up from 2700 million dollars (1950) to 4600 millions (1954); exports from not quite 2 milliards to 5.3 milliards. An unfavourable balance of trade of 700 million dollars has been turned into a

favourable one of the same amount. Since 1948 the index of production has risen from 63 (1936=100) to 184. Germany's rapid and unexpected recovery has often been called a miracle, especially by those who do not believe in economic commonsense and hard work.

Germany's political come-back has been even more spectacular. Within ten years an outcast has become an ally. She owed this rapid transformation to the reciprocal misconceptions of Russia and the U.S.A. A realist ruffian like Stalin must have been completely misled about the strength of the U.S.A., when Roosevelt, in order to save American lives, offered him a heavy price for intervention in the Japanese war. He would have stepped in anyhow for he meant to join in the Far-Eastern peace talks. The President's statement that an U.S.A. army could not be kept in Europe for more than two years must have sounded to him like an invitation to go ahead. And Roosevelt's attempts to sell the British Empire so to speak, in order to get into his good books, can hardly have increased Stalin's respect for American statecraft. On the other hand, Roosevelt's and his pinkie-winkies' concepts of Russian communism as a kind of advanced liberalism betrayed a tragic political colour-blindness. Yet it was shared by General Eisenhower, who saw in Russia a kind of soul-mate of America. "The ordinary Russian," he wrote, "seems to me to bear a marked similarity to what we call an average American." "Both people," he thought, "were free from the stigma of colonial empire building by force." The outcome of these misunderstandings was a situation in which Russia expected to move unopposed, westward, while the U.S.A. after demobilisation had nothing to oppose them with but the atomic bomb. The interval during which it remained an adequate deterrent had to be used for filling a gap, and it could only be done by rearming Germany. But everybody was frightened of a rearmed Germany (the Brussels pact of March 1948 had originally been directed against Germany). So the plan arose to make Germany a member of a European Federation where she would always be watched, and to the government of which the control of her new army would be transferred. France's co-operation had to be bought by a pooling of the continental coal and iron industries, which would offset Germany's natural advantages in this field, though ostensibly the aim of the Schuman pact was the creation of a common market.

II

The producer of Germany's political resurgence has been Dr. Adenauer. He has recovered Germany's sovereignty by reconciling the blind fears of France with the hazy hopes of the U.S.A. Seven years ago he was a newcomer in the field of foreign affairs. Today he is considered one of the world's great statesmen. He had adopted the American thesis to "negotiate from strength," and he was convinced that the ratification of the Paris agreements would provide enough of it to impress Russia. Russia's moves for preventing their consummation seem to bear out the justice of his view.

But the newly recognised Sovereign German Federal Republic is a torso, even though its claims to speak for all Germans have been recognised by the Western Allies. It is not recognised by Russia and no peace treaty

has been signed. So far moreover its establishment by treaties with Western Union and NATO have been paid for by increasing pressure on the seventeen million Germans under the heel of the East German People's puppet Republic, and by greater stress on precariously situated Berlin. The assumption that Russia will be sufficiently overawed by the planned integration of twelve German divisions within Western Allied armies, and hand back Soviet Germany without ransom, has not yet been proved.

German reunion is a main object of the Western Allies policy. Their security would be greatly enhanced could Russia's frontiers be pushed back from near the Rhine to the Oder. But they are hardly prepared to pay for it by renouncing German army contributions. The United States evidently prefer co-existence along the well defended present line of demarcation to the creation of a neutral zone occupied by an independent, only defensively armed United Germany. France naturally favours a restricted Western Germany, whose army is controlled by her allies, rather than a larger independent reunited Germany,—whatever its military shape. To Britain too, armed partition seems to be safer than neutral union. Some allies are probably more frightened of communist infiltration in Western Germany than of military entanglements. Dr. Adenauer, sharing these fears, has made it quite clear that he is not prepared to bargain away the Paris agreements for German reunion. Such utterances unfortunately strengthen the impression widely spread in Germany, that reunion is not very close to his heart, and that he would be quite satisfied with having founded a prosperous, fairly safe Western Germany incorporated in a well defended Western European Federation. Many influential Germans agree with him, even though they talk a lot about reunion. But the masses did so only as long as they were convinced that nothing one could offer Russia would liberate Soviet Germany without undermining the freedom of Western Germany. They are no longer of that opinion. Their enthusiasm for a united Europe as an alternative to reunion has cooled off. The acquisitive policy of France in the Saar has turned a question of coal and steel into a national sore. The change of Russia's attitude about Austria has made people hope that a way to freedom, security and reunion may be found without alliances and rearmament. The Austrian and the German problem differ greatly, for Austria has not been cut in two parts. No Soviet-Austrian government had been set up in the Russian occupation zone, which would collapse when Russia walks out. Austria's neighbours are not afraid of an independent armed Austria. But if Austria can be trusted to keep herself free from communist infiltration, and is not frightened by the fate of Czechoslovakia, why should Germany be? Her people, especially those in the Soviet zone, know much more about Soviet ways than anybody else; the weight of communism in a united Germany would undoubtedly be very much smaller than in France or Italy.

III

Until a short time ago few Germans were prepared to discuss—by no means to accept—plans for a united independent neutral Germany, free of military alliances. Now men in every party, some near to Dr. Adenauer,

seek for alternatives to permanent partition, which they fear may result from the Paris agreements. Rearmament moreover is thoroughly unpopular. While western anti-militarists are worrying over a resurgence of German militarism, it is by no means certain that Dr. Adenauer can carry the military legislation implementing the treaties without violent internal ructions. The pacifists, backed up by Churchmen, object to it as unchristian. The Social Democrats, who represent at least a third of the votes, oppose it. The man in the street is not convinced that the defence of the West on the left bank of the Rhine does much for his own security. This change in German attitudes shocked British visitors to Germany; they saw in it an attempt by the Germans to back out of treaty obligations. Yet these fears, though less outspoken, have been uttered in Germany ever since the rearmament plans were first mooted. They were ignored by Allied governments, who were convinced that Dr. Adenauer would deliver the goods. He has done so. But NATO plans have shaken the people; they were quite willing to share in the defence of their country against invasion. But they do not want to be conscripted in order to let Russia first overrun their homesteads, and then drive her out after she has burned them. This explains the strong repercussions following Colonel von Bonin's scheme for meeting the Russians at the Soviet-German border. Its rejection by NATO has naturally made people more eager for other alternatives. Reunion can no longer be discussed as it was done in Berlin, by concentrating exclusively on free elections, for if Russia really wants to come to terms, elections in Soviet Germany will be free anyhow, for its present rulers would follow, if not precede, the departing Russian army. Dr. Adenauer must produce alternatives and prove that he really cares for reunion. There is no sense in telling Russia, "We have signed the agreements and will furnish twelve divisions, and there is nothing you can do about it but to clear out." He has sensed the danger and late in the day has asked the Social Democrats to join his government. Had he done so, as many of his own party desired, before he decided on his policy, the internal struggle could have been avoided. The Social Democrats were far better democrats than some members of his cabinet, whose crude nationalist outbursts he has tolerated. Thanks to the Social Democrats, the communist party in Western Germany is of no account; they saved West Berlin from falling into the hands of the East Berlin Socialist Unity party. It was not easy to co-operate with the late Dr. Schumacher, though if his biographer can be trusted, he would have been prepared to do so had he been approached. His successors however are moderate men. Dr. Adenauer has been fighting them with gusto. Many of his own associates, seeing the danger of splitting the nation into two camps, wanted to form coalition governments in some of the Laender, but he has always been able to prevent it except in Berlin, where his writ does not run, and where the situation is seen more clearly than in his bucolic capital. The continuation of the split is bound to make the social democratic party more radical. Their votes may not be needed for carrying the laws implementing the Paris agreement. But if the mass of the German people cannot be convinced that Dr. Adenauer—he cannot on this issue shelter behind the Western Allies—has been willing to accept even risky solutions in return for reunion,—every

possible solution is risky—public opinion will side with the Social Democrats.

On the fifth of May, Sovereign Germany may have stood at the parting of the ways, one road leading to reunion, the other to long lasting partition. The German people abstained from jubilant celebrations, for they were well aware of it.

Since this was written a number of events have taken place, which may well change the focus of the German Problem. The Austrian Treaty has been concluded. Before the end of the year, armies of occupation will have been withdrawn, and an independent Sovereign Neutral Austria will have arisen.

The four foreign Ministers have agreed on a meeting of the four heads of government probably by the end of July or early in August. The discussions at the disarmament conference have shown a unanimity on essential points, which seems very promising. Russian policy has become flexible, a result which has led to a less rigid attitude by the U.S.A.

Russia still objects to German re-armament within NATO. If she cannot prevent it, she will meet it by an army pact of Seven Eastern States under her control, to which Soviet Germany may be admitted later on. But Russia may prefer the interspersion of a belt of neutral states—a united Germany to be one of them—to the juxtaposition of two European military blocs. She may be willing to withdraw her armies from the Eastern bloc, provided the U.S.A. withdraw their armies from Europe. These variegated schemes—should one rather call them “Straws in the wind,”? have one feature in common. World peace is no longer sought by a solution of the German Problem on the lines “re-armament and re-union,” or “re-armament or re-union,” but the solution of the German Problem is to be attempted within the framework of a World peace. Public opinion in Germany seems to recognise this shift, and to be wary of saying the wrong things. But there is always a danger that her congenital inability to watch and wait in silence may complicate matters.

M. J. BONN.

THE FUTURE USE OF THE LAND

NOT until Disraeli passed his great Public Health Act and his Artisan's Dwellings Act did any Government approach the problem of the housing of the people from a positive angle. Another generation was to pass before the question began to force its way into a central position in the programmes of political parties. With the great housing schemes of the 1920's and 1930's, it became evident that we had embarked upon national rehousing on a wholesale scale. The doubling of our population within a hundred years, during which an agricultural society had been converted into a predominantly industrial one, followed in the twentieth century by revolutionary changes in transport, pose a problem which goes far beyond rehousing merely and demand in effect a re-drawing of the map of Britain. In the days when we were fighting Napoleon the backbone of our Army was the farmer's boy: the soldiers who conquered Hitler were town bred. And the towns in which they were bred, by and large, were poor homes for heroes.

Coal was the key to 19th century industry. Coal, carried by rail, fixed the pattern for the redistribution of our population which took place during Queen Victoria's reign. When she came to the throne the balanced rural society which had long been traditional could still flourish alongside the growing towns. Disraeli saw England as Two Nations living in one Island. Steadily throughout the great Queen's reign the countryside was drained of people by the magnet of urban employment. With the development of overseas granaries the towns depended less and less on the country to supply their populations with food: the time was to come when farming would pay better the less labour it employed. The successful farmer today mechanises highly and pays better wages to fewer men. The farm worker's status is rising and the gap between his standard of life and the urban worker's is narrowing but numerically his importance continues to decline. Public opinion is quite surprised to realise on occasion that there are still parliamentary divisions in which the agricultural question may turn an election.

As power for industry dictated one social revolution so we see incipient signs of counter-revolution now the character of industrial power is changing. No longer does steam generated in situ condition all factory operations. The electric motor and now the distribution of current by grid have brought a new mobility and, apart from the heaviest industries, for which rail transport is still a governing factor, the centripetal tendencies of industrial employment are undergoing modification. Progressive employers are alive to the great advantages both to them and to their employees of "moving out"; and the process of dispersal gathers pace: new factories and new housing schemes going hand in hand. New prospects are opening up before relatively small historic towns which were by-passed by the coal and railway age but may be well on the map of a road programme. Cheap sites, convenient transport, lower living costs and better living conditions, the elimination of long daily journeys to work—all are contributing to shape a new pattern of life in the country.

The face of Britain has changed more than once in historical times. The expression it assumed in the 18th century, the stately homes and broad acres of the great landowner with the shady lanes and picturesque villages that were their complement, is still imprinted on our imaginations; but the pattern is being broken up under our eyes and a new one is in the making. Care and thought are called for in our day if the new pattern is not to be an unworthy one. As the tide sets against further centralisation are we to see industrial activities decentralised haphazard and in incoherent disorder—industry despoiling the country it invades? Or can these activities be re-integrated in a new harmony, economical of space and industrially efficient, and offering to the worker more open air and less hustle without undue sacrifice of familiar amenities?

The group of New Towns which since the war have been brought into existence are providing useful guidance in a number of ways and particularly as to the optimum size for an independent modern community where light industry can be carried on profitably and our democracy can enjoy the good life. These New Towns could with advantage have been planted further from the metropolis. For strategic reasons alone in the age of the thermo-nuclear bomb, the fact that from a fifth to a quarter of

our people are collected in the London complex, should give us pause. On their own merits the New Towns are proving themselves and are demonstrating that, granted the use of public credit, they will repay their cost within a reasonable time. From now on an average of one a year should be started for a good many years, but much more widely dispersed over the whole country. A real drive financed from the centre should at the same time be put behind the modernisation and enlargement of the smaller towns which already have a nucleus to expand, and a fine tradition to develop. As things are this is more difficult than drawing on a clean slate—owing to the rigidity, administrative and financial, of our local government system. Very great economies could be realised by directing housing subsidies to the extension of centres of population which are inefficiently small under modern conditions, instead of adding to the congestion of those that are already too big. And only so can the full benefit of an up-to-date road policy be secured for the whole economy. The objective of this two fold policy should be the creation of living and working units which are integral wholes, large enough for a full life and not too small for productive efficiency, and essentially distinct from each other. So distributed the towns will not spill over the countryside; throughout which the markets they afford will spread prosperity. They will maintain an identity of their own without disrupting or overwhelming the rural society in which they are embedded.

There is strong prejudice in many influential quarters against the open type of development which goes with this type of community. This is not justified. There is no ground for supposing, as many farmers and landowners do, that the use of land for houses with gardens is prejudicial to the nation's food supply. The reverse is the case. The standard of housing density of about 12 houses to the acre which was adopted in the inter-war period allows each householder a sizable garden, and a recent survey organised by the Ministry of Agriculture of 2,000 gardens in Bristol, Doncaster, Hull, Southampton and York has shown that the value per acre of foodstuffs raised in home gardens of this type compares favourably with that of a comparable area of farm land, taking the site of the house into account as well as the garden. The more intensive cultivation of the home owner growing his own potatoes and other fresh produce yields a better return, measured in cash value, than farming operations carried on with paid labour. Disraeli's two nations can be reunited and the townsman, given a stake in the country, prove himself a countryman too.

A shrinkage is indeed taking place in the area of our land available for cultivation. Modern civilisation, with its aerodromes, its trunk roads, its demands for space for recreation and so on is greedy of land. Great blocks of flats and residential suburbs in which building is continuous except for access roads sterilise permanently what may be good productive soil. It is the more important that policy should favour the most intensive forms of cultivation. If the counter-revolution is to amount to something more than a mere sprawl of industry over the countryside and a true marriage of town and country is to be achieved, and if Britain, in place of an urban proletariat, is to breed the types of Englishmen, and Scots and Welshmen the world badly needs—a great effort of co-ordination is

called for in this generation. Innumerable blueprints for parishes and districts and towns are in course of preparation—it seems to be no one's business to fit them all into a coherent whole. The post-war legislation dealing with land and development has been bold and enterprising—no one would say it has been wholly successful. It should be looked on as experimental and the lessons to be derived from it should be assessed and studied. Once that has been done a detached and synoptic view will become possible before it is too late to influence policy. Should not further parliamentary action be based on deliberate and authoritative guidance from a new Royal Commission on the future use of the limited land of Britain?

ERIC MACFADYEN.

IMPRESSIONS IN MOSCOW

VISITS to the Soviet Union by organised delegations have in recent months become almost commonplace. Invariably they return with reports of great material progress and the friendliness of the Russian people. All this seems to suggest that the Soviet regime is more progressive and liberal than we are accustomed to think. The reception given by the Russians is such that after a day or two in Moscow it is easy to feel that the various complaints and criticisms made about the Communists are exaggerated and perhaps a little unjustified. It would, however, be unfair to judge the U.S.S.R. by such a superficial generalisation. To anyone taking part in one of these delegations, as I did recently, one thing soon becomes clear: that one's hosts are naturally anxious to give the best impression of Soviet life and the improvement in standards since 1917. It is clear, too, that some of the ideas held in the West about the U.S.S.R. are incorrect. It is not true, for example, that foreign visitors cannot walk about unaccompanied and take photographs; it is not true that the Russians cannot move freely from place to place or follow their own private pleasures; it is not true that there are no churches open or that there is direction of labour to the extent that no one can choose his own job. Yet I am bound to add that even in these things there is not that degree of freedom that I would consider desirable. The people of the Soviet Union are, as individuals, the same as people everywhere, and in their everyday lives they do the same kind of things and behave in much the same way: they are not the humourless, sad, people that we sometimes imagine and everywhere I went they were most friendly and anxious to help. It was, indeed, often the similarities between their life and ours that surprised me rather than the differences.

It must be obvious to any visitor that immense progress has been made, in spite of the backward state of the country at the time of the Revolution and the setbacks and suffering of the second world war. There are many new buildings, and although workmanship is sometimes shoddy and their design may seem out-of-date in its flamboyance, they cannot fail to be impressive. Industrial production, it is claimed, has risen rapidly and new factories and new industries are opening almost daily. There are plans for even greater progress. At the permanent building exhibition in Moscow and in a talk with the Chairman of the Executive Committee of one of the district Soviets, we saw and heard something of the plan for

redeveloping Moscow; by 1960 all the old wooden slums in the city will have been replaced. The plan includes the construction of an entirely new residential area for one million people in the area round the new University building, itself one of the finest monuments to what has already been achieved. In another part of Moscow we saw a housing scheme where it was claimed that the use of pre-fabricated materials had increased the building rate six-fold. Apart from the University, flats and houses, there are also other new buildings. In Moscow itself there are the permanent agricultural and building exhibitions, new government offices, new hotels, and extensions to the Metro. Even though many schools still have to work a two-shift system, 25,000 new schools have been built in the Union since the war, making it possible to increase the period of compulsory education from 7 to 10 years, and the "10 year school" should be universal within the next year or two. In economic planning it has been necessary to concentrate on the basic industries; this has been reflected in wage rates, which are based on piece-work and weighted according to the importance and location of various types of employment. At the time of my visit, however, greater attention was being given to the production of consumer goods and the ordinary Russian was beginning to enjoy a little more luxury: this tendency has apparently been reversed since my return.

It is possible to visit the U.S.S.R. with a delegation and see nothing but these new developments, enjoy the finest ballet in the world, and accept Russian hospitality with all that this brings with it. But one's original misgivings begin to return when one considers the political structure on which it is all based. That the Soviet Union is a one-party state is the result of a decision which the people themselves made quite deliberately in 1917 and the years following the Revolution. The manner in which the system operates, however, is one in which there can be no opposition to government policy and no freedom of discussion on topics over which the government exercises control. This is a state of affairs which is completely alien to British ideas of democracy, but it seems a natural one to the Soviet people. Indeed, the arguments used to justify it follow logically enough from the initial premise on which the system is based. Ask a Russian if he ever criticises the Government's policy and he will laugh at you, not because if he does criticise he will be shot or sent to a slave camp, but because it is something he cannot envisage. At Moscow University we were told that although the students' organisation, the Consomol (Young Communist League), is a political organisation, it has no need to discuss politics, since there is only one party and everyone agrees with it. The Soviet citizen has, in fact, been conditioned to the idea that the government is representative of the people, and in all its activities speaks and acts according to the common interest of all the people. Thus any edict by the government or the Communist Party or their representatives is accepted as truth; to question it is not only felt to be treacherous to the form of society which was set up by the people after 1917, in the understandable belief that only this could raise them from the level at which they were kept under the Czars; it would also be in the nature of a confession that they did not trust themselves. This outlook is reflected in a number of ways.

There is no doubt of the sincerity of the Soviet People in their insistence on the Peace theme. But it is impressed on them with a fanatical and militant fervour by the government, not only by broadcasts, newspaper articles and speeches, but also by slogans and attractively designed posters which appear everywhere; it is a popular theme for songs and dances which are performed, sometimes at formal concerts, but often also informally, by children and adults alike. The mind of the individual thus becomes so well conditioned that any amendment to the theme would be accepted as irrefutably right. If, for example, the Russian Government were to abandon the comparatively reasonable attitude which it has shown in its foreign policy since Stalin's death, it would have no difficulty in obtaining popular support, even for war if it claimed that this was necessary to forestall aggression by a supposed enemy. I have no doubt that, if the government called on them to wage a war to end war, the Russian people would readily respond. We found a clear illustration of how dangerous the ideas accepted by a conditioned society can be when we visited a school and saw an English class at work. The Russians consider it natural that the literature chosen for translation and comment should be of a political nature or be taken from classics reflecting the life of a bygone age. This results in the misrepresentation of the Western way of life which is accepted without question by the Russians. The nature of the English literature popular in Russia makes this inevitable, but even if this were not so, the introduction of political topics into language studies is something to which most British educationalists would react with horror. From what is in the English textbooks one can well imagine the contents of books on politics, economics and history, where political extracts would be more appropriate.

What may on the surface seem to be harmless or even laudable aspects of life in the Soviet Union are often symptoms of the disease with which the people have allowed themselves to be inoculated against freedom of thought. Extravagant designs for Metro stations are all very well, but there can hardly be a more subtle method of indoctrination than to build the stations used by hundreds of thousands of people a day as museums illustrating the glories of Soviet history and achievement. The Consomol and Pioneers embrace most of the young people and children in their membership and provide magnificent facilities for them; there are, however, no alternative organisations to join and the Consomol is primarily a political body. It is encouraging to find great attention being given to sport and culture, and this produces some of the world's best athletes and finest artists, and preserves local artistic traditions; but they are encouraged by the authorities and pursued with a relentless fervour which is second only to that of the "fighting for peace" campaign. I could not help being reminded of the similar enthusiasm once common in another part of Europe under a regime which had a timely and unlamented death. How completely the Soviet people accept the spell of Communism is illustrated by the way they glorify their leaders. There is hardly a room without its portraits of Lenin and Stalin, and the apparent respect for these founders of the Socialist Society is further exemplified by the long queues which, for six hours each day, file into the Lenin-Stalin mausoleum in Red Square, showing tickets which have been issued at

places of employment.

Even at the famous Zagorsk academy, where priests are trained for the Russian Orthodox Church, pictures of Lenin, Stalin and Malenkov adorned the walls. Here we were told that the Church accepted the economic and political aspects of Communism, but not its ideology. This, and similar remarks by the Baptists, were the only qualifications of support for the Communist regime we heard during the whole of our stay in Russia. While to the casual observer, who will be as impressed as I was by the crowded services in the Baptist Church in Moscow and the sincere piety of worshippers in the Orthodox Church, the Churches may seem to be flourishing and able to work in freedom, they are hedged in by the Soviet Constitution which declares religion to be a private and personal matter not to be discussed in public. From this it follows logically enough that there should be no religious activities except church services and teaching in the home; this position, which the Church authorities seem to accept, means that there is no place for evangelical or social work by the Churches and that there are no religious books in bookshops, schools or libraries. In these conditions it is little short of a miracle that the Church, in spite of its handicaps, appears to be increasing in membership and to have a high proportion of young people among its adherents. A further symptom of the artificial unity of the Soviet people is their refusal to admit to any foreign visitor that anything can ever go wrong with the plan. When we asked what would happen if the required number of young students did not come forward to fulfil the plan for the training of teachers we were told that if this happened a professor visited the schools and after that there were always enough recruits. At a hospital we were assured that there was no shortage of nurses in the U.S.S.R. (although their pay seems poor), but a Russian doctor mentioned a shortage of both doctors and nurses when he was questioned in London recently. It is claimed that unemployment is impossible under Socialist planning, and the theory of this was carried to incredible lengths in a discussion which some delegates had with an interpreter on the question of unemployment among musicians and in similar occupations. Fantastic though the arguments may seem to us, they all followed perfectly logically from the initial assumption that centralised planning could avoid all economic ills.

It was this apparent unity of purpose, which seems not only artificial but dangerously fanatical, that I found most disturbing in the U.S.S.R. While it is true that the Soviet People themselves chose the regime and voluntarily relinquished their freedom of political expression, this was not done without taking severe steps to eliminate those who were considered dangerous. The lack of opposition is, of course, largely a result of this, but even if it had not been achieved with the aid of spurious methods it would still be an unhealthy condition. It would be folly not to recognise that material progress has been made and we cannot afford to ignore the appeal which Communism makes, not only in the U.S.S.R., but throughout the world, by the evidence it can produce of rising standards of living. Even though the West may be advancing, in its own way, at much the same rate, it is the material benefits attributed to Communism that appeal to the under-privileged peoples who feel, rightly or wrongly, that our kind of democracy has failed them. The prospect of improving

their economic conditions has more appeal to them than vague political promises, especially when, as happens far too often, Western politicians act in ways which can only intensify suspicion and give the Communists grounds on which they can with some justification criticise us.

Delegations similar to that of which I was a member cannot, by their very nature, obtain the answers to all the questions asked on this side of the Iron Curtain. They cannot, for example, discover the real intentions of the Soviet Government, nor, on the other hand, can they ascertain whether the sense of unity is in fact anything more than a front behind which there is discontent. From what I was able to see, however, it would be wrong to assume either that there is any likelihood of the Communist regime in the U.S.S.R. breaking up, or that, if it suits its purpose, the Soviet Government will not once again revive the anti-West campaign which has disappeared from current posters and slogans. Whether we like it or not, Communism in Russia has come to stay and we in the West can only try to live with it. The outlook which I have described does not make it easy to erase the misunderstandings and difficulties to which it leads. Yet the attempt must be made. If we can understand the background to the Communist attitude we are more likely to be able to live together in the same world. The Russians we met were quite prepared to discuss our differences frankly, and though we could not always accept each other's views, we could agree to differ. So long as we can do this there is some hope for peaceful co-existence. For this reason the more exchanges of all kinds to enable us to meet the Russians and them to meet us the better. Obviously, no one in the West can know the secret intentions of the Russian Government. So long as there is any hint of aggressiveness, a display of firmness by the West is essential. But our firmness must not be that of military force alone; when we talk of peace through strength we need not only strength of arms but strength in our own convictions. Throughout the world people are faced with the choice between Communism and the liberal democracy of the West: they will choose Communism unless we can show that we have something better to put in its place.

E. L. DEAL.

DISENCHANTMENT IN GREECE

IT is sad to record that the high hopes entertained on the formation of the Papagos Government have not been realised, and that the Prime Minister himself has publicly admitted that the income of a considerable section of the population has diminished owing to the measures taken to stabilise the currency. He added that what had been achieved in the rehabilitation and development of the country could not be deemed satisfactory. Such statements, coming after the vaunting declarations of the former Minister of Co-ordination, M. Markezinis, should impress owners of Greek bonds who have recently rejected the Greek offer to resume the servicing of the public debt, for obviously Greece will be unable for a lengthy period to improve upon the conditions proposed. It is even doubtful whether the terms offered could be carried out if

substantial economic aid is not forthcoming in the near future.

Marshal Papagos, who is intent on restoring the credit of his country and thereby securing the financial assistance of the World Bank, has offered the maximum loan consistent with Greece's actual capacity of payment, namely a yearly allocation of \$2 millions against the external bonded debt of some \$285 millions. He has likewise promised to settle the internal debt, and a beginning has been made by refunding depositors in the post office saving banks on the following terms. Accounts up to 10,000 pre-war drachma are repaid 10%, up to 25,000 receive 8%, up to 50,000, 6% and those up to 100,000, 5%. The first category may withdraw their deposits at once, but accounts of 25,000 dr. and over are to be repaid at the rate of 15% every six months. These conditions are certainly not more favourable than those offered to foreign bond holders who may infer that there is little likelihood of squeezing anything in excess of the \$2 million offered. If the paying capacity of the country allowed it, the depositors in post office banks would have been treated more liberally since they are mainly indigents, and in this demagogic age deserving to be placated, being also voters. The Government is resolved to settle both external and internal debts on the same terms, and one may infer that Greek bonds are grossly overvalued on the London Stock Exchange in comparison with those quoted in Athens. Thus the Refugee Loan quoted at £23 is at about 25% of its original price, while the 8% Exchanged Refugees Indemnity Loan is quoted in Athens at about 7½% of its value at the time its service was suspended.

M. Markezinis after visiting the U.S.A. and most of Western Europe, returned home boasting of his successes in having secured extensive credits for the construction of public works imperatively needed for the development of industry and agriculture. The most impressive item was a German credit of 200 millions, D. M. However, on the recent visit of the German Minister of Finance Dr. Erhard to Greece it was disclosed that M. Markezinis had granted to two German firms concessions considered prejudicial to Greece, a fact he had failed to communicate to the ministerial council and which came to their knowledge only when Dr. Erhard made it known that he considered these contracts as binding. M. Markezinis in his defence tried to exculpate himself by affirming that these engagements were binding only on him personally and not on the state, a very casuistical point of view since he had been acting in the capacity of a plenipotentiary. Marshal Papagos, who has a soldier's conception of duty and honour, made it known that however disadvantageous the contracts they were to be respected. Fortunately, Dr. Erhard generously offered to waive the German claims and even agreed to extend the time limit of the 200 million D.M. credit in order to grant sufficient time to the Government to study the various projects to which these credits were to be devoted. The Government's inability so far to execute its much advertised plan of public works so pressingly needed has greatly prejudiced it in the public opinion. This was reflected in the municipal elections last November when 2/3rds of the candidates returned were opponents. An additional cause for loss of popularity was the dismissal of hundreds of bank employees and functionaries, over 4,000 posts in the civil service having been suppressed. Tax collectors too

have been deploying drastic activity in harassing and even imprisoning tax defaulters.

The hesitations of the Government to carry out public works is probably due to the fact that most of them will not pay for several years, and that therefore it would not be profitable to construct them with short term credits as Greece might once more find herself unable to face her engagements. This is a sufficient deterrent to a person of such integrity as Marshal Papagos to make him hesitate on embarking prematurely on any enterprise of importance. Yet the development of the Ptolemaïs lignite field in Northern Greece, in connection with the erection of an electro-generating plant and an artificial fertilizer factory, is a most pressing need, since the lack of a cheap electric supply hampers the development of industry and prevents the exploitation of the boxite and nickel ores of the country, as the cost of electricity in the provinces is three times as high as in Athens.

Circumstances have not been propitious to the Papagos administration. The earthquakes that have devastated the Ionian islands and Thessaly have obliged it to divert substantial sums from its meagre resources in order to aid the sufferers. Additional aid is to be solicited from the U.S., for available local funds are inadequate to relieve distress, all the more so since North-East Greece has been visited by another scourge. The Struma and Maritsa having burst their banks, the whole region was under water in January, while earthquake shocks still continue to cause extensive damage.

The industrialisation plan prescribed by American advisers has not been a success. It has met the same fate as similar plans in the satellite states. When the devaluation of the drachma in April 1953 was decided on the Government decreed the liberalisation of imports in order to prevent an excessive rise in the price of locally produced articles; but, owing to the gradual increase in the cost of these goods and the rise in the cost of living by 36%, the influx of imported goods tended to increase and to compete successfully with local manufactures, thus causing a drain on the available gold reserves. Already the balance of payments shows a deficit for the first nine months of \$61 millions against \$16 millions for the whole of last year. Greece is thus facing the dilemma of seeing her foreign payment resources exhausted in the near future or of stopping the imports of foreign goods with a resulting increase in the cost of living. The free import of foreign goods has adversely affected most of the local industries, and particularly textiles, the most important one. Several factories have closed, causing widespread unemployment.

It is admitted now that more attention should have been given to agriculture, a matter that could have been discovered much earlier if the classics were better studied, for we find Euripides asserting in his *Orestes* "A tiller of the soil—sole hope for the land." Statistics show that important achievements have already been accomplished in this field, though there is scope for further improvement since the yield of wheat per hectare 1350kg. against 2620 in Gt. Britain, and Greece may be rendered self-sufficing as regards cereals as has happened in 1953. The cultivable area is reckoned about 3 million hectares, half of which is devoted to cereal production, but more can be brought under cultivation if more roads are

constructed. In one of the islands only a thousand hectares are cultivated, though eight times as many are available if only some mule tracks were made practicable to enable the peasants to market their produce. Another branch of agriculture that has been neglected is forestry. Greece possesses a wooded area of about 1,920,000 hectares, slightly more extensive than that of Great Britain. If this sylvan area was properly exploited not only the totality of lumber for building purposes could be locally provided but there would be a sufficient supply for creating a wood pulp industry to satisfy the needs of the country in printing paper. The main cause of neglect was the absence of transport facilities and the lack of capital. Countries with similar climatic conditions as exist in Greece have succeeded in exploiting much more rationally their forests. Thus Cyprus with a sylvan area of 167,000 hectares obtains a gross annual yield of 140,000 ms. of lumber, while the output in Greece is only of 200,000 ms. Unfortunately agriculture has been treated as the Cinderella among industries, though it occupies 58% of the population, contributes 38% to the national revenue and provides 83% of the country's exports. Recently the credits allotted for its development were increased by 18%, but those extended to industry were augmented three and a half times. And yet advances to agricultural undertakings would bring a safer and more rapid return than investments in industrial enterprises. It should be noted that farmsteads are extremely exiguous, the apportionment of land to individual members of a rural family not exceeding an average of $\frac{1}{2}$ hectare. It is obvious that farmers barely eke out a living and that they cannot economise enough to buy implements or cattle. Their average income is reckoned at \$105, and it is not surprising therefore that according to official statistics 2,624,180, or 33% of the total population, are classified as indigents. It is essential therefore that more attention should be paid to the rural population by extending larger credits and the execution of public works to procure additional employment so as to prevent it from flocking to Athens in search of work. It is estimated that some 200,000 young people have emigrated within the last four years to the capital intensifying its already intolerable congestion. The Government should be congratulated on its recent decision to levy a tax of 1 to 10% on all new buildings in Athens. There has been an excess in the construction of luxury flats, and it would be wise to divert the money thus invested to more productive enterprises—in the provinces or even in the immediate suburbs of the capital which are likewise neglected. Visitors to Greece form a very erroneous opinion of the country's prosperity from what they see in Athens where numerous wealthy Greeks drawing their incomes from abroad reside. A visit to provincial towns such as Volos or Janina would help to create a truer appreciation of realities. Evidence of the existing widespread poverty may be found in the state of the Social Insurance scheme which is unable to cash the contributions due to it from industrialists and employers and is obliged to take legal proceedings against them, and as a consequence of their defaulting finds itself unable to discharge its obligations to workmen and the unemployed.

The outcome of the Cyprus question and the decision of U.N.O. to shelve it has put the Papagos Government under a severe strain. Greek governments have judiciously endeavoured to sidetrack this problem, and

the present Government wisely attempted to follow the same course until its hands were forced by the stupid and provocative declaration last July in Parliament by a Minister of State that Cyprus would never be independent. Except for a regrettable but passing strain in Anglo-Greek friendship, the patriotic outburst is an encouraging sign and testifies to the vitality of the people and to its immunity from the communist virus. Greeks would have preferred to have raised the question of Northern Epirus instead, where their kinsmen are persecuted and where Greek soldiers are still interned after being carried off to Albania by the communists in their retreat. Every foreign journalist arriving in Athens is met by a delegation of Epirotes who present him with memoranda depicting the wrongs inflicted on their countrymen across the border. But no voice is ever raised abroad in protest against these violations of human rights, and this is not surprising since even Great Britain to whom the International Court at the Hague had decreed that an indemnity of £800,000 should be paid by Albania for the loss of 44 of our sailors in the Corfu Channel has not yet thought it advisable to enforce the award. Obviously nothing should be done to ruffle Communist susceptibilities even though they trample rough shod on the charter of the United Nations. Both Greece and Turkey are in the throes of a severe economic crisis owing to their being obliged to devote a large proportion of their revenue to their armies—Greece spends 55% of her budget resources and a great part of the American aid of \$25 millions. It is incumbent on us and on our American friends to alleviate our Near East allies in their distress rather than concentrate on the underdeveloped and distant Asiatic countries lest we be faced suddenly with calamitous developments. G. C. LOGIO.
Malmaison. France.

MME DU BARRY—III

HAVING eliminated the Choiseul family Mme du Barry was confronted with a more formidable foe in the Dauphine who at any moment might become Queen. The little Archduchess had been sent to France to keep the Austrian alliance in repair, a task which necessitated the steady favour of the King. This, in turn, demanded tolerable relations with the Favourite, who was detested at Vienna on the double ground of her origin and her enmity to Choiseul. The King preferred the vivacious Dauphine to his daughters, whose loathing for the Favourite was unconcealed; but as she grew to maturity it became increasingly difficult for him to tolerate the boycott of the only woman he loved. Though the Empress shared her daughter's disgust at the infatuation of the King, she was better able to assess the importance of the Dauphine's political rôle. Her intimacy with Mesdames—and there was nobody else with whom she could be intimate—was an unspoken challenge to the *maîtresse en titre*.

Louis XV, the least vindictive of men, let things slide for the first year after the marriage of his grandson and then decided to act. Mme de Noailles, Superintendent of her Household, was informed that the Dauphine talked too freely and that such conduct might produce un-

desirable results in the Royal Family. On receiving the message Marie Antoinette consulted her aunts and her spiritual adviser Abbé de Vermont, who informed the Ambassador, who, as in duty bound, informed the Empress. Since issues of *haute politique* were at stake, Kaunitz despatched a friendly warning. "To fail in consideration for someone enjoying the favour of the King is to fail in consideration for him, and offensive words would be even worse. Such persons should be regarded simply as objects of the confidence and favour of the sovereign, without enquiring whether rightly or wrongly. Prudence indicates the same tactics, for they can make mischief. I cannot believe that the Dauphine, gentle and sensible as she is, has not grasped all this, so I feel she has been blamed to excess. Since, however, the King believes it, I think she should see him at once and tell him she will do his bidding." When the letter was read to the Dauphine she replied that an interview was needless, for she would be so careful that no further complaint could arise. This was not enough for the King, and the tension increased; for though she set a guard on her tongue her conduct was more eloquent than any words. She continued to meet the Favourite at cards, at the royal table and at balls, but not a glance indicated that she was aware of her existence.

Since the timid King dreaded an interview as much as the offender herself, he summoned the Austrian Ambassador who was received in the apartments of the Favourite. Mme du Barry explained—no doubt with truth—that she felt no hostility to the Dauphine. When the King entered he remarked: "Hitherto you have been the Ambassador of the Empress, but now I beg you to be mine for a time." The Dauphine, he continued, was charming, but she was young, impulsive, and married to a man incapable of guiding her steps. She listened to evil counsels and mixed in all sorts of intrigues. No names were mentioned, but the ruler had his daughters in mind. The Ambassador, equally attached to the Empress and her daughter, represented to the Dauphine that the alliance was at stake and that she must make the sacrifice. A day or two later, the scene having been prepared by the Ambassador, she was about to speak to the Favourite for the first time when Mme Adelaide broke in with the words: "It is time for us to go and await the King in the apartments of our sister Victoire." Caught off her guard her nerve failed, and she subsequently apologised to the Ambassador, alleging her fear of displeasing her aunt. Mercy assured the Empress that his conversations with the Favourite had convinced him that, though mindless and frivolous, she was not malicious, and that a single word from the Dauphine would remove many difficulties. Her appearance and manners were reasonably refined, and, unlike the Pompadour, she had no political ambitions.

Louis XV was as hurt as the Favourite at the public snub she had received. "Well, M. de Mercy," he remarked to the Ambassador, "your counsels have not borne fruit, and I must come to your aid." But the Dauphine had a will of her own, and months passed before her surrender. The incident had brought a sharp rebuke from Vienna, for the Empress never spared the rod. "The aunts have not won the respect of their family or the public, and you choose to follow their lead. This fear and embarrassment about speaking to the King, the best of fathers, and of speaking to persons to whom you are advised to speak! This fear of even saying

bon jour! Even a word about clothes, about some trifle, causes you to make a wry face. You have allowed yourself to be enslaved to such an extent that your reason and sense of duty are paralysed. I cannot keep silence after Mercy's conversation with you about the King's wishes and your duty. You failed him, and what good reason can you allege? None. You must regard the du Barry merely as a lady admitted to the society of the King. As his first subject you owe him obedience—you also owe an example to the courtiers that the will of your master should prevail. No one would suggest familiarity, but some commonplace word, some little attention, not for the lady but for your grandfather, your master, your benefactor. And you fail him in such a marked manner at the first opportunity of obliging him and displaying your attachment which will not so soon recur! You made such a good start. Follow Mercy's advice."

The Dauphine endeavoured to diminish her mother's anxieties. "I have several reasons for believing that the King does not really wish me to speak to the du Barry, apart from the fact that he has never mentioned it to me. He is friendlier than ever since he learned I had declined. If you were here you would realise that this woman and her clique would not be content with a word and would always press for more. I am in no need of being led by anyone in matters of honour. I do not say I never will, but I cannot agree to do so at a fixed time in order that she may announce it in advance and put a feather in her cap." Far more effective than the admonitions of the Empress was the kindness of the King. One day, reported the Ambassador, he had lunched with the Dauphine, had made a long stay and seemed in excellent spirits. She knew in her heart that she would have to yield, but not for a year and a half after her arrival in France could she be induced to raise the blockade. Learning that the du Barry would join the ladies of the Court in paying their respects to the Royal Family on New Year's Day, 1772, the Ambassador hurried to the Dauphine. "I tried every imaginable means of persuading her not to snub the Favourite," he reported to the Empress, "and it was only with great difficulty that I secured her promise. The main thing was that Mesdames were not consulted."

Next day, when the Favourite appeared with two other ladies, the Dauphine looked at her and remarked: "*Il y a bien du monde aujourd'hui à Versailles.*" The deed was done, but it had been a severe ordeal. "I followed your advice," she remarked to the Ambassador; "here is the Dauphin to bear witness." The shy young man whose advice, so far as we know, had never been sought smiled but said nothing. "I have spoken once," she continued, "but there I will stop, and that woman will not hear my voice again." Her vow was not to be taken literally, for they were often thrown together, but never again was a remark addressed directly and solely to the Favourite. Her banal observation produced the desired result. The Ambassador expressed his congratulations and advised the Empress to follow suit. The same evening the King embraced her, while the frowning aunts reproached her so sharply that she almost regretted her act. The Empress, as usual, found it easier to blame than to praise. "Your agitation after those few words and your saying it cannot happen again alarm me. Who can give you better advice or better deserve your confidence than my Minister who knows everything about France?

His sole object is your welfare. I repeat, my dear daughter, if you love me, follow his advice without hesitation in everything. If he wishes you to repeat your attentions to the lady or to the Comte and Comtesse de Provence, remember that he knows best how to avoid trouble."

During 1772 Mercy reported the good news that the Dauphine was shaking off the yoke of Mesdames. "She is on terms of easy friendship with them," he reported in February, "but she reflects and decides for herself. No one leads her." In June he added that the King was very fond of her. The Empress was never satisfied, and on the last day of 1772 she asked for more. "I am hoping to hear the result of my advice about your attitude to the Favourite. You must not be content with abstaining from attacks. You must treat her with courtesy and speak to her as to any other lady received at Court. This you owe to the King and to myself; you owe no account of your actions to anyone else." Her mother's scolding letters were a trial to the Dauphine, who explained that the problem of the Favourite was complicated by the Dauphin's growing detestation of her; but she took the counsels of her mother to heart, and now it was her turn to urge her husband to treat the Favourite with less disdain. He followed her advice, and at the customary reception on New Year's Day 1773 he surprised the courtiers by addressing the lady in a friendly way. On the same occasion the Dauphine spoke no word either to the Favourite or to the two ladies who accompanied her. When the Ambassador remonstrated, she replied that she had treated all three alike and had therefore given no cause of complaint. The Favourite was distressed, but when Mercy explained that the Dauphin's *beau geste* was due to his wife she sent her a message of gratitude. Equally incapable of hatred and of deep feeling, she asked nothing more than to be left in undisputed command of the King's heart.

The closing years of Louis XV were perhaps the happiest of his life. The disasters of the Seven Year's War were becoming a dim memory, and no one foresaw that the revolt of the British Colonies would shortly tempt France to strike another blow at her hereditary enemy. There was no need to worry about the succession, for, though the marriage of the Dauphin as of the Comte de Provence was still childless, the Comte d'Artois, who married at the close of 1773, might reasonably be expected to produce an heir to the throne. The King knew that his popularity had waned, but the rapturous welcome of the Dauphin and the Dauphine in the capital in 1773 proved that the monarchy, if not the monarch, retained its hold. The heir was respected for his blameless life by all whose respect he cared to possess, and his drab personality was in some measure redeemed by the sparkle of his wife. The Favourite's enemies had been expelled, and no rival was in sight. Mme Adelaide and her sisters had never meant much to their father, and their hostility to the lady of his choice destroyed what remained of his affection. "The King is ageing," reported the Austrian Ambassador to the Empress. "He finds himself isolated, helpless, without comfort in his children, and there is neither affection nor fidelity in his motley entourage." For the last five years of his life he depended for his happiness on the Favourite alone, whose unfailing spirits appealed to him scarcely less than her physical charms. That they delighted in each other's company at least as much as the King and the

Pompadour there is no reason to doubt. Since intellectual interest played little part in the King's life her lack of education was no handicap. Without a care in the world she lived for each passing day.

Early in 1774 she was informed by Morande, a French adventurer who had fled to London, that he was about to publish three thousand copies of a book entitled *Mémoires et Secrets d'une Femme publique* for export to Holland and Germany, where they would be smuggled into France; but he would be prepared to desist if it were made worth his while. She informed the King who despatched police agents to kidnap the blackmailer, but Morande had received a warning and could not be found. The worried monarch now turned to Beaumarchais who preferred the velvet glove to the iron hand. In return for 20,000 francs cash down and the promise of an annuity of 4,000 francs, the blackmailer handed over the manuscript and the three thousand printed copies to the King's agent, and the incriminating compilation went up in smoke.

Only an exceptionally strong constitution could have stood up to the strain of decades of debauchery, but in his early sixties Louis XV began to ask himself if the pace was not too hot. Yet he might have reached the age of Louis XIV had not the dread disease assailed him which had swept his parents into the grave. On New Year's Day, 1774, the Favourite held her usual crowded reception. The first danger-signal came from the *Almanach de Liège*, an annual which catered for credulous readers by forecasting events, with the ominous words: "In April a great lady who is fortune's favourite will play her last part." Though she bought up and burned the offending publication, even her buoyant spirit could not eradicate the sinister impression and she was heard to mutter: "If only that accursed month were over!" A second danger threatened from the Lenten sermons of an Abbé whose freedom of language astonished the Court. Referring to a recent statement that the average duration of life was increasing, he reminded his hearers of the early death of the King's parents, son, four daughters, daughter-in-law, and four *mâtresses en titre*. When he ended with the warning: "Forty days more and Nineveh will be destroyed," the King turned pale. The Favourite and her friends, reported the Austrian Ambassador to Maria Theresa on February 19, were worried by the tendency of the King to talk of his health and of the terrible account he would one day have to give to the Supreme Being on the way he had spent his life.

On April 27 Louis XV drove out from Trianon to the hunt, but felt too ill to mount and soon returned. Next day, shivering with fever, he was taken in his dressing gown to Versailles, though the Favourite longed to keep him at a safe distance from the clutches of his family. We can follow the drama from day to day and at times from hour to hour in an eyewitness report by the Duc de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt published in 1846. At first the symptoms were not taken very seriously, for the King was often feverish; but the appearance of spots on April 20 set all doubts at rest and for a man of sixty-four there seemed little hope. Ignoring medical advice his daughters remained at the bedside, and the anxious faces of the doctors told the sufferer more than their words. "You tell me I am not ill and shall soon be all right again," he grumbled; "you don't believe a word of it, and you ought to tell me the truth."

His terror and cowardice were beyond description, testifies the Duc de Liancourt, who heartily despised him. The excitement aroused by the serious illness of every autocrat was increased by the knowledge that his death would mean a clean sweep of the Ministers and the eviction of the Favourite. The Court was divided into two camps—those who hoped he would live and those who desired him to die: in both cases the main motive was personal advantage. Everyone believed what he wished to believe, for a man who had given so little love could count on little in return. The sick-room and the ante-chambers were crowded with officials, courtiers and doctors who wrangled about the treatment and speculated on coming events. The Dauphin and the Dauphine remained in their apartments owing to the risk of infection. Over fifty inmates of the palace went down with the plague and ten of them died.

When the customary bleedings proved useless the question arose whether the sufferer should receive Extreme unction. One party argued that the revelation of mortal danger would kill him, the other that to let him die without making his peace with the Church would be a crime. The King himself had no desire to confess till he felt certain that the end was near, for confession involved separation from the only person he loved. Yet the nearer the approach of death the calmer he became. Realising that his life hung by a thread he gently told her on May 3 that she must leave Versailles, gave her his portrait in miniature, and promised that he would always remain her friend. When he asked for her again two hours later the valet told him she was gone. "Already," he murmured, and tears rolled down his cheeks.

The moment had come at last for the Church to assume control. His Confessor was summoned, heard his confession and gave absolution. Next day, after receiving Holy Communion, he bade the Grand Almoner, Cardinal de la Roche Aymon, to announce that he repented his offences to his people. Though by this time his face was swollen and almost black and the discomfort was acute, he whispered to Adelaide that he had never felt happier and more at peace. The same evening he received Extreme Unction, kissed a crucifix, and joined in the prayers. Two days later, on May 10, after a fortnight of suffering, he passed away. The next moment the whole palace was in uproar. "A terrible noise like thunder was heard in the ante-chamber of the new rulers," records Mme Campan. It was the crowd of courtiers who rushed to salute the rising sun. "The tumult announced that their hour had come, and the young couple, with tears in their eyes, instinctively fell on their knees, exclaiming, "Mon Dieu, guidez nous, protégez nous, nous régnons trop jeunes." After a further two days the corpse was transferred to St. Denis along a route where derisory cries took the place of tears.

The glamour of the Monarchy was gone and the sands were running out of the hour-glass. The weakest link in the chain was the virtual bankruptcy of the Treasury. "Your Majesty's finances are in a state of terrifying collapse," reported the Controller-General in 1769, "expenditure exceeds revenue by fifty million francs, and every year adds to the National Debt. The most urgent liabilities are about 80 millions. Even worse is the fact that the whole of next year's revenue has already been spent. This situation cannot go on, for the moment is at hand when it

will plunge the kingdom into irremediable catastrophe." The warning, like so many earlier admonitions, was unheeded by the nerveless monarch with whom the smiles of Mme du Barry counted for more than the fate of France. To the charge of the Recording Angel that he had squandered his heritage and let his country down there is no reply. The word failure is written in big letters across the whole record of his reign. When a ruler loses the respect of his subjects and no constitutional remedy is at hand, revolution is not far away.

G. P. GOOCH.

(Concluded)

FREIDRICH SCHILLER

WHAT does the name of Friedrich Schiller mean today? His life is, first of all, an example of singular heroism. Born in a little town of Wurttemberg as the son of an army doctor who, in later years, devoted his life to his insignificant, kind-hearted wife and, most successfully, to the cultivation of fruit, he fell, after a happy youth, into the hands of one of the most pernicious despotic princelings of divided Germany. Karl Eugen, Duke of Wurttemberg, was one of the German imitators of Louis XIV and Louis XV who flourished in the rococo age. The wretch was not only indifferent to his nation, for his soldiers fought on the French side against Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War, he also sold his subjects to England for her war with her American colonies. "Voluntarily" they had to report for the slaughter-house, "voluntarily" to leave their parents and fatherland in order to die for alien interests. He had not only a *maîtresse en titre*, he kept a whole harem which he showed publicly to his subjects. Many a poor and innocent girl had been pressed into it when she caught his fancy. On the other hand, that barbarian possessed cultural interests. He made his residence a real jewel in the rococo style, patronised the theatre and the opera, and had a flair for talents. Although uneducated himself, he endeavoured to make his *Karlschule* an institute where officers and civil servants of a higher intellectual level were trained.

Schiller's parents and those of other gifted boys had to give up their children "voluntarily," and allow them to be put into intellectual strait-jackets. The Duke's complex character was decisive for Schiller's personal fortunes and artistic development. Despite all shutting-up, all the military drill and the despotic terror spread by that madman, the ideas of the age penetrated the educational barracks. The students read the latest works of Goethe, then in his revolutionary period, absorbed Rousseau's attacks on absolutism, saw in Shakespeare a defiance of all the rules of French classicism and opening up new and grandiose aspects on human nature and destiny. In Professor Abel, whom Karl Eugen had forced to join the *Karlschule*, they found a young teacher who, not in the least afraid of the Duke, held out to his young pupils in glowing words the notion of "genius" as the only goal.

In spite of, perhaps, because of this, Schiller could not stand the strain of the *Karlschule*. He fled, with only a few thalers in his pocket, when the Duke forbade the author of *The Robbers* all literary activity, and told

him that he must remain another year, one more than usual, in that soul-destroying school. The success of *The Robbers* made him famous, owing, especially, to the patronage of that eminent manager of the Mannheim theatre, Heribert von Dalberg. At the same time, however, a period of great distress began for Schiller which lasted for more than a decade. He was forced to leave Mannheim and to walk to Frankfurt as he had no money for the mail-coach. He was near starving for months, and had to keep in hiding because he feared the revenge of the Duke by whose command the poet Schubarth had been enticed over the frontier of Wurttemberg and imprisoned for ten years. The penury in which Schiller was forced to live at that period undermined his health and made him contract that illness—tuberculosis, it seems—which was the cause of his early death. Frau Mathilde Ludendorff, the second wife of the General, made many Germans believe that Schiller had been killed by the Freemasons with the silent connivance of Goethe. Her book sold 80,000 copies, the publisher complaining that only lack of paper prevented him from printing even more.

It was the experience of the *Karlschule* which imbued Schiller with the idea of liberty. Much as he might condemn the misdeeds of the Robbers, he still indulged in the ideal of a life without restraints. The idea of liberty is again the central theme of *Intrigue and Love*, perhaps the most powerful German tragedy of the bourgeoisie. In it he expressed all his hatred of the scandalous conditions in those small princely courts, and exposed the upstarts who had climbed to power by crimes and bribes. The idea of liberty also inspires the great conflict between the ambitious Fiesco and the freedom-loving republicans of Genoa. *Don Carlos* became the manifesto of liberalism in its highest and most comprehensive sense, for there, some years before the French Revolution, the Marquis Posa says to Philip of Spain: "Sir, give us back freedom of thought." Here is genuine pathos, born of deep conviction. Here is life, poetic fire, and a wealth of thought which move every reader. Schiller had the gift of coining phrases which never die as, in German literature, only Goethe possessed besides him.

Thus Schiller can teach the world of today how will-power and talent can conquer even the greatest obstacles. We follow his development from spiritual ferment to maturity with admiration, for it may be called unique. He never travelled beyond Germany, and even of Germany he knew very little. But his creative imagination enabled him to depict completely strange forms of life and fate. When he dealt with the Thirty Years' War, it was the idea of liberty again which roused him, and which he found embodied in Gustavus Adolphus. A Heidelberg Professor once took the trouble to go through the sources which Schiller had used for his works on the Thirty Years' War and on the revolt of the Netherlands and was astonished to find what an immense mass of material he had studied, although being, one would think, a man only of literary and philosophical interests.

He who had never seen England or met an Englishman completely caught the atmosphere of the Elizabethan Court in his *Mary Stuart*. He was the first to try to unravel a character which is still something of a riddle to historians and psychologists. On the whole, he conceived

Elizabeth's character in the right manner, just as he did Wallenstein's, in her strength and weakness, in her wavering femininity and greatness as a ruler. It is true, he idealises and romanticises Mary as if she had been a penitent Magdalen, but he never loses sight of the historic aspect of that duel between two jealous women or of the world conflict between the Roman Catholic Church and Protestantism.

The most remarkable achievement of his creative phantasy is *Wilhelm Tell*. He had only books and ancient chronicles at his disposal, and what Goethe had told him of Switzerland and the places of the Tell saga, yet every detail is exact, and we can almost smell the air of the Alps and it became the national play of the Swiss. With his *Maid of Orleans*, although its ending, as Friedrich Hebbel has pointed out, is somewhat unsatisfactory, he conquered new spiritual realms for the stage—a field into which Bernard Shaw followed him with his *Saint Joan*.

Had Schiller any direct contact with politics after he had outgrown his *Sturm und Drang* period? It was the tragedy of the German nation that it reached the summit of its intellectual power through its classical poets when the German Reich experienced its deepest humiliation under Napoleon. Schiller, the herald of Rousseau's ideas and fighter for the liberation of the middle class, became conservative—already in his *Robbers* he made the law triumph over the rebels. He witnessed with horror the rule of the mob in Paris, and, like Goethe, thought the end of it all would be that one rascal would liquidate the other. But he felt just as little sympathy, let alone enthusiasm, for Napoleon. Unlike Goethe he was unable to grasp the importance of that phenomenon. But the Emperor's victories resulted in one decisive idea in Schiller's mind: Germany, crushed and humiliated, could only be saved by her cultural and artistic achievement. At first he thought of making Frederick the Great the hero of an epic poem, a sort of Iliad of the little German principalities, but he abandoned this plan when he realised how little sympathy, despite all his virtues, this hero merited. About 1804 he sketched a poem, *Of German Greatness*, expressing his fervent belief in Germany which, despite her unlucky fate, and despite what England and France had already achieved in the field of politics, would still win the race in the spiritual field. He knew that Germany lacked the political training of the English, the *esprit*, wit and polish of the French. But she had a greater virtue, namely to be able to appropriate the good from all sides without losing her originality, and thus he hoped could win an importance which the other countries did not possess. Goethe has left a sketch with similar ideas. He planned a congress of eminent German intellectuals, including Jews, having the same aim in mind as was expressed in Schiller's poem.

Utopian, indeed, for spiritual culture cannot flourish in a vacuum, and the German masses were not nearly mature enough for these grandiose plans: Goethe himself had often expressed his contempt for them. Yet we must contend that the two world wars and the moral devastation would never have occurred if the German nation had followed the lofty ideas of her great poets and thinkers with deeper understanding. The Germans should never have ignored Schiller's ideal of liberty nor the words hallowed by Beethoven's music: "Oh ye millions, I embrace you."

This kiss I give to the whole world." When Germany is celebrating the memory of its greatest poet after Goethe and most noble thinker, she should remember how terribly far away she has strayed from him. All mankind has reason, as has Germany, to beat its breast, for forgetting the motto which adorned the first edition of *The Robbers*: "*In tyrannos!*" Against all tyrants!

Stocksund, Sweden.

ERNST BENEDIKT.

THE PHILIPPINES

SO many countries of Asia found their independence in the era of liberal ideas that followed the second world war that an impartial record of the experiences of one of them is bound to be interesting, and perhaps instructive. Such an account has been published under the auspices of the American Institute of Pacific Relations.* It tells of the transition of the Philippines from a state of complete vassalage to political independence. The record shows that political freedom is but a shadow if it is not accompanied by economic freedom. As all the countries of Asia, with the exception of Japan, are desperately short of capital and of the modern technologies necessary to enable them to create this capital, the problem common to all is how to accept foreign aid without incurring obligations that impinge upon their sovereignty. A main premise is that the lender of capital has the right to be protected from malpractices that might dissipate his assets. In the Philippines we have a combination of factors—inexperience in administration coupled with graft and corruption on a scale not met with anywhere outside Nationalist China—that obliged that country to accept conditions from the United States in exchange for material aid that were tantamount to a surrender of sovereignty. To this extent the Philippines are an exception to what has obtained elsewhere in Asia. Moreover, the physical isolation of the Islands from the rest of Asia was intensified as a result of western political domination, since trade and economic development were inevitably orientated towards the colonial power. But there was economic development, and as a result the standard of living and the educational attainments of the Philippines, though low, were higher than elsewhere in South-East Asia.

U.S. interest in the Islands dates from 1898, when Admiral Dewey openly assisted a revolt against Spain. But the new masters did not grant independence to the people. They did much good work in education and to some extent in democratisation, but the Philippines found themselves more tied to the American economic system than ever they had been to the Spanish. Now and again timid statements were made by the American authorities pointing to the necessity for providing a sound economic foundation for a new independent Philippines, but the American vested interests that had swooped upon the Islands after the conquest frankly opposed this line of thought. However, the people of the country had accepted the American way of life to a degree sufficient for them to reject Japanese attempts during the occupation to accomplish what they

**American Economic Policy towards the Philippines.* By Shirley Jenkins (Stanford University Press, California, 4 dollars).

called a "moral rehabilitation." The country was divided between guerillas and collaborators, and, as elsewhere, the Japanese left in their wake a trail of robbery, inflation, poverty, discontent and disaster. Common gratitude would have obliged America to give assistance to a former possession. But there were forces more potent than gratitude. The Islands are strategically a vital link in the U.S. chain of Pacific defences: they are a key outpost of American arms and American policy in Asia, and a bankrupt country is a poor ally. It is important to our evaluation of American policy to bear this aspect in mind. During the colonial period the U.S. allowed considerable Filipinisation of the administration, but the basic assumption of the ruling power was that in finance and commerce there were special American ties, responsibilities and rights in the Philippines.

The internal economy of the Philippines had always had considerable weakness. Exports consisted of a few items—copra, hemp, coconut products, and sugar, and the Islands were virtually dependent on one country for its markets—America. This had been consistently developed by the U.S. in colonial times. There were fears in the U.S. at the turn of the century that Europe would more and more manufacture all it needed, securing raw materials from its colonies, and so rob the U.S. of a vital market. Hence the Philippines became a base from which to extend U.S. influence and trade in the East, with a special eye on China. The utter dependence of Philippine trade on the U.S. was largely the result of the adoption of free trade between the two countries in 1909. There was some opposition in America to this measure, largely due to the threat of cheap labour in Asia. American agriculture felt itself threatened by Philippine production; indeed American agriculture did not show the expansion enjoyed by industry after the first world war, and American agricultural prices fell from year to year. But American agriculture was looking externally, instead of righting its own internal shortcomings. The outcry against free trade was so great in both countries that in 1932 the U.S. Congress approved a Bill allowing for the abandonment of free trade after a period of 10 years; but the Bill contained clauses that were unacceptable to the Philippines, particularly measures for the establishment of permanent military and naval bases in the Islands. Two years later America modified the Bill to the extent of limiting military bases (though not naval bases) to a transitional period and promised political independence. The Philippines accepted these terms but sought to improve the economic bargain. The Act came into force in 1946. Most of the trade of the Islands, and the exclusive trade for some commodities, was with the American market. Total trade had grown from a value of 34m. dollars in 1899 to over 251m. dollars in 1940, the U.S. share having increased during this period from 16 per cent. to 75 per cent. of the total. It is interesting to note that trade with the United Kingdom fell during these years from 27 per cent. to 1 per cent. of the total. Under the Spanish regime Philippine commerce was divided among various countries, including the British East Indies, the United Kingdom, the United States, Spain, and China (in that order), but the free trade policy concentrated trade almost entirely on the American market. This free-trade relationship encouraged producers to con-

centrate on a few specialised export crops—sugar, copra, and hemp—and investment, both native and American, flowed into these lines to the exclusion of others. The preferential treatment given to these crops resulted in a lack of industrialisation. Dependence on plantation products with an over-specialised and unmechanised agriculture have produced the same evils the world over, low wages and poor living conditions. The Philippines were utterly dependent on the U.S., not only materially but morally also. Even with the knowledge that they would attain independence, they did nothing to reorganise their economy. Thus when they gained their freedom, and when the trade preferences which they had enjoyed came to an end, their economy received a very hard blow, since nothing had been done to develop new sources of income, to seek new markets, or to diversify production. The Philippines, though an agricultural country, had to import wheat and flour from the U.S. because through her specialisation on export crops she was unable to feed herself. The displaced agricultural workers were not able to turn to an expanding industrial system for employment, but remained a burden on an already exhausted land economy. The promotion of home industries, particularly needlework and embroidery, did not result in raising levels of living, but rather took advantage of existing low wages. The tragedy of the Islands was not so much that they lacked money, but that they lacked the determination to push through a programme of industrialisation and agrarian reform.

The ravages of the Japanese occupation of the Islands were assessed at approximately 800 m. dollars. UNRRA came on the scene immediately but were unable to allocate sufficient funds to meet all demands; and this help soon came to an end since it was decided that the Philippines were able to pay for relief and rehabilitation from the foreign exchange they had in the U.S. With the defeat of Japan, the Filipinos hoped that they would be able to develop their resources and obtain a larger share of Far Eastern trade. But events in Asia—the new Indonesia, Viet Nam resistance, insurrection in Burma and in Malaya, the partition of India, the awakening of China, and the split in Korea—put an end to Filipino wishful thinking. The danger of Communism in Asia wrought a fundamental change in the attitude of America to Japan. From the policy of de-industrialising Japan—never an economic proposition—the Americans hastened to turn their old enemies into the workshop of Asia, to the consternation of the Filipinos. But the Philippines were, nevertheless, helped in two ways. The U.S. Government voted 500m. dollars for reconstruction work in the Islands on condition that the Filipinos accepted special trading and political conditions, and in this respect the U.S. Government had paid to private parties over 388m. dollars and to the Philippine Government 55m. dollars by the spring of 1951. The other way in which the U.S. Government gave assistance was by transferring surplus war material to the Philippine Government, some of it admittedly not suitable to local needs. This transfer was the object of much looting, graft and corruption, and it was estimated that during the years 1945-47 some 300m. dollars had been lost through pilferage and loot. The dishonesty prevalent in the country can be gauged from the fact that the Philippine representatives on the Commission that effected

the transfer publicly expressed their expectation that the U.S. Government would make good the loss. The surplus material might have played an important part in the future industrial development of the country.

In these circumstances it is not surprising to find that the U.S. sought safeguards in any future assistance that they might give. The Philippine Trade Act (1946) or the Bell Act as it came to be known incorporated, with the financial assistance given, several unusual features calculated to safeguard American capital. Underlying the Act was the assumption that Philippine revival depended upon restoring trade with the U.S. and in stimulating a flow of American investment into the Islands. Free trade was continued, though on a gradually diminishing basis, followed by quotas on American imports of certain products; special privileges were granted to American investors, and the Philippine currency was tied to the dollar. Thus Philippine-American relations retained a quasi-colonial character. The Act was a compromise between the conflicting views of those Americans who sought closer ties with the Islands, of the merchants and investors, and of the agricultural community in the U.S. who feared Philippine competition and advocated severance of preferential relations. To the Philippines, too, the Act sought to bridge the gap between the immediate advantages of hastening economic recovery, and the disadvantages arising from an economy still closely bound to that of the U.S., with the limitations placed on the Philippine Republic's freedom of action in fixing its economic policy. The question of absolute quotas was much criticised. The quotas were granted almost entirely (except in the case of sugar) to a few major producers. The Philippine Constitution of 1935 had sought to safeguard the resources of the country by specifying that the development of these resources should be limited to its own citizens, or to corporations whose capital was at least 60 per cent. Philippine. The Trade Act now sought to amend this by allowing U.S. participation on the basis of equality. And to this end, in the face of much opposition, the Constitution had to be altered. The condition that the peso should be tied to the dollar was also criticised vigorously on the grounds that economically the Philippines would not be able to exercise exchange controls or regulate the flow of capital, and politically that the measure would perpetuate vassalage to the U.S. These measures were understandable given the lack of experience and the weakness to corruption of the Philippine administration. But what raised sardonic smiles in the Chancelleries of the world were the clauses in the Trade Act allowing the U.S. to maintain military and naval bases, thus perpetuating the colonial status of the Islands.

It may be asked why the terms were accepted in the face of such opposition. In the first place, the Filipinos were given to understand that no financial aid could be expected from the U.S. if the Act in its entirety were not accepted. The need of the country was such that both candidates in the Presidential election of 1946 appealed for acceptance. With regard to the most controversial clause—that allowing equal rights to Americans and Filipinos and one which required the amendment of the Constitution—Roxas, who became the successful candidate, said after a visit to Washington: "No parity, no money." This pill was made easier to swallow by the U.S. High Commissioner in the Philippines declaring

that the provision was intended to encourage the small American man—the small business man, the engineer, the consultant, the oil-driller, etc.—to go to the Philippines. Big business, he said, needed no encouragement. In spite of all this, it was evident two years after the war that, notwithstanding large American grants for rehabilitation and trade arrangements designed to cushion the shock of independence, Philippine economic recovery was slow. The American grants and military expenditure had not been spent on long-term capital investment but in merchandising with big profits, the benefits of which were unevenly distributed, Philippine finances were being sustained only by a flow of dollars which would soon come to an end. A superficial prosperity concealed the fundamentally precarious economic position of the new state. The acute agrarian problem festered in the continued insurgency of the Hukbalahap, a faction consisting mainly of peasants led by intellectuals, which was strongly tinged by Communism, but which had violently opposed the Japanese occupation. Low production resulted not only in higher prices but in unemployment and disturbed labour conditions. Of a labour force of 7½m. nearly 1½m. were unemployed in 1948. The economic situation became worse in 1949: unemployment continued, dollar reserves were used up, the fiscal position deteriorated, and there was great political instability. Declining prices in world markets affected the production of the two main crops—hemp and sugar. The adverse balance of trade worsened, and import controls on luxury imports had to be imposed; by 1950-51 there was a full scale economic depression.

In the meantime the political situation in the country gave no encouragement to investors. The presidential election of 1949 was marked by widespread violence and fraud: ballot boxes were seized and sold to the highest bidders, election officials were kidnapped, while the returns from some districts simply vanished. The twin situation of political unrest and of the parlous economic health of the country is well described in the book before us. The American experiment in the Philippines is typical of what the Americans were to undertake in many other parts of the world. It has seemed the destiny of the U.S. to have to help a struggling world through mixed motives of humanity (and there have been great examples of this) and of the selfish interests of Big Business; and sometimes to help deserving peoples and sometimes undeserving. To put the question of American aid in its true perspective we must remember that this is one world and that poverty anywhere is a threat to prosperity everywhere. And not least, there is the latent threat to world markets that is kept hovering over her by Russia and her brood of unborn empires.

L. DELGADO.

THOMAS HOOD

GRIMALDI is said to have begged a doctor to cure him of deep-rooted melancholy. True or not, the story springs from popular belief that a clown hides a breaking heart behind his wide-lipped grin. "Laugh, Pagliacci!" is the command, though private happiness

lies shattered at his feet. This theory is no doubt based on the fact that an excess of any individual quality is frequently concealed under a display of its opposite. If the pendulum swings too far in one direction, it must swing as far on the other side to reach an equilibrium. Modern psychology has taught us to suspect the over-zealous Puritan of secret lasciviousness, the militant Pacifist of an extra dose of aggression; the swashbuckling hero of hidden tremors and perhaps the exaggerated philanthropist of buried resentment against all mankind. Thomas Hood commented on the proximity between the serious and the ludicrous, laughter and tears. "Thus tears are seen at festivals, and smiles at funerals; nay laughter, in the writer's experience, has mingled with lamentation in the chamber of death." (*Tynney Hall*) Hood himself, one of England's minor comic poets, illustrates in his own life the theory of over-compensation.

This slight, pale, melancholy man, who died of consumption at the age of 45, found his success in making people laugh. The jester, whose "lively vein of inoffensive and humorous satire," was praised by Scott, struggled incessantly against poverty and physical suffering. According to the evidence of his contemporaries, his expression was habitually solemn rather than merry, betraying more of sadness than of mirth. With a social conscience as acute as that of Dickens he came to earn his living by editing and illustrating comic Annuals, having, in Proctor's words, "given up serious poetry for the sake of cracking the shell of jokes which have not always a kernel." He owed money, he spat blood, yet his stock-in-trade was fun. The man who aroused the public with the fierce indictment of *The Song of the Shirt*, is remembered as a humorist, if he is now remembered at all.

The Hoods came of Scottish peasant stock. Thomas Hood's paternal grandfather had three sons, of whom one became a saddler, one a butcher, while Thomas, the eldest, was apprenticed to a book-seller in Dundee. Later he came to London, entered a publishing-house, ending up as a partner, and is said to have opened up the book trade with America. He wrote a little himself, causing his son later to declare: "There was a dash of ink in my blood. My father wrote two novels." Thomas Hood, Senior, married Elizabeth Sands, sister of an engraver. Thomas the poet, born on May 23, 1799, was the second son, one of a large family; several of them died of consumption and he himself was delicate from birth. He was a quiet sensitive child, and although he seems to have had a liking for practical jokes, he was anything but the kind of rollicking lad whom one might have expected to develop into a humorist.

He was sent to a local school where in his own words, "young gentlemen are literally boarded, lodged, and done for" and where, under dreary conditions, they were "over-tasked and undertaught." His impression of schooldays is recorded in his *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Clapham Academy*:

There I was birch'd! there I was bred!
 There like a little Adam fed
 From Learning's woeful tree!
 The weary tasks I used to con!—
 The hopeless leaves I wept upon!—
 Most fruitless leaves to me!

Yet there were pleasant memories of schooldays too, of merry companions and of games with top or ball or kite, and the poem ends with the lines:

Thou'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—

Soon come, soon gone! and Age at last

A sorry *breaking-up*!

The poet's father died during the boy's childhood, so that at the age of 14 he began to try and earn his living in a City counting-house, his stool "a Pegasus on three legs, every foot of course being a dactyl or spondee." The sedentary indoor life was so bad for him that he soon had to give it up, and was apprenticed instead to his maternal uncle, the engraver, Robert Sands. As his health still did not improve he was sent to Scotland, to stay with his father's relations, in the hope that he might benefit by a few weeks of complete change. That was in 1815. The weeks lengthened into months, and it was not until 1817 that he returned home once more. While in Scotland he contributed to a local paper, began a *Guide of Dundee* in verse, and tried his hand at a rhymed romantic narrative, *The Bandit*, in Byronic vein.

Back in London he continued to write, and also read voraciously, and soon gave up the craft of engraving for literature. His mother's death in 1821 left him with the responsibility for his sisters, but fortunately in the same year he was appointed to the staff of *The London Magazine*, thus ensuring regular work of the kind which he liked best. Contributors included Lamb, Hazlitt and de Quincey, all of whom he met at editorial dinners. Hood soon became one of "The Wits," as the coterie called itself, and made friends with Lamb in particular. In due course he became assistant editor, and prided himself on his humorous rejections. On a later occasion he declared that an editor's "hardest work is writing refusals to literary ladies, who *will* write poetry, and *won't* write it well."

A friend of his and also of Keats, John Reynolds, had a daughter with whom Hood fell in love. Her parents disapproved of a suitor who was both impecunious and in bad health, but Jane had her way, and they were married at St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, on May 5, 1825. It was a happy marriage from beginning to end. The time came when he wrote to her that she had made him, and bade her "lay up that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail." Jane understood her husband in all his moods, from profound melancholy to light-hearted fun. "Hood, Hood, how can you run on so?" she would protest adoringly when he teased her. He was much given to verbal humour, especially puns, as for instance, when he sent an interfering lady of his acquaintance a gift of *medlars*. Puns are not to every taste, and *Punch* once published some rather cruel mockery at the expense of "Mr. T. Hood, Professor of Punmanship."

The Hoods had three children, the first a little girl who did not live, inspiring Lamb to write *On an Infant Dying as soon as Born*. The other two, Frances (Fanny) born in 1830, and Tom five years later, both survived their father. He worked incessantly to support his family, writing prose tales and poetry, a bad sprawling novel called *Tylney Hall*, dramatic criticism and humorous contributions for various periodicals. He edited *The Gem* and later *The Comic Annual*, and published *Whims and Oddities in Prose and Verse*, illustrated by himself. Before marriage

he had already collaborated in the text of an opera, *Gil Blas*, and in *Odes and Addresses to Great People*. In spite of all his industry he was dogged by bad luck in all he undertook except his marriage. Publishers failed, periodicals closed down, and he was for ever in financial straits. The Duke of Devonshire, who lent him money, "has been, and is, of the greatest service in a temporary struggle—though arduous enough for one of a profession never overburthened with wealth, from Homer downwards. Indeed, the Nine Muses seem all to have lived in one house for cheapness." Commissioned by the duke to draw up imaginary titles for a door of sham books, he made a list of which the best were, *Malthus' Attack of Infantry by Single Entry Bookkeeping*, and *John Knox on Death's Door*.

In 1835 he decided to leave England for a time in order to economize, life on the Rhine, according to him, being cheaper than at Brighton. He went to Coblenz, and in due course sent for his wife and children, and the family remained abroad for two years. Hood did not care for the Germans. He found them grasping and extremely anti-English. "They covet our riches, they resent our political influence, and perhaps are jealous of the distinction shown to the English in some of the highest quarters." He took lessons in the language from a German Jew, whom he much preferred to the "Jew Germans."

He made friends with a young officer of English extraction, and when the lieutenant's regiment was ordered to march to Brandenburg, he accepted an invitation to accompany the troops; he went partly by coach and partly on horseback, wrapped in a long military-looking cloak, which led people to take him for an army doctor or chaplain. Billeted *en route* at the house of a local burgomaster, he gravely informed him that he too was a mayor in his own country. In Berlin he dined with Prince Radziwill, who had read *Tylney Hall*, and was glad to entertain an English author of distinction. While in Germany he worked as hard as ever, continuing still to edit and illustrate *The Comic Annual*, and publishing *Up the Rhine*, which sold 1,500 copies in a fortnight. "Pa's a literary man," said one of his children, to which the other replied firmly: "He's not a literary man—he's an invalid." So accustomed indeed were they to the symptoms of disease, that Tom took spitting blood for granted as a prerogative of adults, convinced that he too would be able to do it as soon as he grew up.

Tylney Hall was republished in a series of standard novels, and Hood sold the copyright to afford the journey home. "I have moved only just in time," he wrote in a letter, "for I feel convinced that the Rhine was killing me, between hurry, worry, delay, tedium, disgust, the climate, and the diet, and the consciousness with all these disadvantages of no very great improvement besides in health."

The Committee of the Royal Literary Fund offered him £50, but he refused the gift. In 1840 he contributed to *The New Monthly Magazine*, and was appointed editor the following year. He was friendly with Dickens and attended the dinner given to celebrate the latter's return from America, at which many famous authors were present. He had always written some serious poetry, including *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, *the Murderer* and *The Haunted House*, of which latter Poe

said that it alone "would have sufficed to render him immortal." But his best-known poem was still to come.

A woman was charged at Lambeth Police Office with pawning some things belonging to her employer. She was a sempstress, making trousers for sevenpence a pair, which enabled her to earn seven shillings a week, a sum sufficient according to her employer on which to support herself and her two young children. The case aroused public interest and Hood dramatized it in a poem, *The Song of the Shirt*, with repetition of the memorable lines, "Stitch! stitch! stitch! In poverty, hunger and dirt." It appeared in 1843, in the Christmas number of *Punch*, and made an immense sensation. It was sung in the streets, it was translated into foreign languages, it was printed on cotton handkerchiefs and it trebled the circulation of *Punch*, but it brought no wealth to its author. In a letter to the *Athenæum* on the subject of copyright, he once wrote, referring to the plight of the literary man: "He writes for bread, and gets it short weight; for money and gets the wrong change; for the Present, and he is pirated;—for the Future and his children are disinherited for his pains. At last he sickens, as he well may, and can write no more . . . And so he dies a beggar, with the world in his debt."

Early in 1844 he embarked on a venture of his own, *Hood's Monthly Magazine and Comic Miscellany*, in order to supply "Harmless Mirth for the Million," for those oppressed by hard times, heavy taxes and so on. In spite of famous contributors he suffered from his usual ill-luck; a partner without means, and quarrels with printers and about payment delayed some issues. Hood became very ill, and although one of his friends edited the magazine for nothing, and Dickens, Browning and Landor helped with special contributions, the paper failed. Ill though he was, Hood could still be moved by cruelty, and wrote *The Lay of the Labourer* on the case of an unemployed lad who, for a misdemeanour, had received sentence of transportation for life.

Gifts and offers of help came pouring in. Sir Robert Peel arranged a Government pension of £100 a year for life for Jane, because he so greatly admired the poet for "the good sense and good feeling, which have taught you to infuse so much fun and merriment into writings correcting folly, and exposing absurdities, and yet never trespassing beyond those limites within which wit and facetiousness are not often confined." Hood died on May 3, 1845. A memorial fund was raised for the family, and a monument was erected to him at Kensal Green cemetery. Donations included many with humble signatures, "a poor needlewoman," "twelve poor men," and so on.

Politically Hood was a Radical, and would no doubt have been a Socialist in these days. He was religious by temperament, but not conventionally so, and he detested any show of piety. All his life he made people laugh, and shortly before his death he made some of his own friends laugh so much that he had to desist, for fear of unjustifiable "comicide." There might well have been a comic mask, or else cap and bells on his monument; instead there was a crest of his own device, representing "a heart pierced with a needle, threaded with silver tears."

INDIANS IN MAURITIUS

THERE are today some four million Indians outside India who have settled for the most part in British colonies. One of every twelve overseas Indians lives in the little South Indian Ocean island known by the name of Mauritius. This Crown colony was the first to receive Indian immigrants in the early thirties of the last century. Slavery had been abolished and manumitted slaves had developed so great a disgust for all agricultural work that they decided not to till the soil any more. History records that half of them died as a direct result of this misplaced aversion.¹ Mauritian planters were faced with ruin. It is then that they had the idea of getting cheap labour from India, an agricultural country where labourers had low wages. Even before the advent of the British this island had a sprinkling of Indians. The French occupied the island in the first decades of the eighteenth century. They were fortunate in having Labourdonnais as one of their early governors. Labourdonnais, "the greatest of all governors of Mauritius," turned the island from a wild forest into an inhabitable spot. And in this stupendous task he had the willing co-operation of Indian artisans he had brought from Pondicherry and other parts of French India that is now fast disappearing. The latter gave so good an account of themselves that Godeheu wrote in his diary—a historical document of no mean importance—that they richly deserved a long leave that could enable them to go back home where their countrymen would be prevailed upon to go out to Mauritius in greater numbers.

It is in 1810 that the British captured Mauritius or, to be more exact, *Ile-de-France*. They came all the way from India and had thousands of sepoy with them. The general that led the expedition congratulated "both the officers and the soldiers, whether they were Indian or European" on their feat.² So before the advent of labourers, Indian artisans and soldiers had reached Mauritian shores. The first British Governor came from India. While he was in the Indian Civil Service he had ample opportunity to see that Indians could only be a valuable asset as they were spendthrift and industrious. It occurred to him that even convicts from India could help to develop the land. Indian convicts came as early as 1815 and they justified his hope. Stalwart Indians were seen constructing the main roads. Darwin felt drawn to them during his historic stay. The convicts were for the most part "Sepoys who had been guilty of military insubordination or political offences. . . . They bore their exile with all the indifference of their race. The only crime of which they were known to be guilty was the murder of one or two of their inspectors, by whom they had been treated with cruelty."³ There were too some Indians who were plying their trade in Port Louis the capital. They had come mostly from the Punjab and Gujarat. "Skilled craftsmen and

¹ Henri Magny fils. — The former slaves refused to work judging that they would not enjoy full liberty if they went back to the work that was a reminder of their previous state.—Jules Leclercq, *Au pays de Paul et Virginie*, 1895.

² *Gazette de l'Ile Maurice*, 22.5.1811.

³ Rev. Patrick Beaton, M.A., *Five Years in Mauritius* (James Nisbet and Co., London, August 1858).

engineers from Madras and Pondicherry"¹ also were contributing their mite.

As we have seen, the crying need for Indian labour was responsible for the arrival of another class of Indians. Nor were they less useful. Their piety, patience, temperance, gentleness and courtesy at once earned them the praise of those under whom they worked. The efforts they put forth led the planters to apply for more labourers. Tens of thousands of Indian immigrants arrived in quick succession so that one fine morning in the second half of the nineteenth century the Indian minority became a majority. The immigrants came to stay. Their children began to go to school. In 1865, the then Superintendent of Government Schools wrote that "their mental capacities are of no inferior order." The son of an immigrant topped the list of the successful candidates that sat for the "Pupil Teachers' Competitive Examination" held in 1864. Despite the progress achieved by a handful of Indians the masses remained inarticulate for more than half a century. If the world came to know at times that the masters were not always kind to them it was thanks to the humanitarianism of the members of the Anti-Slavery Society that would not brook the inhumanity of men who ought to have known better than to bully genuine co-operators who could turn every idle hour to account. The indignities suffered by the immigrants were materials that were made common coin by numerous contributors to *The British Friend of India*, a London periodical. Once numerous Indians resolved to suffer imprisonment in pursuit of justice.²

The period that preceded the arrival of Gandhi was markedly dull. His visit is a landmark in the history of Mauritius Indians. He landed here towards the close of 1901. Hindus and Muslims vied with each other to welcome him. His fame had spread far and wide as a consequence of the victories he had scored in South Africa. The newspapers of the day shed their chauvinism for once. The honour of his visit overwhelmed all Mauritians. Mauritius Indians stepped into a new era. Their illustrious countryman was given a warm welcome wherever he went. The press agreed that his stay was a historic one although he was our honoured guest for only a fortnight. Gandhi chalked out, as it were, a programme for the future. He admonished the Indian traders and labourers to send their children to school. The traders were absorbed in their business and never so much as dreamt that education was desirable. Anybody else's admonition would have left them cold. Mr. Gandhi was a genuine guide, so the lesson was not lost upon them. He did not come on a fruitless errand. Our guest had said in a memorable speech that was as lengthy as it was interesting that Indians had come of age and should accordingly be interested in Mauritian politics. He spoke with unrestricted frankness. His words came as a very invigorating tonic. This well meant and timely advice helped Mauritius Indians out of their

¹ *Local Government and the Colonies*. Edited by Rita Hinden.

² On their arrival in the Isle of France, they found their condition so totally different to what they had been led to expect that, patient and submissive as these men naturally are they "all within a short period refused to work, abandoned their places of labour, crowded the public roads and filled the streets and police office of Port Louis." The masters were now as desirous of sending them out of the island as the men were to return home. . . .—*The British Friend of India Magazine and Indian Review* for April, 1842.

difficulty. But for three decades or so all about the visit paid to Mauritius was clean forgotten. Years passed uneventfully. Many Indian planters had grown rich after World War I when there was a phenomenal rise in the price of sugar. Except for the generous act of the Indo-Mauritian planter who spent tens of thousands of rupees to erect a munificent building that housed a school in his native village, the Indians were practically inactive.

An interval elapsed between Mahatma Gandhi's visit and the new awakening witnessed among Indo-Mauritians of late. The relentless efforts made in almost all fields of activity by an element that was politically non-existent at last bore fruit. The country was awarded a new constitution in 1947. The important Indian languages that are spoken in the island obtained official recognition. Adults of both the sexes who can read and write simple sentences not only in English or in French but also in Hindi, Tamil or Gujarati can now become electors. The number of electors increased six-fold, rising from 12,000 to 72,000. The Indo-Mauritians captured 11 seats, the Coloured 7, and the Whites obtained 1 seat at the General Elections held in 1948. The 1953 Elections had the same results with this difference that instead of 11 Hindus this time 10 Hindus and 1 Muslim were returned. The elders had had their innings. The contemporaries followed in their footsteps. At one bound they became a force in the country. A new epoch set in. Nor do the latter as a whole prove unworthy of the trust placed in them. Their heart bleeds when the common fatherland does not receive its due. Last year, some members of the Legislative Council expressed the wish to send a delegation to London. An Indo-Mauritian member who has a good grasp of questions relating to Mauritian affairs hinted that even if the delegation were to reach London the apathy of the British press would nullify the effect it could produce; if that press remained what it is it would only place a tiny and neglected colony like Mauritius at a great disadvantage. That idea had been expressed sincerely. And it did not go unnoticed: a British weekly¹ wrote:—"He (the Indo-Mauritian member) shows an unfailing knowledge of our press and its attitude to colonial problems." He who is today anxious to serve his fatherland shows the same solicitude that his immigrant forefathers showed in days gone by.

Gandhi was of the definite opinion that Indians should throw in their lot with their non-Indian neighbours. He said once:—"When I was in South Africa, I tried to use as many things as I could made by African hands."² Except for a spell, his message, has, across the decades, kindled in the Indo-Mauritian's heart the desire to be of some service to the land of his adoption. This is why he has ceased to be a mere looker-on. It is the Mahatma's liberal-mindedness that endeared him to one and all. His words are echoed and re-echoed today; but unfortunately for us few are the Indo-Mauritian leaders whose gestures are approved of by the non-Indian press. The others are too often thrown off their balance. They fall foul of a certain section of the Mauritian community only because that section happens to belong exclusively to one race, and are full of praise for another only because it differs racially from the one

¹ *Socialist Outlook*, February 26, 1954.

² D. G. Tendulkar, *Mahatma*, Vol. 4.

that is looked down upon. The redeeming feature is that the masses are not prepared to do the bidding of those who think in terms of race or the like. At this critical juncture communal harmony is a desideratum that cannot be valued too highly. It must not be merely a pious wish. Indo-Mauritians are 335,000 strong as against non-Indians numbering 165,000, i.e., they number 67 per cent of the total population.¹ Any rash act that can lead non-Indians to believe that they are being over-powered by sheer numerical strength will have disastrous results. Indo-Mauritians have no wish to migrate to India, the country of their forbears. They have made their own the island that required their labour. So far they have not been guilty of any offence that can mark them out as enemies of the land. If they do not allow themselves to be misguided by the counsel of despair their presence will no doubt be hailed as a blessing. It is a happy sign of the times that the good example set by Mahatma Gandhi is influencing in the right direction all those who are here not to disturb the peace of the island. Nor is the interference of the disturbing element, undesirable as that is, felt as a serious difficulty. Spade work has been done with astonishing rapidity. It now remains for all elements to be tolerant enough to let a country that is only a speck on the globe continue to enjoy the reputation of being a tiny and quiet spot.

B. BISSOONDOYAL.

Mauritius.

¹ *Report on Mauritius 1953.*

WALKS AND TALKS WITH MARK RUTHERFORD

DOES anyone, I wonder, read the novels of Mark Rutherford today? I rather fear not, yet these novels of his "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford," "Mark Rutherford's Deliverance," "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane," "Miriam's Schooling" and others rank very high in the list of great English novelists and were acknowledged by the best of critics of his generation worthy of place in the forefront of our great prose writers. He died in 1913 at the age of 82, too soon to have been forgotten, but the years since his death have been so full of terrible events, and life in this country has so completely changed in these forty years that have elapsed, and the taste in literature and art so altered that perhaps it is not surprising that the present generation of readers scarcely knows the name of Mark Rutherford. But I feel sure that, as so often happens, he will come into his own again later and take his right place among the greatest English novelists and as the writer of noble prose worthy to be compared with that of Ruskin and other immortals.

It was my great privilege and pleasure to be introduced to William Hale White—who took the pseudonym of Mark Rutherford for his novels—when I was a young woman of about 25 and he was just over 61 having recently retired from the Admiralty and settled in Hastings. He had already written the four novels already named, and was living with his only daughter Molly, a year younger than myself. My sister Frances, a journalist, who had known Mark Rutherford for some time and was then living at St.

Leonards, took me up to see him at High Wickham, his delightful little house on the top of the cliff, overlooking the sea, and with his telescope in the garden through which he was so fond of watching the stars. "I forget my troubles and problems and those of the world" he used to say to me later "when I gaze at the planets and the stars revolving eternally in their place." Like my sister I became his devoted friend and admirer and remained so for some twenty years, my sister as well as my brothers Sidney and Walter having written some of the earliest appreciations of his work in well-known magazines and journals. His daughter and I "took" to each other, and as she had only recently lost her mother I think she was glad to know me, and she soon invited me to stay with them in my summer holidays—I was then a High School teacher—an invitation that was repeated for many years.

Mark Rutherford was then a very vigorous man, young for his years, handsome and stocky, and he loved walking in the country. His daughter was rather delicate and had her household duties to attend to, and so, happily for me, when he went on his morning walk from about 11 to 1, he often asked me to accompany him. He always liked intelligent young women and though in many ways he was a reserved man, if he really cared for a friend, man or woman, he was a perfect companion, treating you as an equal, and talking on all subjects that interested *him*, assuming that if you were a sensible person, you, too, would be interested in them. And in how many subjects and persons was he not interested! He knew I was a teacher of literature, history and German, and he would talk, and get me to talk on his beloved writers, on Carlyle and Ruskin, on Wordsworth and Coleridge, on Tennyson and on Milton. We would walk along the cliffs to Fairlight and Pett and beyond, and sit on the edge of the Commons, and then perhaps with a volume of poetry in his hand he would discourse and read aloud, always asking me my views. I remember, during one holiday, it was Coleridge and Wordsworth he mostly talked of, for he was then assisting his friend Thomas Hutchinson, who was busy on an Edition of Wordsworth. And it was not only of poets and writers he talked but also of artists. He was particularly devoted to the Pre-Raphaelites and Constable among the moderns and had a very great admiration for Rembrandt. The latter's "Portrait of His Mother" he told me he considered the greatest portrait in the world. How well do I remember a walk one lovely August morning some 60 years ago, when sea and sky were of that perfect translucent blue, flecked with little clouds that make the world a glorious place to be alive in. "Bliss was it then to be alive," and (turning to me) "to be young was very Heaven," said Mark Rutherford. And he himself *was* young at that moment and his face, as ever when he admired something lovely or remembered a beloved friend, was illumined and beautiful, though generally it was somewhat grave and austere.

I look up in my diary the exquisite August day I walked with him to Pett Common and he told me this was the scene of Millais' "Blind Girl." "Millais," he said, "like Wordsworth revealed something that no one else except Beethoven has revealed to me. It touches me today, me, a man over 60, as it touched me when I was less than half that age. Of course, Wordsworth has always meant more to me than any other writer; perhaps because I read the Lyrical Balads when I was quite a young man, full of

doubts and perplexities, with no one with whom I could discuss my problems. He gave me life and hope and showed me the beauties of Nature and of human nature. From the hour when I read Wordsworth I can truly say I was a different man." Then he abruptly broke off, feeling perhaps he had said too much. He spoke as he wrote—in simple, beautiful language, based largely, I think, on the Bible which he was never tired of reading, and on Ruskin whom he so greatly admired. He never spoke "down" to his companion. I was only a young and inexperienced woman, of no particular interest or cleverness, but he treated me almost as an equal. I think he liked young women better than young men, but he had many older men friends, and on his walks he often stopped to talk to the country folk, many of whom he knew. I remember long talks he had with a coastguardsman and a washerwoman while I strolled on.

I cannot remember much about many of our walks and talks at Crowborough, though I must have been there in 1903 and 1904. But I have long notes during that period of conversations on the Welsh Non-Conformist preacher Caleb Morris (1800-1865), to whom Mark Rutherford owed so much in his youth when he was faced with so many difficulties after his expulsion from the Non-Conformist College in London for his religious views, and was living by himself in lodgings and was very lonely. He worked for some time for that erratic character John Chapman, the Editor of the "Westminster Review," where he met George Eliot. Caleb Morris was then preaching to large congregations at the Fetter Lane Chapel, later at the Eccleston Square Chapel, and when he fell into ill-health in the drawing-room of his own home in Mecklenburgh Square. He was a man of great eloquence and at the early age of 27 he received a unanimous call to the Fetter Lane Chapel where he attracted large congregations of men and women of all classes—scientists, doctors, men of letters, teachers, society folk, working men and women. His was a most impressive figure in the pulpit, Mark Rutherford told me. A fine, handsome man of noble stature, with very black curly hair and brilliant eyes, his whole physique as he leaned over the desk was thrilling and awe-inspiring. He was eloquent, but never sensational; his language, based on the Bible, was simple, passionate, picturesque; what he said was beautiful in its tolerance, its intellectual understanding, its spirituality and its poetical feeling. "Can you imagine what he meant to me as a young man?" said Mark Rutherford. "He gave me hope, belief in God and man. He was outside all chapels, churches and creeds and preached the love of the Divine Father and His Son. His outbursts of eloquence were almost electric on his hearers."

I have the most vivid remembrance of a fortnight's visit to Mr. Hale White and his daughter at East Bergholt where he had had a house lent him. We had many delightful walks together to the scenes of Constable's pictures which he loved dearly—to Flatford Mill and Dedham, to the stream where "The Haywain" was painted, and at that time, more than 50 years ago, that part of Suffolk remained much as it was in the artist's lifetime. "In its way," said Mark Rutherford, "Constable's country is not to be matched in England; its influence on me was greater than that of mountains and waterfalls and his pictures have meant more to me than any others, dearly as I loved the early Italians, Rembrandt and the Pre-Raphaelites." He always compared Constable with Wordsworth who

had been such a potent influence on his youth when he read for the first time "The Lyrical Ballads." "Both men," he said, "saw the beauty of the nature around them and of everyday life and of humble men and women, of the stream and the clouds, both had a simplicity the one in words, the other with the brush, which I see nowhere else to the same extent."

At Groombridge where Mark Rutherford lived for about eight years till his death in 1913 I did not have many long walks with him, as he was in poor health, and I did not get down each year. I remember how very pleased he was with an article my sister Frances wrote in "The Fortnightly Review" in 1908—"An Appreciation of Mark Rutherford." He wrote to her in a letter of that year that it was "one of the most understanding reviews he had ever had." I think during this period he was making a study of Carlyle's "John Sterling," for I have among my latest notes several talks on this subject. I had read and loved this book as a girl and it was a delight to discuss it with one who not only loved and admired the man for himself, for his utter sincerity and nobility of mind, but because of his admiration for Carlyle's biography. He quoted to me J. S. Mill's remark about Sterling that "he would gladly exchange powers of usefulness with him and that the mere fact of such a man living or breathing among us has an incalculable influence." One morning he devoted almost entirely to Sterling and Caroline Fox, both of whom he admired and loved. I noted in my diary that he told me he was writing a Preface to Carlyle's "John Sterling" and had found the Journals of Caroline Fox most helpful. "I think there is no doubt," he said, "that it was the personality of Sterling, his attractive gift of understanding people and winning their sympathy, far more than his actual writings, that so impressed people and was so stimulating." He talked much of Caroline Fox and the Quakers. She was highly intellectual and in her father's house at Falmouth she met some of the most interesting men of the day, scientists and literary men, and discussed with them on apparently more or less equal terms some of the profound subjects of the day. Mark Rutherford quoted to me from memory Carlyle's words on Sterling: "To all friends and all good causes this man is true. . . . True, above all, one may call him; a man of perfect veracity, in thought, deed and word. . . . A more perfectly transparent soul I have never known." In 1907 Hale White's Preface to Carlyle's "John Sterling" appeared in the *World's Classics* and this volume he later presented to me, and also "The Journals of Caroline Fox," now among my most precious possessions.

Our walks during his last years were few and short, for he was now old and had lost some of his wonderful mental vitality and physical vigour. He spoke much of his early years, of Bedford, and of his life in London and of his love and admiration for George Eliot—the Theresa of *The Autobiography* and of his work with a few poor, lonely men in Drury Lane, where he and a friend had rented a room. He never spoke of his novels to me, indeed so little did he ever talk of his writings to anyone that his daughter, his devoted companion for so many years, told me she never knew of the "Autobiography," "The Deliverance" and "Miriam's Schooling" till her 21st birthday, some years after their publication, when her eldest brother, Sir William Hale White, gave her a set of their

father's then published works. He spoke much of his old friends, especially of Philip Webb, the architect, Mr. Colenutt, a grocer in the Isle of Wight, and of a sister-in-law, a remarkable woman. He had friends of both sexes in all classes, and his courtesy to all women, be she laundry-woman, a maid in his own home, a highly intellectual woman or a lady of high degree, was beautiful to see. All who have his books will remember his unforgettable portraits of women and his wonderful description of the passionate heroine of "*Miriam's Schooling*," as a girl.

He spoke little of religion, though I remember several talks on Immortality, some of which I noted down. "I cannot believe," he said, "in personal immortality, it seems to me unthinkable. But of one thing I am certain, that thought and love survive in some form, and that is enough for me." He often referred to the conversion of St. Paul, or as he sometimes called it, the "revelation." "It comes to many. We cannot explain it, but it is more real than our daily life." He had a truly wonderful memory and often quoted to me a sentence of Carlyle's written in a letter to his father in 1850: "A man can and must save himself, with or without the sympathy of others, as it may chance." Also a passage from George Eliot of which he was very fond: "By desiring what is perfect, even when we do not know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower." There is much, much more to say of this noble writer, so neglected by the present generation of readers, but whose books will ever be a help and a consolation to those whose minds are beset by the "obstinate questionings" and the still profoundly mysterious problems of the world, in spite of the marvels of science.

FLORENCE B. LOW.

PROBLEMS OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA

MORE than twenty years experience of the African, for the most part spent while trying to guide his reluctant feet onto the path of progress, gives anyone the right to discuss the proper development of equatorial Africa and the treatment of its inhabitants. It is pitifully easy to criticise, especially when such glaring mistakes are being made, but if anyone indulges in criticism then he must be constructive to help solve the problems that are ever growing difficult. One thing should be understood in the beginning. Most of the separate African countries at present have populations less than ten million, but they are each two, three, or four times the size of the United Kingdom. Africa is a vast continent, but at the same time the inhabited areas are small. It is all very well saying that there are immense potentials and widespread areas of land awaiting development, but progress is costly and slow when the work is attempted, and the open spaces cannot be inhabited until the essential development has been accomplished. There are tsetse flies, erratic rainfalls, lack of permanent water supplies and weird trace element deficiencies in the soil to overcome, besides the lack of transport and inaccessibility. Meanwhile the populations are herded together in tribal areas where there are only pockets of watered and fertile land for the

village settlements to occupy, and these may be ten, fifteen and twenty miles apart. As the people increase in these restricted regions so must some accept the burden of terracing slopes, of creating unsatisfactory water supplies by digging reservoirs to catch the run-off during rain, and of cultivating a poorer soil that requires building up in fertility and texture. The Africans are reluctant to do this and they are not always communally minded. They are not easily coaxed or coerced into building a future for themselves.

If all countries were like Britain, which depends on its industrial exports to win money to buy food, the world would soon starve. The African people cannot build up a future on industries alone, and find higher wages and a better standard of living by turning their surplus populations into technicians employed by manufacturing trades, as they are being encouraged to do today. The whole population must be fed, and such a policy would merely be placing a greater burden on those who are left to cultivate the soil. The Western European populations of a higher standard of civilization are learning to control their birth rates in accordance with economy. They cannot be expected to spare food for improvident peoples who disregard their responsibilities and double their numbers in a couple of decades; food which they are expected to give free of cost to prevent people dying of starvation because they are too poor to pay for what is supplied. We have committed ourselves to guiding peoples to self-government who may become parasitic on ourselves if they are not taught, nay forced to become responsible for their own livelihood. For this reason alone it is incumbent on us to teach these peoples how to govern their own destinies as soon as possible. In fact, we are approaching the time when we ourselves may shamefully try to buy food and raw products from peoples who have not enough for themselves.

If, instead of delegating such responsibilities we shoulder all the problems ourselves, we shall never teach the Africans to supply themselves and be responsible for their own birth rate. The report of the Sorghum Mission to British African Territories, Colonial Publication No. 2, is a case in point. In this the proposals were nothing less than the nationalization of food growing for the expected populations to come. Some twenty vast mechanised schemes were proposed, at the risk of grave financial loss, to supply grain in storage as an insurance against famine. Although there were tentative suggestions that the African peoples should become "participating cultivators," it cannot be said that they would be bearing the responsibility for providing enough food for themselves. A dangerous precedent would be established; that of nationalizing the production of food instead of concentrating on encouraging the African to adopt mechanisation himself, and grow more food near his own village in a modern and enlightened manner. He should be subsidised in the beginning to help himself, and then learn the hardship of providing for all the children he brings into the world, just as he had to do this in the past when the hazards of a primitive life kept his numbers within bounds.

If the money and staff devoted to such vast schemes were always used instead to demonstrate, guide and assist the people in their own village units, a service would at last be provided that no agricultural, forestry or education department has ever been able to give on a widespread scale,

since their staffs and funds have always been restricted. Similar remarks have been made by many concerning the mismanaged ground-nut scheme, from which very little appears to have been learnt. What is also wanted is the beginning of an Urban District Council in every locality, with the progressive Africans taught and guided to hold seats on these Councils, whether they are chiefs or commoners; and a system of rates levied locally on crops, on housing and on industrial enterprise irrespective of race; not only a cess on export crops such as those placed on cotton and coffee in Uganda, sisal in Tanganyika, and the cocoa of the Gold Coast. Local funds could be amassed by levying rates to supply many social services. The building up of enormous central funds to protect the people against fluctuations in prices for their export commodities is merely preventing them from learning the laws of supply and demand; providing them instead with a false security against the time when they must fend for themselves. The ignorant and the illiterates are meanwhile made to believe that they are being robbed of their legitimate proceeds, by misguided or deliberate agitators. They have no idea of high finance and are suspicious of the altruistic aims of their British Administrators. The few of their own race who understand what is being done are thought to be in league with their European mentors and benefitting by such schemes.

Less than half the total population now-a-days receives a primary education. If we take an average throughout the African countries only a small percentage reaches the standard of secondary education, with, perhaps, one or two in a million proceeding to a European or an African University each year. How can the people learn to progress and provide for themselves if they are not educated; if the prices for their crops are standardised; their food supplies maintained by a foreign race? An African ginnery owner in Uganda would have something to say if he were made to pay rates in addition to taxes and saw his money spent recklessly, whereas, if the cash is derived from some distant central fund he gives little credit for what is being done. Many of the tribal lands are perilously short of timber, indeed, in some regions the people burn dung to cook their food. Everywhere trees are being cut down for firewood at a faster rate than they are being planted, and it is most difficult to persuade the people to plant trees for themselves. If there is any hint of coercion an officer becomes unpopular both with the people and his superiors, because the word "force" is dreaded by the powers that be. So many Members in the House fiercely protect the distant African from coercion, and afterwards go home and force their own children to behave themselves for their own good. If we except some areas along the West Coast, only two per cent of West, East and Central Africa are covered by forests, wherein only about ten or fifteen per cent of the trees are of use for timber. Yet these forests have been exploited to win hard timber that has taken hundreds of years to grow because the mother country has not had the currency to buy enough soft timber from foreign lands. Reafforestation and regeneration is not marching with the destruction that is taking place, let alone exceeding it as it should.

Most of the African people at present live in huts of grass thatch built on frameworks of cane or bush timber. All of them are beginning to

desire rectangular houses with windows and doors, built of brick, cement, iron and sawn timber. They will soon require modern furnishings in all the variety presented by human civilization. Where is the timber to be obtained? Is it to be given them free from outside resources and grown by using British funds, or is it to be paid for by the Africans themselves? How are they to understand that the royalties we have taken from the sale of their timber have been used to help pay for their social services? Amidst the primitiveness of their African environment African boys and girls read in their class rooms books entitled *Alice in Wonderland*, abridged versions of tales by Charles Dickens and Thackeray, when they cannot even visualise a European town, much less a European's way of life. Perhaps in time they will have their own healthy tales to read such as we had when we were boys and girls; tales using African characters in an African setting; having heroes and heroines reacting, not to the low instinctive cunning of the average African in a primitive world, but to moral, upright and honest principles. The teaching of today is insufficiently objective, and the rigid customs of the Africans are imperfectly understood. Why teach agricultural progress to a man or a boy when the cultivation of crops in his own village is far beneath his dignity, when the women do all the cultivating and despise their menfolk if they attempt to cultivate their own crops? Such customs must be broken first, or the teaching fall into line by being addressed to the girls, thus creating more women instructors rather than men.

Education means the ability and the desire to read, to have newspapers and to buy books. Where is all the paper to come from when millions of these people are thirsting for more, when there is already a shortage of newsprint and paper in Europe and the West? Are we prepared for the call upon the World's resources when all these people begin to dress in something more than a piece of print cloth, a white night shirt, or a ragged loin cloth? We talk glibly and nonsensically of sharing the world's goods, but how can we share unless the goods can be produced, unless they can be paid for by the multitude of peasant peoples all breeding as fast as they can? The well-to-do African has not grown flamboyant in style. Here and there we find the pink stockings, the high heels, the frilly costumes and feathered hats among the women, and a gorgeous display among the males. We also find some chiefs and notables clinging to their traditional costumes in a pitiful effort to retain their hereditary power over the people; a power that is diminishing unless education, a quiet dignity and an honest desire to serve, replaces the former greed for tribute, the cruel despotism and the collecting of wives by the score. The progressive African chiefs or merchants and their wives dress in good taste, much as a European would dress, though today they are but a sprinkling among the thousands of ill-dressed and impoverished illiterates, albeit the percentage of well-dressed Africans is much greater in the towns and along the highways. In a couple of decades they will all want good clothes.

Only fifty years ago we exported all we could sell in the way of gas-pipe guns, machetes and knives, cotton piece goods and anything the African would buy. Now we find we have not enough iron and steel for worth while goods, and the Africans are beginning to have textile mills in their

own countries. They are being deliberately taught to drink tea when tea in Europe is highly priced and scarce, and they have been encouraged by the government of Kenya to eat bread made from wheat flour in place of their own staple foods, although the world may soon be clamouring for more wheat. It is doubtful if Africa could grow enough wheat if all her peoples preferred the grain to their own nutritious crops. We make half a dozen cereal foods from rice, and at least six more from maize corn. We have sago, tapioca, semolina, macaroni and many other appetising foods while the African still eats plain rice or grinds his corn with a bulky pestle and mortar to make a sticky porridge. He knows no better for he has never been taught. Millions of pounds are available for mechanised schemes to permit him to go on eating his monotonous porridge, but enough money is not spared to teach him how to relinquish his hand hoe, or how to make a batter with an egg. The sums spent on his welfare are never sufficient to spread over whole territories nor keep pace with increasing populations.

The African must do more than feed himself. Ever since the day we stopped the last slave raiding expedition our Missions and our Governments have arranged for the teaching of the African largely free of cost, while we cannot find sufficient money, staff, materials and labour to build all the schools we need at home. Admittedly only a fringe of each population has been taught at all, and then only the three R's, while teaching also concerns the art of living healthfully and industriously in a modern and civilised world. There are few Africans today who would willingly attend a Council meeting or become a Committee Member and serve their fellow men without pay. A volunteer is as big a fool among the Africans as he is in Europe, but there are far less fools in Africa! When the millions are being educated in future an increasing number of African teachers must be employed who will require payment from funds that are non-existent unless they are provided by British industry and progress. If a man and his wife pay thirty, or even sixty shillings a year poll tax as they may at present, that sum is by no means enough to pay for the proportionate costs of the education of their four or five, or even ten children, and all the other social services. Neither are there many rich to soak to pay for the poor. Levies on exports place a burden on only a part of the population, while rating, or a sliding scale of taxation is fairer. The time has come when Africans as well as Europeans should pay in accordance with their ability and means, and in respect to the land they occupy or the public services rendered to them.

Some tribes are progressive while their neighbours are not, which brings another problem. They may be from a different stock and have more intelligence, or may be fortunately situated in regard to the climate or soil and thus able to grow coffee, cocoa, cotton or tobacco, or other crops of high value. It is obvious to the traveller that these peoples are much better off, since they are well fed, healthier and better clothed. Some people decry cash-crop farming because they say that the African then neglects his food crops. It is becoming less easy in Africa to buy food cheaply and pocket the profit from an export crop. The two should be developed in balance if only for the sake of rotations and the preservation of the soil, but, it would be foolish to grow low value grain crops on land

suited to a specialised crop which is of a high value for export. The African needs more than enough food to fill his belly. Those who can only grow crops of low value on account of their climatic environments should be encouraged to grow more food than they require, and it is these people who should be guided, coerced, subsidised with mechanical implements and so on, in the first instance. No one should be permitted to ruin his land by laziness or ignorance. It has been proved that fifteen per cent more food can be obtained merely by selecting and cultivating to the exclusion of all other kinds, the best varieties of the crops now grown by the indigenous inhabitants. Another ten per cent on the average throughout equatorial Africa could be gained by eliminating well-known parasitic weeds that are now reducing the yields of African food crops. A twenty-five per cent increase in the food supply will never be won so easily by introducing mechanised schemes as it would be by merely teaching the African common sense. The need to survive is becoming a shadowy spectre whose outline is growing clearer and ever more menacing as time passes. We shall have done our duty if we teach the Africans how to survive and then fight to survive ourselves.

A. E. HAARER.

PATIENCE

*When the passion bird has flown
And hope has closed his wings
And leaves of faith have greened and gone
The grey bird, Patience, sings.*

*And from the branches bare
All hopeless of reply
Songs of existence and despair
Are offered to the sky
Till they fall like gentle rain
Upon the grieving earth
And grass springs forth from passion's pain
And death brings love to birth.*

PHOEBE HESKETH.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

Mr. Lyons' book is the fiercest indictment of the Soviet regime since Kravchenko's best-seller *I chose Freedom*. His testimony cannot be ignored, for he spent the years 1928-1934 in Moscow as a correspondent and was the first foreign journalist to interview Stalin. At first fairly sympathetic to the experiment, the more he saw of it the more he hated it. The title summarises the message of the book, namely that the dumb millions in Russia are seething with anger against their rulers who appear in these burning pages as incarnate devils, bloodthirsty tyrants, enemies of the human race. It is a mistake, we are told, to form our judgment of Russian strength from a glance at the map. "Despite its size and military might, the Soviet Union is a sick nation, mortally sick. . . . I believe that in the Russian peoples we have a weapon more potent than our atomic stock-pile." All the talk about monolithic unity is eyewash, for a permanent subterranean war is being waged. The men in the Kremlin are well aware of the discontent, and their brutal methods of espionage and mass executions reflect their haunting sense of insecurity.

A chapter entitled "Russia before 1917" paints a rather too brightly tinted picture of the Tsarist regime which in comparison with the Communist dictatorship seems almost like an earthly paradise. Then there was a good deal of intellectual liberty, today there is none. The old regime was overthrown not by the Communists but by moderate reformers who were quickly evicted by "a gang of political highwaymen." Lenin, who is pictured as a superman in Mr. Carr's monumental narrative of the early years of the revolution, appears to Mr. Lyons as no better than Stalin himself, the prince of devils. "Lenin's thirst for blood, the regime's thirst, grew with indulgence and was inflamed by the very resistance it provoked until it became a fearsome intoxication." We might be reading Tacitus on the degenerate successors of Augustus. "The bourgeoisie killed individuals," shouted Zinoviev; "we kill whole classes." The author describes Bolshevik Russia as an *abattoir*, a hell on earth. He knows the horrors of the twentieth century, but he does not fully realise that contempt for human life is no Communist invention but a hideous legacy from the times of Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great. Russia, it has been truly said, is not the most eastern state of Europe but the most western state of Asia, and the whole scale of values is different. The essence of western civilisation is the significance of the individual; of Asia the unfettered authority of the ruler. In Russia there is a little more excuse for the savagery of successive rulers than for the Nazis who inherited a civilised community and proceeded to trample it under their feet. What a tragedy, sighs the author, that the Allies did not crush the gangsters when they had the chance! "They did not have their heart in the undertaking. They seemed determined to avoid accomplishing their supposed mission." The result was that Stalin was able, in the author's phrase, to make war on Russia, to create the slave camps of forced labour, and to institute the sickening purges of the 'thirties when blood was shed in torrents.

How little support the regime possessed among the Russian peoples was revealed when the German invasion in 1941 met with half-hearted opposition. The lesson was learned in the Kremlin where the familiar attacks on western capitalists and Fascists were switched off and an appeal was made to the old Russian values. No longer was the pre-Bolshevik era denounced as the age of darkness: old heroes of Tsarist history, such as Suvoroff and Kutusoff, were disinterred and held up as models of patriotism. No longer were the western Powers denounced as the foes of the worker: now they were saluted as gallant

allies in the struggle against the invader. To the amazement of his hearers Stalin addressed them as "brothers and sisters," exclaimed that a great danger lay over the Fatherland, and spoke of freedom and democracy. Henceforth the slogan was nationalism, not Communism. "Religion was made not merely legal but almost respectable." The tactical *volte-face* was successful: as the invaders swept into the heart of Russia the mass of the people felt that they were fighting not for the Dictator but for the Fatherland. "The substantial repudiation of Soviet ideology and world-revolutionary goals was of course a cynical lie," comments the author. "At closed meetings of trusted comrades there was no concealment of the fact that it was all a strategy of expediency expecting to be cancelled out at the first opportunity." After almost destroying the regime Hitler saved it, for now it was identified with national survival. So strong, however, was the opposition in some quarters that General Vlassov formed a Russian army to fight under Hitler's banner against the Moscow regime which he hated even more than the Germans. To most Russians he was a contemptible Quisling, to Mr. Lyons a hero who paid for his courage with his life. An even greater tragedy than the failure of the Vlassov experiment was the forcible repatriation by the western Allies of deserters from the Russian army. The author angrily denounces the statesmen of the free world for sacrificing Stalin's victims in the vain hope of winning and keeping the confidence of the ruthless dictator. "The Kremlin," he comments bitterly, "need only make a few gestures of conciliation to revive the old moods of appeasement, the old delusion of co-existence."

When the defeat of Germany became certain the wartime reconciliation between the Government and the people, never very stable, came to an end, which was not surprising since, in the author's drastic phrase, "it rested on a big lie. For Stalin had acted grudgingly, under the duress of military necessity, and was biding his time to withdraw every concession. The official slogan was now: The war on Fascism ends, the war on capitalism begins. The *rapprochement* with the capitalist democracies was a bitter pill to be regurgitated at the first opportunity." The cold war was not started by the Allies but by the Kremlin, ungrateful for the help which had saved Russia from destruction. Yet the dictator knew what he was doing. To allow liberty to his subjects, or even to permit friendly contacts with the free world, would have endangered the regime—a project infinitely more alarming than the loss of the great volume of goodwill which had sprung up in the west during the struggle against the common enemy. To us in the West it was a surprise no less than a keen disappointment to witness the growing hostility of Moscow, but, as the author points out, there was no choice. Since fraternisation would have involved the infiltration of western ideas the Iron Curtain had to be drawn from the Baltic to the Adriatic, and there it remains to this day. For Mr. Lyons there are only two zones in Europe—the zones of darkness and of light: co-existence is only an interval in the struggle, and each side is preparing for a fight which neither desires to start. Russia, he declares, is as terrified of war as we are, if not more so, for its rulers are aware of her weakness. That the regime will one day become nothing more than a hideous memory he has not the slightest doubt, and he hopes that the free world will co-operate with "our secret allies"; but it is useless to speculate on the date and the method of liberation. Meanwhile, in his opinion, concessions would only strengthen a regime which is evil beyond redemption. Moreover, "the inner Russian man is still whole." This brief sentence on the closing page strikes almost the only encouraging note in a powerful and depressing book which would be still more impressive if the tone was a little less shrill.

G. P. GOOCH.

Our Secret Allies: The Peoples of Russia. By Eugene Lyons. Arco Publications. 18s.

THE COMING OF COMMUNISM IN RUSSIA

This is a carefully documented study of a phase of the Russian revolution by an author who views "much of the analysis of history and society and all the messianic promises of Marxism with considerable scepticism." To the ordinary reader, who perhaps has skimmed through his Trotsky, it will bring some strange but convincing new sidelights on the period. It is not a general history, for the Provisional Government appears only as a shadowy background. It sets out to examine why the Communists rather than any other revolutionary party finally established their power, and why among the Communists there emerged the particular brand of monolithic party that has become so painfully familiar to us. The ordinary reader who approaches his history with a good deal of hindsight will be surprised to find that the issue was as uncertain as it appears. One is inclined to assume that because Russian Communism proved successful it was bound to be so and to pay too little attention to the alternatives. Yet through the period of this book, from the October revolution to Lenin's first stroke in 1922, the Communists were a small and unpopular minority. Zinovieff openly admitted in 1921 that in any free election to any soviet, or trade union committee the number of Communist candidates elected would have been small. Within this minority there were, in varying degrees of intensity, doctrinal disputes and personal quarrels reaching a climax in an open split in the Central Committee of the party at the end of 1920.

Why then did monolithic Communism survive and triumph to become a pattern of revolution for the world? Among several causes the primary answer that emerges from this book is perhaps unpalatable to a Marxian, for it is simply the life of a great man, Lenin. The Russian revolutionaries do not appear as an impressive lot. There is an attractive sounding female assassin called Maria Spiridonova about whom I should have liked to know more. But for the most part they were doctrinaires, impractical (except in the rather specialised field of terrorism) and inevitably without any experience of the art of government. How could they hope to take over a crumbling empire, beset by invaders from without and traitors from within? For most of them the need did not arise, for they had the comforting theory that the bourgeois revolution must work itself out before the proletarians need bother themselves with the details of getting a country on to its legs.

Lenin stands out as a giant. An unchallenged exponent of Marxian theory, he was a master of unhesitating decision and unequivocally practical in his approach. A capacity for diplomatic patience, which marked his superiority to Trotsky, was combined with a drive for power that nothing could deflect. With him also began those bewildering switches of doctrine to meet new situations that have become a commonplace in the party but all was dominated by the will to preserve a monopoly of political leadership. It is the author's view that if the supremacy of Communism over its rivals was due to Lenin's greatness as a revolutionary, the savage destruction of all dissenting opinion within and without the party was due to his shortcomings as a statesman. "In 1921 the fate of the country lay in the hands of Lenin. He had a chance of burying past enmities and of carrying the vast majority of the country with him in an attempt to build up ruined Russia on the basis of co-operation and legal order, and not of the dictatorship of an unpopular minority. . . . But from his fateful decision in the spring of 1921 flowed all the consequences of the one party dictatorship which became apparent in the subsequent years of Soviet history."

I am not sure that that is a good historical judgment, but that uncertainty is a tribute to the fairness with which the author deploys his argument. With all his ruthlessness Lenin retained at the height of his power some generosity for

political opponents, but by 1921 he was old and sick and his party sorely divided. Could he afford to risk the effects of disunity on the inherent instability of the Russian State? He felt compelled finally to destroy the Mensheviks when and because in his New Economic Policy he had to adopt their ideas as his own—an unhappy fate on which Mr. Bevan might reflect. The author is so clearly immersed in his period that he cannot quite appreciate what it means to the reader to be engulfed in such a mass of obscure and frequently unpronounceable Russian names. It would have been a great help to have a biographical index showing who was who and who shot whom.

JAMES E. MACCOLL.

The Origin of the Communist Autocracy. By Leonard Schapiro. The London School of Economics and Political Science. G. Bell & Sons. 35s.

SOVIET LAW

The great distinction of Professor Hans Kelsen in the field of jurisprudence lends particular weight to his short study published in the *Library of World Affairs*. Professor Kelsen is concerned "with the general theory of law advanced by writers applying, or pretending to apply, the principles of Communism." After a devastating analysis of the Marx-Engels theory of law, and of Lenin's interpretation, the author proceeds to summarise critically the theories of leading Russian jurists since the Revolution, including Stuchka, Reiser, Pashukanis and Vyshinsky. He concludes that the "attempt to develop a theory of law on the basis of Marx' economic interpretation of society has completely failed." Stuchka's theory of law as a system of economic relationships corresponding to the interests of the dominant class and Pashukanis' theoretical rejection of pure law as peculiar to bourgeois society gave way to a debased normative interpretation, as largely expounded by Vyshinsky. Professor Kelsen stresses however the "outspoken ideological character" of Soviet legal theory, "in spite of the Marxian postulate of an ante-ideological science." In fact, it "adapts itself submissively to every change in the policy of the Soviet Government." Soviet law is an instrument of government; and as such it would seem almost incompatible with an objective theory of law.

A. DE MONTMORENCY.

The Communist Theory of Law. By Hans Kelsen. Stevens & Sons. 25s.

NUCLEAR PEACE

"It never has made and never will make any sense trying to abolish any particular *weapon* of war. What we have to abolish is *war*. Recent history is littered with the ruins of attempts to do that by Pacts, Leagues, Treaties—international agreements of all sorts; none of them could or ever can be effective. But what has now happened is that *war has abolished itself* because the atomic and the hydrogen bombs have found their way into the armouries of the world." That short passage summarises the main thesis of Sir John Slessor's book. The distinguished Marshal of the R.A.F. joins the as yet small but increasing band of farsighted students of affairs, among them Sir Winston Churchill, who know in their bones that the thermo-nuclear weapon spells peace, not war.

Even when a new fact is clear, it takes time for the masses, bound as they are in their outlook by habit and prejudice, to recognise it. Hence it is that the anachronistic conventional weapons, made so by the overriding destructiveness of the new weapon, are not only still being produced, but in greater measure than ever before. Sir John's is a lively mind, not bound by prejudice nor by his professional environment; and he goes directly to the point of this stupendous new thing that faces mankind. He recurs to it at every stage in his argument. He discusses "the fear that German rearmament will lead to another great war"

—a fear widespread on the Continent and in Great Britain, where “every town and village war memorial has its tragic list of young men killed in the two great wars that have owed their origin to German aggression.” It would have been better if he had avoided so incautious a jump into the intricate and by no means easy question of war guilt: but let that pass. Let his assumption, which he says is inherent in the whole theme of this book, be given the full and exclusive attention it deserves, without any attention being given to the diplomatic red herrings he draws across his own path. The assumption is that atomic air power has made it impossible for Germany or for any other Power to menace world peace. The crux of the matter now is the cold war, the subterranean Communist corrosion, the battle of wits, the test of faith among the Christian peoples who face the spreading tyranny of atheist materialism. It helps if we first of all rid ourselves of the unnecessary fear of further world war. Sir John Slessor’s book performs a sterling service in that sense.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

Strategy for the West. By Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor. Cassell. 9s. 6d.

MODERN ARGENTINA

Despite the fact that one of the best books on South America published in the last fifty years came from the pen of James Bryce, the twenty Latin American republics have, in recent years, been largely ignored by British writers and, it may be said, by British publishers. In contrast there has been, from France and the United States, a constant flow of publications dealing with Latin America, the great majority both informative and authoritative. Certainly there has appeared in this country the occasional light travel book with a Latin American setting. But these have been of little value as interpretations of the southern American republics—if only because effective interpretation depends on adequate knowledge on the part of the interpreter.

As a consequence Latin America gets a bad press in this country, and, in recent years, none has had worse than the Argentina of President Perón. Thus, in so far as this book offers an opportunity for understanding, if not approval, of President Perón and his policies it is welcome; and because it approaches the subject with balance and objectivity it is doubly so. Professor Whitaker provides an effective interpretation of modern Argentina because he is a qualified interpreter.

That he is so is immediately demonstrated in his treatment of his subject, for he devotes the first half of his book to an outline of political, economic, social and cultural developments in Argentina before General Perón appeared on the scene. It thus becomes at once clear to the reader that the Perón regime is, as Mr. Donald McKay says in his introduction, “deeply anchored in Argentina’s history and geographic position.” Against this background many aspects of the regime condemned abroad assume their proper character as inheritances from the past. Thus the use of force and fraud to win and hold political power is not new; both were well known in Argentina long before President Perón, and both Conservatives and Radicals in their day shamelessly rigged elections. Similarly the Argentine dream of industrialisation—whether economically sound or not—dates back some sixty years. Again, as Professor Whitaker writes: “The four most persistent traditions of Argentine foreign policy have been those of her hegemony in the River Plate area, her opposition to intervention, her special relationship to the other Latin American States, and her avoidance of multilateral alliances and other security arrangements. All four date from the beginning of independence.” And, it may be emphasised, all four have been prominent characteristics of President Perón’s foreign policy.

But more important, perhaps, than the roots of his political practices, and of his economic and foreign policies, are those of his social policies—for it is to

these, more than to any other single factor, that he owes his rise to power and his continuance therein. Professor Whitaker reminds us that a serious social fermentation existed in Argentina half a century ago. Begun first against an oligarchical regime it did not cease during the period of Radical domination, from 1916 to 1930; it was quickened by the world economic depression and had attained explosive force coincidentally with the appearance of General Perón on the political horizon. It drew much of its force from the fact that, in proportion to population, Argentina has received more immigrants than any other country. President Perón could not have avoided an explosion that had become inevitable, but he was the first Argentine ruler to recognise its origins and to attempt to give it a controlled outlet. It has been the continuing need to control and guide this ferment that has accounted for many of his subsequent apparently unaccountable actions—of which the latest instance is his attack on the Church.

These remarks have been concentrated on what Professor Whitaker has to say about the historical background to the Perón regime rather than on his comments on the record of that regime in power. The latter are no less valuable; indeed, at every significant point in the story, Mr. Whitaker illuminates the policies of the regime by seeking to explain, although not to excuse, its actions. Yet, in the opinion of this reviewer, it is the background to President Perón that really matters. And not only for a proper understanding of modern Argentina; because many, indeed most, of the things that have happened in Argentina can be paralleled elsewhere in Latin America, and are traceable to common roots in Spanish and Portuguese colonial policies. It is only against an appreciation of that background that the full significance of the social and economic forces now at work, not only in Argentina but throughout Latin America, can properly be assessed. To that assessment this book is a necessary introduction; it is a pity that its price will prevent many from making its acquaintance.

N. P. MACDONALD.

The United States and Argentina. By Arthur P. Whitaker. Harvard University Press (London: Geoffrey Cumberlege). 38s.

SOUTH AFRICA BEFORE RHODES

Thomas Smith Leask is only one, but by no means the least interesting, of the Scotsmen who played a part in the development of Southern Africa. His diaries, begun in 1861 when he set out from his native land in his early twenties, and continued until 1870, record his wanderings in Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Matebeleland. In the present volume only the diaries relating to Matebeleland and its southern approaches are included, though some account of the Basutoland papers is given in the Introduction.

As an author Leask has to face severe competition in his own field. The giants of the London Missionary Society, Robert Moffat, Livingstone and John Mackenzie, were there before him, and of course have left their chronicles (really someone should write a study of Scottish influence in these parts; it was almost overwhelming); Andrew Smith had met the Matebele while they were still in the Transvaal; earlier still, observers of the calibre of Lichtenstein and Burchell had travelled among the southern Tswana; later, traders and hunters like Gordon Cumming, Methuen, Baldwin and especially Chapman all wrote their books; while in Mashonaland Baines is in a class by himself. Still, Leask holds his own with all but the greatest and he was well worth publishing. He has no prepossessions, he is interested in people and things, he has a lively and engaging style, and he also had the knack of being on the spot when things were happening. If some of his observations seem trivial, this may not detract from their importance: "As among Europeans every scrap of evidence relating to the

life of the peoples of olden days is scrupulously gathered up and published with the minute attention formerly reserved for the classics, so as African evolution works out its tangled and illegible course, the more useful will grow the testimony of such simple chroniclers as Thomas Leask."

In fact Leask came to know many people of note. He took tea and went to church with Setšhele, chief of the Kwena, Livingstone's first convert, an important and impressive figure (Setšhele preached and his wife fell asleep in the sermon); he arrived at Shoshong while Matšheng was being restored and Sekgoma deposed for the second time; he knew Khama and was nursed in sickness by the Mackenzies; he saw Mzilikazi in extreme old age, "a frail palsied little old man, in his second childhood, unable to move himself a yard"; and he obtained a mining concession from Lobengula. He *liked* most people whom he met. This cheerful little trader, with no obvious leanings towards religion, is far more charitable in his judgment of Mzilikazi than is Moffat the missionary, whom the chief revered and loaded with kindness; Lobengula is a "fine sensible native"; even the wretched Matšheng is on one occasion "affable and sensible"; Khama made a favourable impression, as he did on most people. In general the diaries reflect a nature optimistic and benign. Leask's basic friendliness, however, stops far short of weakness. He has no use for slackers, he has a strong predilection for cleanliness and honest dealing, he approves of whipping in suitable cases, and dislikes anything that savours of mismanagement (he boils over at the loneliness and squalor in which some missionaries, for example Thomas and his wife, are allowed to live). In passages like these we see the purposeful man who later became prosperous merchant and leading citizen of Klerksdorp. He certainly deserved to be rescued from oblivion. As usual in this series the book is sumptuously produced. The editor's introduction gives a good picture of the times and places in which the author moved, the map is clear, if not detailed, and the index is very helpful.

To compress the British colonies into a book of 170 pages seems at first sight to be an impossible task. Yet, within the limits of his intentions, Mr. Simnett has accomplished it. His purpose is to give "a brief description of the Colonial Empire, its origin, its assets both human and material, and the present conditions and systems of government." To this he adds an appreciation of present trends and, as far as swiftly changing circumstances permit, a forecast of future developments. There is a section for each colony in turn and a good chapter on the central machine, in London. Mr. Simnett's sympathetic references to the Colonial Service will be appreciated by a body of men which is often sorely tried. The bibliography is particularly well chosen. This is a useful little book, which should be read not only by a public too often unmindful of its responsibilities but also by critics of the Commonwealth, to whom Mr. Simnett gives several short but effective replies.

A. SILLERY.

The Southern African Diaries of Thomas Leask 1865-1870. Central African Archives, Oppenheimer Series: 8. Edited by J. P. R. Wallis. Chatto & Windus 35s.
Emergent Commonwealth. By W. E. Simnett. Hutchinson's University Library. 8s. 6d.

THE COLOUR BAR

The phrase, *An Essay on Racial Tension*, wakes in many minds ideas of unjust discrimination, political, economic or social, arousing resentment and unrest among people of African and other races, but the author delves deeper than this. He endeavours to find out the ingredients which compose that mysterious but powerful force called Race, and probes into the recesses of human personality to discover the deeper causes of tension. As a former civil servant in India (now Director of Studies on Race Relations at Chatham House) he has practical experience of the prejudice and imperviousness to the other man's

point of view which can blind the eye of the European "man on the spot." He knows the Englishman's capacity for pride and arrogance. Concentrating on Africa as the worst danger-spot, he touches on historical development, on climatic conditions, on diet, in producing varying degrees of co-operation or conflict in one or other area. It is, however, in the sphere of psychological reaction and the development of personality, such as the efforts of the African to bridge the gulf between the old static conditions and European civilisation, and the African's resentment against his treatment as inherently inferior, that Mr. Mason has much new light to offer. He finds no evidence in biology and psychology of the innate inferiority of the African, and, in spite of South African *Apartheid* aims, he does not consider that there is any innate aversion between the races. He has however some views on the influence of sex on the problem which will not be generally accepted. Sexual attractions, fears, repressions, are in his view factors in the tension. The impression left by the book is one of apprehension. The forces which the author sees as provoking tension are so deep-seated in the human make-up that it is difficult to see how they can be combated. In his final chapter "What can be done" he quotes Freud's answer to a parent who asked how a child could be brought up to avoid the appalling dangers revealed to him. The process, said Freud, was bound to be difficult and harmful and he could only suggest that it was better to embark on it with some knowledge than in ignorance. Study on the part of each group of races, fair or dark, such as will enable them to see the hopes and fears of the other group, is his solution.

MOSA ANDERSON.

An Essay on Racial Tension. By Philip Mason. Royal Institute of International Affairs. 8s. 6d.

HIS MAJESTY THE PREFECT

"The Government insists, however, that the electoral law be executed with the most rigorous impartiality. At the same time the Government wishes it to be known that the distance between administrative impartiality and administrative indifference is infinite. The Government is convinced that its continuance in office is vital to the interests of the Nation." So wrote M. Casimir-Périer to the Prefects of France in 1831. The political role which these key officers in the administration are expected to play in "making elections" has considerably changed since 1831, and nowadays the Prefect is said to "calculate rather than orientate" elections. Even so his political and semi-political functions remain of importance, and the extent to which he is subject to political pressure varies with the location of his *département* and the personality of the Minister of the Interior. Considerations governing a Prefect's appointment and promotion are more like those applicable to service in the diplomatic corps than to any other branch of the administration: for as the provincial agent and representative of the State and of the national interest he must be chosen in terms of suitability to local conditions.

Apart from such political considerations French Prefects have a multitude of police, juridical, social and administrative duties which make them individuals of great power in the community. The delicacies of their relationships with the departmental councils, the mayors, local deputies, their own sub-prefects, and even one another call for high qualities of intelligence and discretion. Without their devoted service in a host of technical matters the day-to-day government of France would become impossible. Because there is no comparable officer in English administration it is peculiarly difficult for Englishmen to appreciate their place in French life. But there is now little excuse for the serious student of France to remain in ignorance. Mr. Brian Chapman, whose previous *Introduction to French Local Government* (1953) has already established itself as the best single

work on that subject in English, has provided an equally admirable and equally readable account of the work of the prefectural corps in provincial France. This little study is no arid and technical description, though it rests on a scholarly, first-hand knowledge of its subject. The work of the Prefects is analysed in its whole setting, historical, institutional and social. The work of such auxiliary officials as the sub-prefect and the *chef de cabinet* is dealt with, as well as the work of the Prefects themselves. The status of the corps was defined in its own Statute of 1950, appropriately formulated on its 150th anniversary. It is this modern corps that Mr. Chapman describes, critically and fairly, in a book which is a model of its kind.

DAVID THOMSON.

The Prefects and Provincial France. By Brian Chapman. Allen & Unwin. 18s.

FROM THE ARMADA TO WATERLOO

The mantle of Sir Edward Creasy has fallen upon General Fuller. Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of History*, a very successful book in its day and long after, was published in 1851, the year specially associated in retrospect, through the Crystal Palace Exhibition, with the apex of Cobdenism and the complacent belief that the age of great wars was over. Creasy was a comparatively young man, a civilian Professor of History, too young to remember the last of his decisive fifteen—Waterloo, with which the present volume also ends. Needless to say it will be followed by a third. Creasy's readers may well have regarded what they read about as "old, unhappy, far-off things," something over and done with, manifestations of an heroic but barbarous age. They were of course mistaken, and a very few years later the hero of Tennyson's *Maud*—and it looks as if he was the mouthpiece of the poet—was welcoming the old days back again: "Better war, loud war by land and by sea." To us also this collection of battles is old and far-off, but with a difference. These toilsome, amateurish efforts, with their tiny armies and indifferent weapons, how harmless they seem!

General Fuller must be about twice the age that Creasy had reached when he wrote his book. He knows war at first hand, and has been engaged in writing on military history for forty years. An immense amount of work and of knowledge has gone into the book, and it is altogether a work of fine quality, full of vivid descriptions and authoritative judgments. The title is in some respects misleading, for the author by no means confines himself to his selected decisive battles, which happen in this case also to be fifteen. The campaigns that preceded the selected battles are also described, and also, behind these, the political, social, and economic circumstances which brought about the various wars. The book may, in fact, be regarded as a general history of Europe from the Elizabethan Age to Waterloo, written from a soldier's standpoint. Of the non-military parts some are better than others, and none better than that on the King and Parliament issue which led up to Naseby and onwards to the Cromwellian dictatorship. No parts of the book are more impressive than the judgments on the qualifications of the great soldiers themselves, such as the comparison of Wellington and Napoleon. Waterloo ushered in the century of the *Pax Britannica*, and the book brilliantly concludes with the citation of a speech in 1864 by that forgotten politician Horsman, setting it beside the encomium of the Roman Empire in its Antonine zenith, composed by the Greek rhetorician Aelius Aristides quoted in the previous volume. Neither Horsman nor Aelius Aristides realized that the afternoon sun in which they were basking had already passed its zenith. This is a truly Toynbeeian touch.

D. C. SOMERVELL.

The Decisive Battles of the Western World and their influence on History, by Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. Vol. II. From the Defeat of the Spanish Armada to the Battle of Waterloo. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 35s.

ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Professor Ashton's volume is one of a series; it is preceded by works on the medieval period and on the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; it is followed by volumes on the periods 1800-1875, and 1870-1939. Within such a series the eighteenth century, or any other century, can claim no more than that it is an episode, and not a particularly well-defined one, within a sort of epic. Any attempt to give it more of an identity would be a sort of economic anthropomorphism. Yet it is permissible to examine the century and seek any special qualities which can be attributed to it—qualities which are valid even if they do not give it a sort of personal physiognomy. The century, for one thing, was a period of growing prosperity. This is made particularly clear in a series of excellent statistical appendices which show a rise, for example, in the output of strong beer, in the number of cattle and sheep brought for sale at Smithfield (from 1732-1794) and (very notably) in the consumption of tallow candles and of soap, that traditional criterion of civilisation. Most marked of all was the growth in the output of textiles: a reminder that industrialisation was getting under way and was beginning in the classic manner—precisely with textiles.

Though Professor Ashton is too good an economist to fall into the error of believing that the economic history of the eighteenth century can be forced into a self-contained picture, he has also too much commonsense to forget that the eighteenth century is, after all, recognisably a period with a flavour of its own. It would not be enough to say that it was characterised by a special vitality; that quality it shared with the Elizabethan age and, for the matter of that, with the Victorian. The special nature of its vitality lay in its evolutionary ferment. The people did, in the course of this century, undergo a change. It was not a steady and uniform process, but it did exist: at one end of the scale (though not entirely at the chronological beginning) we have the tough, degraded and probably overworked poor whom Temple frankly detested, whom Fielding described with sympathy, whom Hogarth depicted with ironic truth. At the other end we have the growing class of self-respecting artisans and craftsmen, or, more widely, of skilled workers generally, who gained importance partly (a point specially stressed by Professor Ashton) through the working of nonconformist education, partly as a natural by-product of growing all-round prosperity and partly by reason of the special circumstances created by the Napoleonic Wars; the earnings of coasting seamen at one point rose to remarkable levels. And the grim view of Temple at the one end is balanced at the other by the commonsense humanitarianism of Adam Smith, who understood—what was not perhaps fully discovered until the Americans found it out after the First World War—that a prosperous worker is also an efficient worker. And again, exactly 200 years ago Bishop Berkeley asked the startlingly modern question: "Whether the creation of wants be not the likeliest way to produce industry in a people." Here is the theory of the mass market and of incentives in embryo.

The intense phase of the industrial revolution had not yet begun—the phase, that is, of the large-scale use of the steam engine and with it of coal and of steel. The huge capital works of the nineteenth century—the railways, for instance—were still a matter of the future. So was the drastic lowering of the standard of living which went with the undertaking of these capital works. The relations between the classes, like so much else in the eighteenth century, were governed by a certain measure of moderation; if Marx had lived a century earlier his indictment would have lost much of its venom. And in fact workpeople showed a degree of independence which anticipated the sort of episode collected today by critics of the National Union of Mineworkers. "Coal miners left the pit to take part in a parliamentary election, to celebrate a national victory or, as in 1779, to seek consolation for a national defeat." Life was not all beer and

skittles, but it was not all Gradgrind and Speenhamland either.

W. H. JOHNSTON.

An Economic History of England: The Eighteenth Century. By T. S. Ashton. Methuen. 18s.

BERDYAEV'S CREED

When Nicolas Berdyaev wrote *The Meaning of the Creative Act* over forty years ago, the world had come to the end of the period inaugurated by the Renaissance and was entering a period of spiritual degeneration and progressive de-humanisation; a period that produced the terrible excesses of Fascism and Communism, that hastened the "annihilation of spirituality" in the West, and that now offers mankind the retributive horrors of thermo-nuclear warfare. Before the final and inevitable choice that confronts us we stand frightened, frustrated and helpless. We have abandoned God and cannot find our way back to Him. Berdyaev foresaw all these manifestations of man's loss of faith in God and in himself, and although he was unable to make the revisions he believed necessary this book is remarkably relevant to our present condition.

In his conception of the world the creative act was at the very centre of reality. He believed that man was created by God to become, in his turn, a creator. Man's creativeness is his duty before God; to refuse to live creatively is to disobey God. In 1914 Berdyaev believed the world would eventually enter an epoch of creativeness with man working together with God towards the fulfilment of the divine will. In a preface he wrote for the 1926 German edition of the book he admitted that events had led him to a position of greater pessimism. "My faith in the imminent dawn of a creative religious epoch was too great . . . the world must look forward to a period of barbarization. Man is a creator not only in the name of God but in the name of the devil as well." But Berdyaev's faith in man's ultimate salvation through the exercise of his creative freedom in the service of God remained firm until his death in 1948. He believed we would emerge from the new dark age into the full flowering of a new middle age, not by building the new society upon the remnants of the old world but by creating, "from other sources which lie outside the world's social evolution, out of Spirit rather than out of the world." The new order will be the Kingdom of God upon earth, and it will appear, not by evolution but catastrophically; born of the spiritual body and not of the physical.

Berdyaev was a lonely and challenging thinker whose complex, sometimes contradictory, sometimes ambiguous philosophy was based solely on his own spiritual experience and is, in its very contradictions, a reflection of the dilemmas of our age. The book ranges widely in its application of the creative principle to life. Chapters on creativity as related to philosophy and to theology precede chapters on creativity as related to sex, love, marriage and the family, art and the structure of society. It is a seminal book, not always easy to read, but containing the seed-thoughts for all his later writings; indispensable to those who wish to understand and draw inspiration from the thought of one of this century's most important religious philosophers.

B. EVAN OWEN.

The Meaning of the Creative Act. By Nicholas Berdyaev. Translated by Donald Lowrie. Gollancz. 18s.

D. H. LAWRENCE

Two new books on Lawrence and more to come! The title of the first might lead us for a moment to expect a study of the sun in Lawrence's work, but the sub-title, "D. H. Lawrence in Italy, Mexico and the American Southwest," indicates the real nature of the contents: a biographical digest of the events of the

last ten years of Lawrence's life. Although it is apparent that the writer knows Lawrence's works and the biographical books on him, it cannot be claimed that any new ground is broken, nor that any new light is cast on the fascinating personality of the central figure. There are misquotations from Lawrence's letters and large portions of the book are written in a disjointed, uninspired style of which the following sentences offer an example: "When he had finished the manuscript he sent it off to his publisher without making a single correction. Lawrence brought home many a treasure from the bazaar, but he would never allow a rickshaw boy to pull him up the hill in the heat." (p. 33).

The second book is of different calibre. Its editors have selected eighteen critical essays on Lawrence—sometimes extracting chapters from published books—to cover the range of his writings or, where existing criticism proved inadequate, have commissioned essays to fill the gap. They are to be congratulated on avoidance of "biographical extravaganzas" and on their thorough review of Lawrencean criticism to date, drawing not only on works in English, but also mentioning South American, French, German and Scandinavian writing. In the part of the book devoted to general criticism, Aldous Huxley's Introduction to the 1932 edition of Lawrence's letters strikes the reader afresh as "one of the finest statements yet made on Lawrence" which is the claim the editors make for it. There follow reprints of recent articles by T. S. Eliot and Dr. Leavis and an investigation of Lawrence's Freudianism with the concise appraisal: "Lawrence was influenced by Lawrence." What may be accounted the second part of the book consists of essays on each of five novels, two on the short stories—that of F. Amon being a particularly interesting contribution among the new essays—two on the poetry (both reprints) and a last one on the travel books. One may quarrel with the choice of subject-matter—no *Kangaroo*? no essay on Lawrence's articles and criticism? and ask why a second essay, not particularly significant, on *The Rainbow*? But the real danger in a composite work of this nature is that the essays will be uneven and this is indeed the case, the mastery of material and style in some showing up the turgidity in others. An index would be a useful addition. Above all we miss a summing-up, an attempt to weld into a whole these various aspects of Lawrence's achievement which have been expounded in self-contained essays unrelated to each other and in some cases with a twenty-year interval between them. The title is an ambitious one and we close the book feeling that we have not yet found a definitive assessment of Lawrence's achievement, if indeed this is possible. VERA DANIEL.

Lorenzo in Search of the Sun. By Eliot Fay. Bookman Associates Inc., New York, 1953. English edition. Vision Press. 12s. 6d.

The Achievement of D. H. Lawrence. Edited by F. J. Hoffman and H. T. Moore. Oklahoma University Press. \$4.

THE LIVING THEATRE

Here are two books to be approached in the light of a cold new fact: great London theatres may be as expendable as historic literary reviews. The St. James's, even in this late age, has been the scene of much that is precious to the playgoer—the Barrault-Renaud season, in which the voice of Edwige Feuillière was briefly, splendidly, heard, *Venus observed*, Vivien Leigh's two Cleopatras, the intermittent volcano that was Orson Welles's *Othello*, a civilised wartime *Month in the Country*. At the moment, Mr. Rattigan's Aunt Edna sets on it the seal of approval and it vibrates nightly with the drab passion of Eric Portman's performances. It is difficult, then, to decide which prospect is more chilling—the conversion of a graceful and beloved theatre into offices (for room must, no doubt, be found for commercial television sponsors) or its preservation, by an edict, as an Ancient Monument. As it happens, one of

the plays in Paul Elek's unremarkable volume was a St. James's piece. *Waiting for Gillian* competently poses an upper-middle-class moral dilemma, faintly echoing the George Alexander period, and certainly Googie Withers, as its heroine, would have graced the most august of companies. But the tepid naturalism of it all (Ronald Millar out of Nigel Balchin at his less arresting) makes one feel despondently that dialogue as good would any hour be heard on this same site from the typists in assembly, should the office-plan one day succeed.

By far the most distinguished play in the collection is Bridget Boland's *The Prisoner*. No one who saw Peter Glenville's production is ever likely to forget Alec Guinness's agonising exploration of the further reaches of human experience. From the printed text, and with only the memory of that miracle, the balance of interest between Cardinal and interrogator is more nearly equal, and their terrible interdependence more starkly established. In the film version now being made it would surely have been a permissible device to have both protagonists doubled by Mr. Guinness himself. J. C. Trewin in his Introduction stresses the colloquial ease of *The School for Wives*, Miles Malleeson's version of *L'Ecole des femmes*; but one cannot help feeling that the result (and this is Molière!) fundamentally lacks style. There was more quality to Robert Kemp's Scots rendering, *Let Wives Tak Tent*. However, one would love to see Mr. Malleeson, a very great comedian, being hugely affronted and completely unalarming, as his own Arnolphe. His contribution as actor to Arthur Macrae's neat farce, *Both Ends Meet*, was on all sides deemed invaluable. It reads well, this sprightly set of variations on tax-evasion, which ran for many months on the laughter and doles of audiences consisting in the main of docile P.A.Y.Earners. Of the remaining play, *Meet the Body*, an "improbable adventure" by those clever film-scenarists, Launder and Gilliat, very little indeed, from a bare reading of it, can be made.

For a truer gust of what the theatre might be, and often blessedly is, one must turn to Hugh Hunt's essays, *The Director in the Theatre*. These are less fascinating than his earlier *Old Vic Prefaces*, which dealt in detail with actual productions fresh in memory. Nevertheless, every page of this later work which deals with the stage director's relation to the playwright, the actors and the public, impels respect. It is easy to understand how such a mind could conceive harmonious works of theatrical art like a *Love's Labour's Lost* where melancholy and motley were in perfect balance, and a *Cherry Orchard* enshrining the most fully-realised Madame Ranevsky most of us can have seen.

Mr. Hunt is so positive and optimistic that his strictures on the present state of the theatre come with all the more force. This, for instance, as an explanation of much bad speaking on the stage: "The West End play has often to be rehearsed in the upper room of a public house, which has no conceivable similarity with the conditions of a public theatre." It is as if runners trained by pacing the boat-deck. There is a moving reference to Gordon Craig. "It is both strange and ironic that our greatest theatrical artist, whose ideas have been followed, developed and exploited, should today be living on the charity of his friends." This is a fact as lamentable as would be the closing of many theatres. Sad too it is to realise how small the typical modern plays here considered seem beside Gordon Craig's vision. Mr. Hunt's is close to it: "... when we leave the theatre unaware of the separate existence of author, actor or director, but aware only of that illuminating experience we call the theatre, then, and only then, can we say we have witnessed the Art of the Theatre."

G. W. HORNER.

Plays of the Year, chosen by J. C. Trewin. Volume 10, 1953-4. Paul Elek. 18s.
The Director in the Theatre. By Hugh Hunt. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Something of the sadness of that day in 1936 when Chesterton died was sharply recalled in 1953 with the death of his friend Belloc. In the public mind they assumed the characteristics of identical twins, and nobody who heard them in debate could doubt that here were giants, at least of equal stature. Yet their dissimilarities were many—"I like gargoyles and every kind of grotesque thing, whereas Belloc likes diagrams and maps." That his influence on Chesterton's thought (though not on his style) was "very considerable" would be willingly conceded, by one who pored over everything the two men wrote and listened to them whenever opportunity offered, to J. B. Morton who in *HILAIRE BELLOC: A Memoir* (Hollis & Carter. 12s. 6d.) has provided the touchstone for all future biographies of the man.

"Right as a Ribstone Pippin"

Love here is not blind, nor is there veiled denigration in the name of friendship. No famous writer does Mr. Morton wish to present but one who dwells in the memories of a long and close companionship. Fortunately, many-sided as Belloc's personality was, his splendid literary gifts cannot help extruding, and this rich book is the richer for willy-nilly indicating qualities of prose and song to a generation who may know them not. The legend of the tempestuous gaiety of the swashbuckler is stripped to reality, exhilaration being sometimes the way a courteous man hides unhappiness. Blessed Mr. Morton to have travelled at home and abroad in such company! For those who followed in spirit, disagreeing with Belloc's views of history and religion as we did and still do, so clean and bracing a wind swept through his essays and *The Four Men* and *The Path to Rome*, read when we were very young, that their stimulus is with us still. He hoped for no more than that his verses would live. These perform poetry's true function of coming trippingly off

the tongue in moments of stress or joy, and if "South Country" and Miranda's "Tarantella" and "Most Holy Night" — albeit anthology pieces—are not learned today, inside school or out, they will bide their time. Better than he knew did he predict:

The passer-by shall hear me still
A boy that sings on Dunton Hill.

Inspired pedestrian

Readers of *POET OF PARIS* (Chatto & Windus. 18s.) will inevitably be reminded of the perambulations of Belloc and Chesterton, especially as the memorial plaque on the wall of No. 1 Boulevard Montparnasse describes Léon-Paul Fargue as "*poète et piéton de Paris*." Their ebullience, charm and wit were paralleled in him (although the publishers are congratulated for leaving us to form our own judgment by not saying so on the dust-jacket) and he too was the stuff of which legends are made. He died in 1947, twenty years after André Beucler, hero-worshipper and disciple, had started observing and making notes. The record, now translated by Geoffrey Sainsbury, is of one who kept the common touch for porter or princess, for cabby or Clémenceau, who poured out articles, prefaces and broadcasts, noticing anything and everything, and finding poetry in it all. There is a poignant account of a rare outing in a *fiacre* after he had been struck with paralysis when, Gide being in Tunisia, Fargue savoured the names of people he would visit: Valéry, Cocteau, Marquet, Segonzac, Colette, Picasso. But he went around St. Germain des Prés looking for the *café* owner ("it's people like you now, with your coffee, your sugar, your cheese, your ham, who represent the world of dreams"), the chemist and the washerwoman instead. On M. Beucler the mantle of Boswell hangs gracefully.

Doctor and dictionary

Without his *Life*, we should still know much about "the great cham of

literature" and Mrs. Thrale and Fanny Burney alone support the truth of Boswell's portrait. In SAMUEL JOHNSON (*Longmans, Green.* 10s. 6d.) Michael Joyce says:

Perhaps the belief that Boswell's Johnson was a fiction arose from the feeling that the figure was larger than life: but then, by all the evidence, that is just how the Doctor appeared to his contemporaries.

There is room for a modern assessment of Boswell and his achievement, and the author's opening chapter on the defects and the triumphs puts the strictures of Macaulay and Carlyle in their diminished place, giving Boswell the credit for making the Doctor "not so much a literary as a national figure." Another consideration of Johnson's own achievement as poet, lexicographer, stylist, conversationalist and critic, Mr. Joyce also supplies. He discusses the *Rambler*, the *Dictionary*, *Rasselas* and the *Lives of the Poets* and has answers too for the psychological theories and explanations that have gathered about the bulky person. "Johnson" said Macaulay "is better known to us than any other man in history." This book, besides increasing that knowledge, is a worthy prelude to the Boswell version.

Visionaries

Three other "larger than life" figures here fall into a natural if diverse group. They are headed by Frederick Rolfe, the spoiled priest, dreaming of himself as a contemporary of Cellini, fascinated by the Borgias, calling himself Baron Corvo, and rejoicing in *Hadrian the Seventh* over the unconventional behaviour of his fictional Pope elected in the 1890's. The new edition of *THE QUEST FOR CORVO* (*Cassell.* 18s.) by A. J. Symons has an Introduction by the author's brother Julian. It also contains the "Bull against the Enemy of the Anglican Race" and the amusing and erudite Corvine banquet speeches, hitherto unpublished. "Magnificently medieval" as is the Baron's prose, fantastic as his adventures were, and awesome as was his classic learning, the repulsion-attraction of twenty

years ago has not been mitigated by this second reading.

The next book is by the spoiled Member of Parliament who fought in the Italian campaign and along the second front, was a prisoner of war, an inmate of a mental home, convicted of financial misdeeds, and is now sincerely repenting in prison. *MY TESTAMENT* (*John Calder.* 15s.) is the autobiography of Captain Peter Baker, M.C. The youngest M.P. in the House, as the result of the 1950 election when he routed so formidable and likeable an opponent as Mr. Christopher Mayhew, found disenchantment all too soon. "When my health is restored and I have paid for my sins, both of omission and commission, I hope I shall continue to work as a loyal and humble subject for the flowering of the New Elizabethan Age," he writes. May his early idealism and courage come to his aid when punishment is done. . .

The spoiled prophet of the Universal Negro Improvement Association is revealed by Edmund David Cronon in *BLACK MOSES* (*University of Wisconsin Press.* \$5.00). The earnest twenty-eight-year-old Marcus Garvey from Jamaica, planning a republic of his people in their African homeland, startled and briefly gained adherents from Harlem to California, from Nova Scotia to South America, with "his peculiar gift of oratory, a combination of bombast and stirring heroics." Mr. Cronon is objective, calmly kind, as he traces the campaign of a decade that ended in Atlanta Penitentiary and deportation in 1927. Flamboyant in his business dealings as well, Garvey was arrested for mail offences and indicted for income tax evasion. Death finished his frustrated career in 1940 when he was almost forgotten. Yet the seeds he sowed have borne fruit for other leaders, and national consciousness is awake and sleepless because of the racial movement associated with him.

Chopin's "la petite Clara"

After these turbulencies of temperament we pause gratefully with a

prima donna who did not know the meaning of the word. This phenomenon moreover avoided the other extreme; there was no dullness in her character and there was none in her hardworking, crowded and happy life. Here is sufficient reason for recommending CLARA NOVELLO 1818-1908 by Averil Mackenzie-Grieve (*Geoffrey Bles*. 18s.). Dedication came early and unquestioned in that gifted household in Oxford Street, headed by Vincent with his organ playing and his expert knowledge of the instrument's interior, his chamber-music accompaniments, and the part-singing of motets and madrigals which he set and led. Keats was there, listening to the Mozart and cringing at the punning of Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Vincent the arch-offender. The little girl's fine ear and purity of soprano tone separated her early from her brilliant brothers and sisters, and training in York, Paris and Milan was interspersed by her appearances in Westminster Abbey and Kensington Palace. There were to many other palaces, including Crystal, for in spite of European success in opera it is not surprising that she preferred oratorio. Her marriage to the Liberal Count Gigliucci brought her temporarily out of the concert hall and theatre and into the passionate Italy of the Risorgimento, where banishment from the kingdom of Naples (one of her children became a Garibaldi Red Shirt) started her triumphs once more as Madame Novello. At seventy-one she sang to our well-remembered Fanny Davies in a voice "clear as a bell . . . with little shakes and trills all really sung and not wobbled." In Rome Clara lies beside her husband—"In sweetest harmony they lived"—a pattern of Victorianism without the sentimentality, and of the *bel canto* style that Mendelssohn and Rossini so admired in her, and of which sadly we have no recordings. Neither did she herself keep letters and tokens; all the more praiseworthy of Miss Mackenzie-Grieve for producing so detailed, factual and documented a Life, em-

bellished by the letters of contemporary notabilities, and entirely lacking that still fashionable biographical device of suppositious conversation.

Cautionary tales

Conversation, elegant and circuitous, between the widowed Marquise and the lovelorn Count is the medium of Alfred de Musset's *proverbe* A DOOR MUST BE EITHER OPEN OR SHUT (*André Deutsch: Miniature Books*. 5s.), the moral being that when it is ajar the room is icy. Elegant too is the format, with illustrations by Alistair Grant. In the same series is de Musset's THE WHITE BLACKBIRD, and the Grandville pictures, from the collection of stories about animals that were ostensibly for children. Translated by Julian Jacobs, this is a satire on the penalties of being different. The *rara avis* must study Byron and become an enigma, reject the pink turtle-dove, and allow the green cockatoo to reject him. But his best selling books have crossed the Channel: "The English snatch up everything, except the things they understand." Marrying a London blackbird who had deceived him with a coat of whitewash, he envied the nightingale whose heart alas was set only on the rose.

Casting out fear

Not so far a cry, this, from Theo F. Lentz's TOWARDS A SCIENCE OF PEACE (*Halycon Press*. 12s. 6d.), commended by Dr. Julian Huxley in the Foreword: ". . . most thinking men and women are beginning to feel a new ideology is needed." We all want something other than suicidal war, and Professor Lentz sees crises in culture, disordered society, and the blockade of ignorance as challenges to his five articles of faith, which could "add up to a world-wide society for the promotion of a science of peace." To make the proposals a reality he invites readers to disagree with him, to question or suggest, so that "together we may hold back the curtain of darkness that threatens."

GRACE BANYARD.